



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



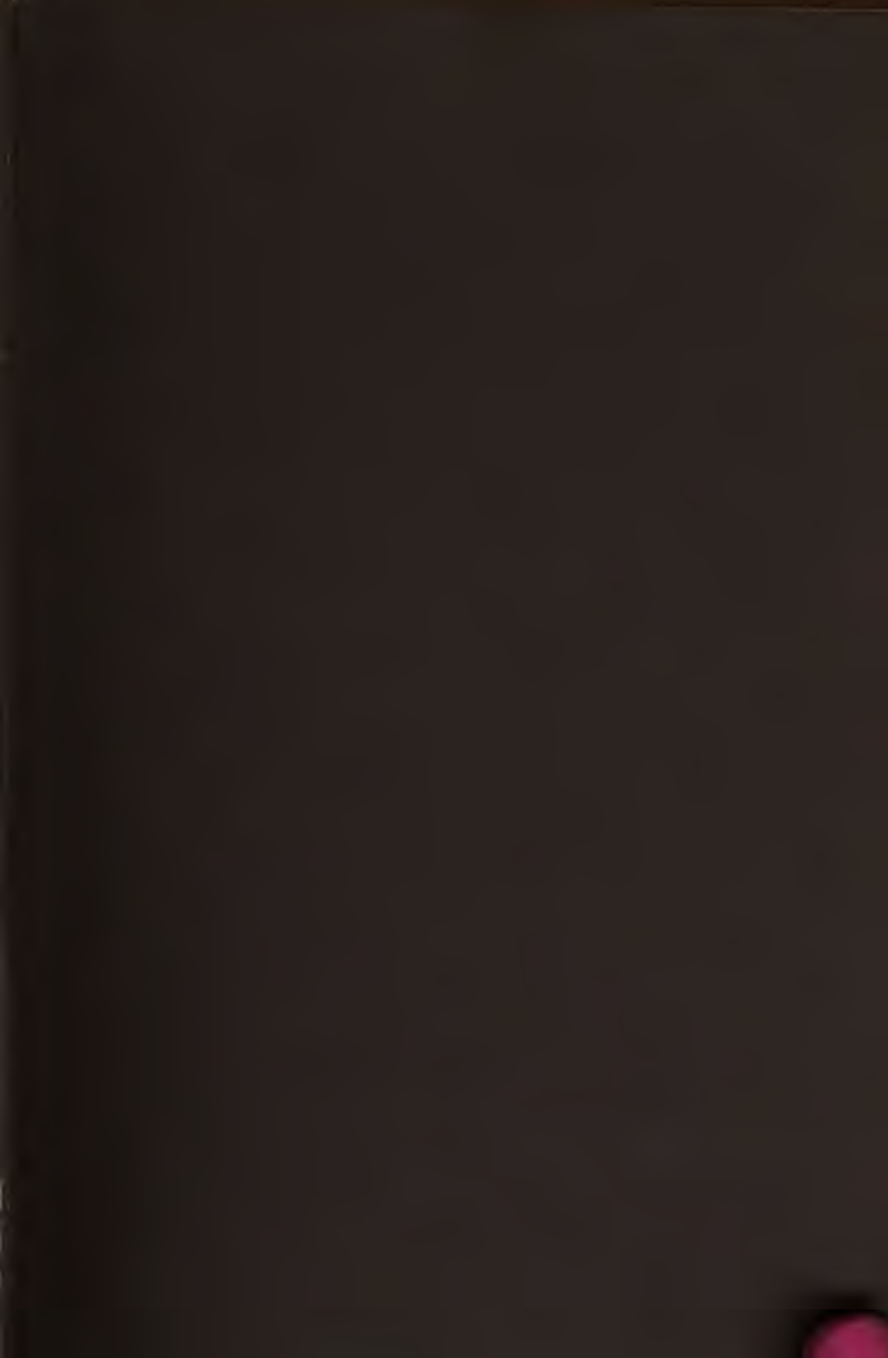
*The*  
GARDENS *of the*  
WORLD.





600072828X

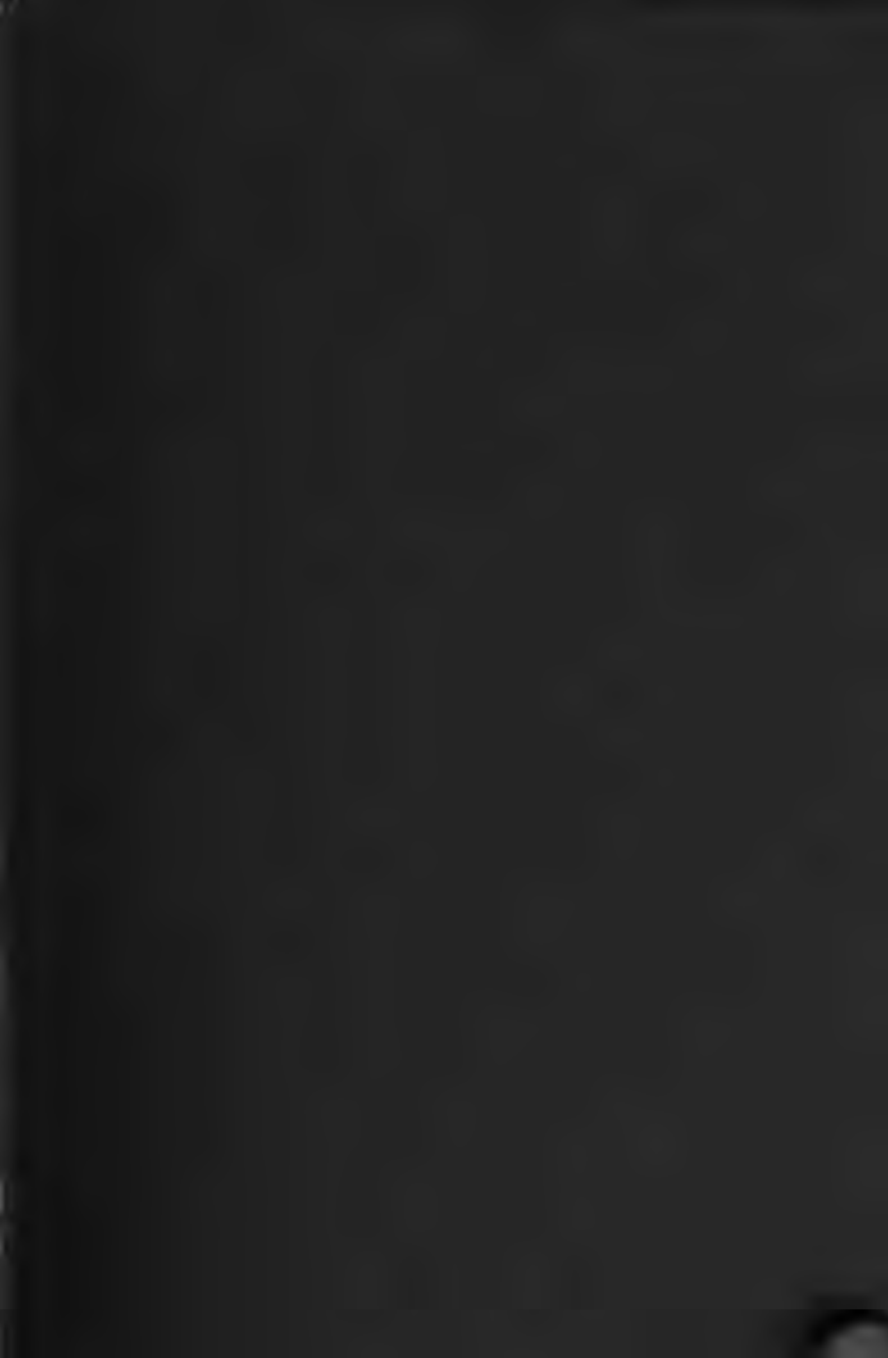






600072828X







# THE CARES OF THE WORLD





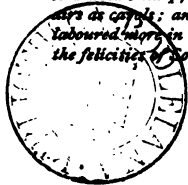
# THE CARES OF THE WORLD

BY

JOHN WEBSTER HANCOCK, LL.B

BARRISTER-AT-LAW

*"Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament. Adversity is the promise of the New, which carrieth the great benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour; yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many heartse-like sighs as sighs; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon."*—LORD BACON.

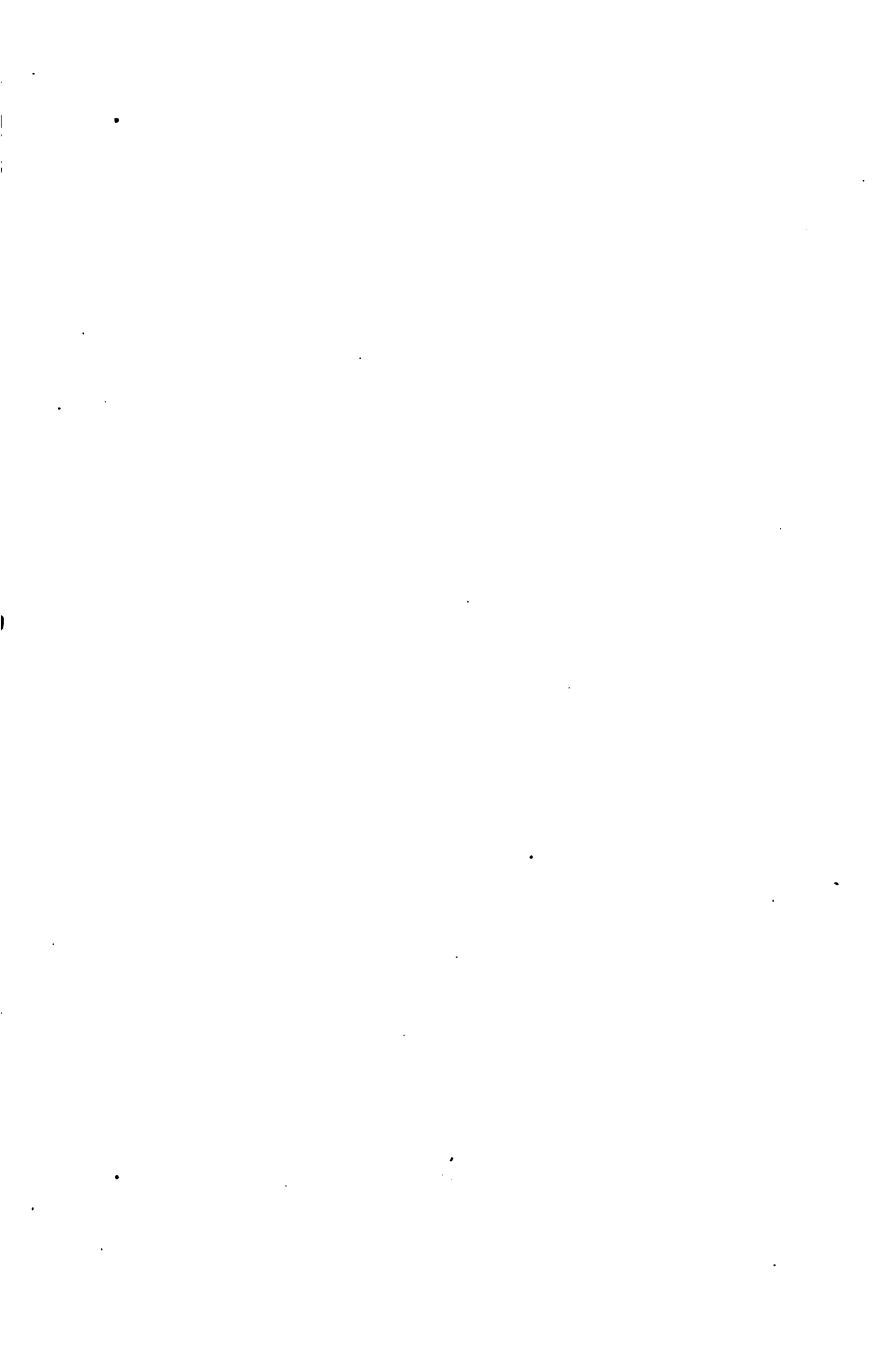


JAMES SPEIRS

36 BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON

1876

270. f. 535.



# Dedication

## TO MY WIFE

*"Equal to either fortune," and long tried in both, to whom can I dedicate these papers on the "Cares of the World" with so much propriety as to her whose indomitable courage, and untiring industry, and large resources of every kind, have made an elegant home a pattern of liberal thrift; and a rough cottage in a cold and distant land the unmistakable residence of a lady.*

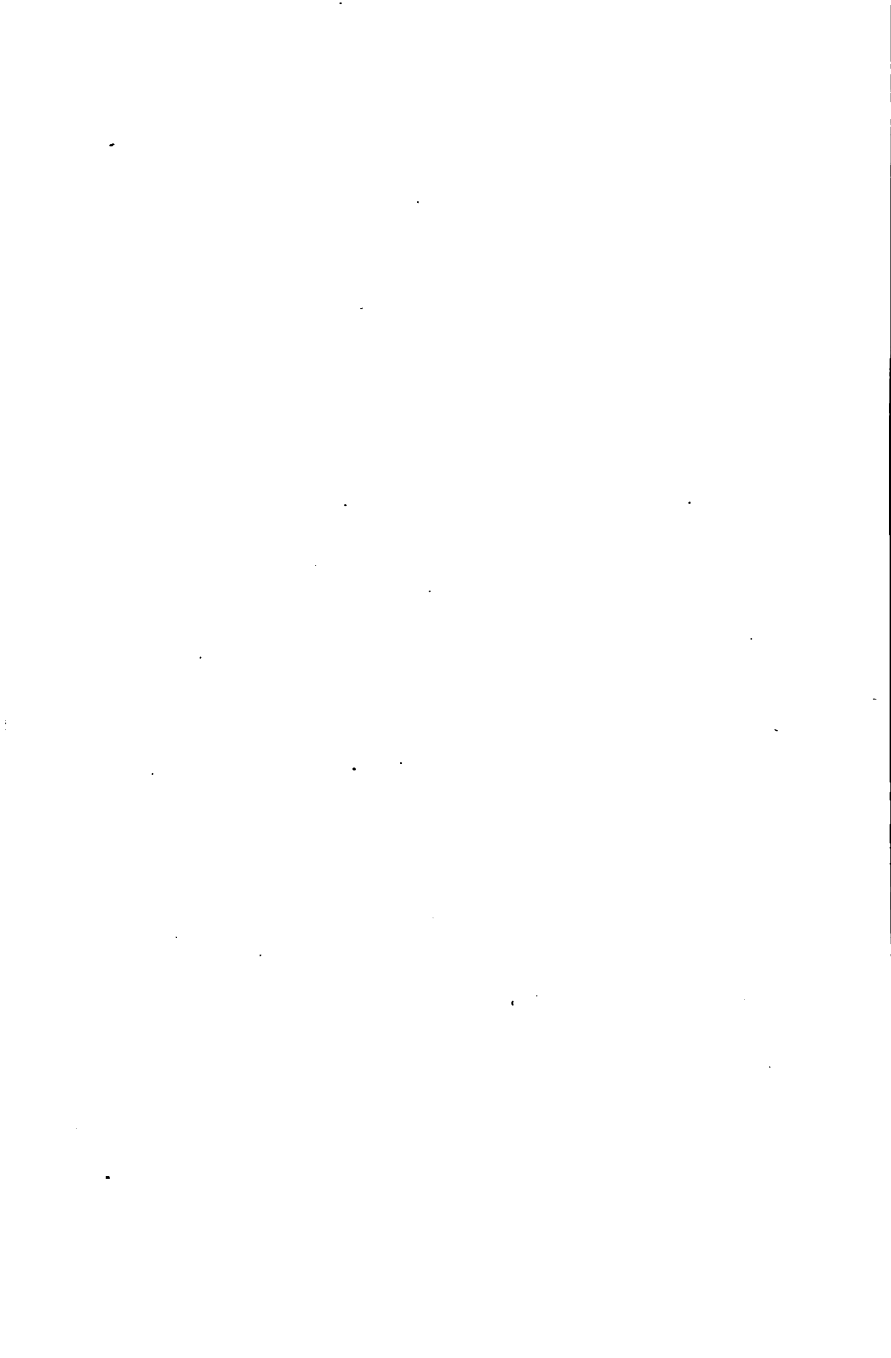
*Incapable of the taint of vulgarity whatever the "res angusta domi," your refined intelligence and nice conservative mastery of the purities of our native tongue, both in form and accent, have been of the greatest value to my pen; while your unaffected piety has shed a constant light upon my path, and kept alive in me that blessed Hope from heaven which links Faith and Charity together.*

*May that rare form, which has been for so many years the admirable embodiment of so good and copious a mind, be with me always!*

J. W. H.

BRIGHTON-LE-SANDS, LIVERPOOL,

April 16, 1876.



# CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. THE UNIVERSALITY AND SYMPATHY OF CARE .	I
II. ABSTRACT AND APPLIED TRUTHS . . .	10
III. PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE . . .	22
IV. AFFLICTION THE GREAT PURIFIER . .	35
V. THE COMBAT OF GOOD AND EVIL . .	55
VI. POVERTY AND OPPRESSION . . .	74
VII. WORLDLY WISDOM . . . .	93
VIII. THE RICH AND THE POOR . . .	106
IX. THE LIMITS AND MYSTERIES OF KNOWLEDGE .	127
X. THE PREACHER . . . . .	147
XI. WHEN THAT WHICH IS PERFECT IS COME .	163
XII. UNFRUITFUL ASPIRATIONS . . .	178
XIII. OLD TIMES . . . . .	192
XIV. THE PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY OF SLEEP .	209
XV. SUCCESS IN LIFE . . . . .	225
XVI. WIDOWHOOD AND ITS HOPES . . .	242





## I.

### THE UNIVERSALITY AND SYMPATHY OF CARE.

“The cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lust of other things entering in, choke the Word, and it becometh unfruitful.”—MARK iv. 19.

“Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another.”—MAL. iii. 16.

**T**HERE is no subject on which the sympathies of men of all classes of minds more readily meet than on the troubles by which all are surrounded. The cares by which we are infested from within—although they appear to arise from the other—are in fact the most important of the two; but they do not provoke so ready a communion, because outward circumstances of straitness or disappointment are universally felt by the reflecting and the unreflecting; but the conditions of soul which make care a canker and a curse, or which make troubles add new graces to Christian faith, are so mixed in most of us, that deep reflection alone can separate them, and the world does not reflect deeply. How much better it would be if men



looked less without and more within ! Many pass through life, so far as any human eye can see, without once looking within themselves for the cause of any unhappiness. They never think of measuring the quality of their feelings and thoughts by any standard of right, and therefore have no sympathy with the strivings of those who set up a standard, especially if it be a Divine standard, for themselves and endeavour to approach it. Natural troubles stir up only natural tempers in most people from youth to age, and the only change seems to be in their vehemence or their obduracy. The violence of early rebellions sinks into the senile wail of decrepitude ; but the judgment is still as formless, and the heart as void of good as in the days of youth. What have they lived for ? With the wise it is not so, they take counsel from their own frailty and learn to seek the help of the One that is mighty. Happily, this is the state of multitudes, and they find help, not in mere complainings, or in bursts of petulant misery ; but in that patient self-examination which reveals more and more as life goes on and experience deepens, the vast work which has to be done before contention can come to an end, and trouble cease, because, like their Master, they have "overcome the world." All this embarks us fairly on the philosophy of life, and it almost seems that our very existence assumes a new dignity as we even attempt to grasp it. Perhaps there is no topic on which a Christian mind imbued with a genuine spirit of charity could exercise itself with more general utility than on these conditions of the common lot ; for since we have various methods of drawing comfort, and support, and hope from the one great Fountain of them all, the com-

munication to one another of the kind of spirit with which we each endeavour to bear our cross may be mutually consoling and sustaining. It is instructive as well as consoling to hear our neighbour and fellow-traveller to eternity recount those trials and afflictions which, unseen and unsuspected by us, he has silently gone through, or which he is still called upon to bear. If he be a good man: if we have reason to esteem him with an esteem higher than that which we feel we ought to claim for ourselves, the right—I think I may say the natural—train of reflection into which we shall fall will have somewhat of this tone—“Now, indeed, I see that the Lord is ‘equal’ in all His ways, and is no respecter of persons. Until now, I have been inclined to believe that I was a special exception to the general equality of the Divine government, and that no man in our time ever was so beset with adversities around him, and cares within him.”

Like the Apostle, we could say :—“ ‘Our flesh (has) had no rest, but we were troubled on every side; without were fightings, and within were fears,’ and nobody was left with so little visible or sensible help from the Saviour of His people. I looked upon Mr. Smith as in a great measure exempt from adversity. He seemed always very comfortable in his circumstances. I fear that I envied him sometimes, and his usual appearance indicated a serene and peaceful mind; a state above the clouds and storms which so alarm and distress me every day of my life; but I now find that every condition has its peculiar troubles, and that, in fact, considering the inferiority of my character to that of my neighbour Smith, I ought to be thankful that my

afflictions are so light. Now I see; now, 'Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!' Now I feel, for the first time,—really *feel*,—that it is of Thy mercies I am not consumed. I have hitherto thought that there were men whose errands from the way of Divine truth were so small and so easily set right that they scarcely needed any rebuke; but now I see, in one such well-known case at all events, that 'the Enemy and the Avenger,' though driven from his outward holds, still disputes strongly the Lord's claim to entire sovereignty, and must needs be pursued with stripes and humiliations into those inner depths of the soul which a stranger cannot see; but which lie bare and open to Him who looketh on the heart." To know that every man suffers in one way or other from the assaults of evil, is but a small consolation as a general truth; indeed I have in my own experience found that general truths are all but useless as rules of conduct, or as sources of comfort. General truth must be brought down to us. It must be defined and made specific by living cases. We must see it, as it were, embodied in those about us, and then it comes home. Then first it assumes the aspect of reality—practical reality, and imparts to us substantial good. General truth is as the general light of the sun which illustrates equally whatever its rays fall upon, but which shows all the variety of Nature's beauty only to an experienced and keenly observant eye; but truth embodied in living examples, is as the rays of the same light drawn into a powerful focus, and thrown upon the object we look at.

Then first the ordinary observer really sees it as it is, and nothing is wanting but the application of the knowledge

thus gained to our own particular condition. If we are well inclined we shall add to the certain observation that all suffer, the cheerful reflection that in the works of Divine Providence nothing is in vain, whether its state and activities are directly or indirectly guided by that Providence, or, what is the same thing, whether its rectitude is ordained, or its perversity permitted; but everything is vain which does not conduce to that goodness which is the true "kingdom of God and his righteousness," and therefore we shall be constrained to confess—first, as a general truth—that it is a permission of the Divine Love that we all suffer. This general acknowledgment that the Divine Love is in every one of our sufferings, though unseen, will, like the other general truth that all do suffer, become specific and practical when the observation of our spiritual eye shall have pointed out the beneficial effects of sufferings and trials upon certain of our acquaintance; for no one who has attained to years of mature thought but must have observed how often violent and irascible tempers are subdued and broken by kindly afflictions; and the conviction that a beneficial design guides all our sorrows will—especially gather strength from the effects they produce in ourselves when we obey the Divine precept, "In your patience possess ye your souls." Surely if we believe there is a hell, and that we shall go there if we indulge the love of self, or the love of the world, pride, contempt of others, a reckless disregard of the Divine Will, or even a determined thoughtlessness concerning eternity; surely such a fearful conviction ought to stir within us the warmth of sincere gratitude that in order to prevent our

suffering during never-ending ages the torments which are inseparably connected with unholy loves, He permits a portion of those torments, according to our strength, to assail us here! By their influence "the sinners in Zion are afraid, fearfulness surprises the hypocrites," for now are we first awakened to a true and experimental knowledge of the evil of sin. We see it and feel it. The evidence of our lowest mental senses, and frequently, as in sickness, the evidence of our bodily senses too, weighs upon us with a force which even an obstinately wicked man is for a time unable to withstand. He feels a semblance of humility, and a "God be merciful to me a sinner!" rises from his heart. How important the conviction that our own selfhood is at all times as weak, as impotent, and as much the prey of infernal power, as at some particular times, though we may not be in so lively a manner conscious of it! If this be so, what words can express the overwhelming importance of our decision whether we will use rightly the glimpses into our weakness, evil and darkness, which are thus afforded by resigning ourselves passively and trustingly into the Lord's hands, that according to the workings of His love which yearns most tenderly over those who have a faith yet unconfirmed and feeble, He may invigorate us by the communication of His own strength, purify us by the impartation of His own goodness, and enlighten us by His own truth. Almighty Saviour, bear with us; bear with us, O Lord, we implore Thee, when we murmur under the chastisements of Thy reclaiming hand! Thy works are all done in righteousness, mercy, and truth; Holy and reverend is Thy name!

The right improvement of our various crosses will depend in a very great measure upon the degree in which we are able to trace out their peculiar fitness for the work of our purification, and in order to do this two things are necessary,—first, a comprehensive insight into the human constitution; and second, a particular insight into our own as distinguished from the constitution of others. The first is the natural and fit basis of the second, though doubtless many, very many, are conscious of their own peculiar weaknesses and wants, and are able to trace the finger of directing wisdom in the particular afflictions with which they are visited without that general basis of knowledge; but in such cases the light of perception is but the shadow of that full understanding which flows into the meditative mind when general knowledge illuminates rational power, and spiritual thought gathers instruction from the well-known laws of Divine operation.

Many will recoil from inquiries which, the more searching they are, the more convincing they will be, that in all things within them and around them, “The Lord reigneth.” That He alone rules, governs, and disposes, so that our part is only just to choose whether we will be on the Lord’s side or not. A full conviction of this will satisfy us that every murmur on account of our condition is neither more nor less than a setting up of the light of our own dim minds against the brightness of the Sun of heaven shining in His strength; a measuring of our finite wisdom with the infinite Wisdom of Him who not only “knows what is (actually) in man,” but who sees his every capability, and foresees the ends for which he will under every possible circumstance employ them.

Those who fear the Lord will no doubt speak often one to another in this way, and draw sage practical deductions from their converse which may last till they meet again, but how obnoxious it must be to the myriads of pagans who dwell in the midst of our Christianity, and whose spirit is well epitomized in the words, "Our lips are our own, who is Lord over us?" how hateful it must be to them to be told that they are watched and ruled and led and driven by an invisible, inscrutable, and irresistible power! "Thou knowest my downsitteing and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off," may be words of comfort to those who know the Lord, but to the rebellious they are the jargon of mere dogma. If they could believe them to be in some way true, what could be more offensive to natural pride, that is, to the whole substance of their unregenerate nature, than such prying wisdom, such meddling providence? They resolve that a particular providence shall not be true, because they do not want their particular acts to be looked into. They have no objection to make when it is said, "The winds and the sea obey Him," because they can neither shut up the winds nor stop the tides; neither do they gainsay the fact that "the sun knoweth his rising, and the moon her appointed time;" that day and night come without their order and depart without their help; that summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, are beyond their control, and bring a bounteous provision to their thankless lips. All these things may be in the hands of a great First Cause, since apparently they are in no second; but to say, "There is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether," is an intolerable insult to their consciousness.

They will have none of such things, and if an inconsistent fear makes them tremble for a moment at the vivid proclamation of such searching power, they turn their backs on the unwelcome light, and hide themselves in the stubborn darkness of unrepented evil.





## II.

### ABSTRACT AND APPLIED TRUTHS.

"It must needs be that offences come."—MATT. xviii. 7.

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone  
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."—COWPER.



THE main conclusion to be drawn from our first paper is, that the principles of general truth should be so sifted and digested as to assume special forms which clearly apply to particular cases, and especially to our own case, for then first they pass from the region of speculation into that of reality. They are no longer matters of argument and mere opinion, but are facts of observation and experience, and it is our duty to walk by the new light and "govern ourselves accordingly." Without this our knowledge of truth is merely verbal like the knowledge of chemical signs without any acquaintance with the elements which they represent; or if it rises one step above this, it is only to become merely scientific;—a part of the science of dead facts—without that knowledge which independent analysis offers to congenial thought. There is no lively

connection between the truth and the man, and for any influence which it has on the formation of his affectional character he might drop it like an old garment and take up some new system like a new one.

Scientific knowledge is nothing more than a knowledge of effects which is in itself of no eternal use, because eternal uses do not flow from without, but from within, and seek embodiment in things which are in the sphere of nature, and may subserve their ends if we will; or become dry facts which merely represent them, if we will not connect causes and their ends by a right use of their effects. The natural mind is not disposed to search into final causes and their ends: but we must define our words as we go along, or else in talking of these "things not seen" we shall merely add to the number of those philosophers who exhaust us with long or strange words, and make us wearily if not peevishly inquire, "What *is* it all about?" Such uneasy demands are in many cases only too natural, and a candid reply to them would destroy one half of that poor profundity which passes for philosophy now-a-days *because nobody can understand it.*

By the natural mind, then, we mean that mind with which we are born, and which grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength, until we change it for a better by that mysterious power of self-determination which is so often appealed to in the Word of God. The limit of its powers is clearly indicated in that striking text, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God for they are foolishness to him, neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned," and therefore in order to acquire spiritual

discernment our Lord says "Ye must be born again," but when we are truly "born again" our perceptions, even of natural things, are so changed that all things seem new. There is a spirit and a life in them which is full of the God who made them, and of the eternity which we ourselves are made for. The Apostle uses the term natural man, as though to designate an entirely unregenerate state; but when we are born again it may be allowable to say, that though we have still a natural mind, we are not natural men; but are at least partly spiritual from the opening of powers within the natural, the powers of a spiritual mind hitherto undeveloped: powers which corporal nature cannot give, but which are the direct gifts of that formative Spirit which broods over the chaos of the fall in every man, and strives to create in him a clean heart and a right spirit. Those powers, therefore, if we are right, dwell in a higher region than the natural, and the natural becomes new only by being transformed into the image of the spiritual, which it serves and corroborates.

Anxieties, cares, diseases, and the whole catalogue of accidents (?) which make this world a state of probation, are effects from another world, and they fall naturally and forcibly under the contemplation of every mind, however unregenerate: but what is the value of that observation? What are its results? "Look to the end" is an apophthegm of ancient wisdom worthy of all Christian application and never to be lost sight of in considering the causes of our troubles and the cure of our cares.

Many men have obtained a reputation for profound thought and sagacious philosophy, by imposing upon the

credulous reverence of weak minds discourses on the ills of life, in prose so quaint or so sonorous, that it must mean something good, they think; or in poetry so musical that it surely cannot mean nothing. Their graphic delineations of mental suffering make sentimental or admiring readers thrill with the delight which a sympathetic description of states similar to their own never fails to call up. They find it a new pleasure in this way to weep with those that weep, and would scarcely exchange their experience of sorrows which are followed by such delights for the laughing stream of common joys in which so many lose all refined sympathies. What is the nature of that refinement? What is the practical good of such sympathy? Is it anything better than a physical condition which passes away and leaves the nerves unstrung? Is it not a vain trifling with eternity, the flimsy refuge of a mind chastised but not chastened? "Look to the end." Are we improved by such sentimentality? Can we better bear the ills to come because we have in such a spirit told over again the story of the past? Not at all. The spring of such sentimental delight is hidden and dark, far different indeed from the sparkling surface which the sun shines on. That spring is filled by the spirit of discontent, repining and self-merit, which make ourselves the chief objects of our own pity; for there is no delight, no, not even *sentimental* delight, in the thought that we are guilty, and that our afflictions are the fit punishment of our guilt. In our hearts we think that we are innocent, and do not deserve the ills we suffer. We give ourselves credit for the noble sentiments which sound so bravely in the empty chambers of our ill-conditioned minds; but never inquire

how they got there, nor what they do for us but augment our conceit. As their repetitions echo again and again, we feel more and more that we are martyrs to the tyranny of an evil destiny, which prevents the world from rewarding our finest conceptions of truth; but it does not occur to us that possibly the world knows nothing about them, and that it might acknowledge and reward them if it could see them embodied in fit action. Instead, however, of going out in this way, they shrink and become emasculate, like plants which never drink the golden rays of the sun, nor feel the vigorous breezes of the open air. We reply that, not our own inertness, but the coldness or the selfishness of man oppresses us, and withers our very tenderest and purest aspirations, and so they never grow strong enough for action, though, if you will believe it, we are very virtuous all the time; but surely it is plain to common sense that such conduct is either absurd or wicked. If it were not we should have no pleasure in dandling our rickety griefs in this way, because as we have just said, there is no delight in the consideration that we are guilty, and that our troubles are the fit punishment of our guilt.

It may indeed be laid down as an axiom that the contemplation of our *dark* states, especially when they are dwelt upon as a favourite theme, springs from something evil. Light has no fellowship with darkness, neither good with evil, and therefore we may be certain that it is something evil which delights us in the contemplation of our darkness; and some condition perilously near to sin, which loves to trace its own workings in those lower manifestations of

itself which we revolve again and again, but which hold no communion with the Holy Spirit.

What then becomes of the philosophy of those "deep minds" whose written and unwritten thoughts are almost solely conversant with unholy states and their sickly troubles? Evidently their fine descriptions are only pictorial murmurings, and their whole philosophy is the knowledge of evil and the perversion of good. There is no result from it except perhaps that of confirmation in the condition of soul which made their troubles necessary, and which must therefore be finally a state of confirmed impenitence just falling short of that "greater condemnation" which waited for them if they had lived at ease.

Every true Christian will therefore be careful in what spirit he examines and tells of his afflictions, and he ought to be certain that any creeping in of feelings which spring from a sense of injury done to him by unkind fate is an evidence that "sin lieth at the door." He has only to break through the bad but common habit of looking only at the troubles themselves, and open his eyes to their real causes, and all such meritorious feelings will at once be stilled, and this is the way of improving "the cares of the world," which it is the peculiar privilege of the spiritual man to tread. He may be, and most likely will be, reckoned tame and spiritless by the natural man; but he will remember the Divine promise, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength," and since the strength which the Lord gives is part of His own omnipotence, he may be sure of gradual victory over the very causes of calamity, and of final exemption from their troubling. He will therefore

be unmoved by the idle taunts of those who think that he might throw off his cares if he had their "proper pride" and manly courage; but a true Christian knows that he cannot fight successfully against them from his own power, because his own power is the power of inherited and appropriated evil, and that whatever specious appearances such power may put on, the power of evil is the power of tyranny against liberty, and of care against unanxious trust. From such power what good can come? Evidently none that is real. The kingdom of Satan will not divide against itself. There is an infernal unity which will not be broken in that foul trinity, "the world, the flesh, and the Devil," and though the pride of our self-hood may be gratified by the cultivation of a spirit of spurious independence in resisting the ills which afflict us, that very gratification will be the insidious means of perpetuating the ills themselves. It is a stimulating *menstruum*, pleasant to the natural palate but intoxicating as we drink it, and holding a deadly poison in treacherous solution.

Under every circumstance of our various life a heartfelt conviction of this grave truth should save us from dwelling only on our troubles, without looking for, and seeking to root up, their causes. We should be careful to keep the eye of spiritual reason from being dimmed by the fumes of natural passion. We should remember that the strength of nature is a reed shaken with the wind of hell, and shun with our purest vigour every principle of self-derived intelligence—that resource of the unregenerate which is so fearfully denounced in the language of prophetic symbolism: "Woe to the rebellious children, saith the Lord, that take

counsel, but not of me: and that cover with a covering, but not of my spirit, that they may add sin to sin: that walk to go down into Egypt and have not asked at my mouth; to strengthen themselves in the strength of Pharaoh, and to trust in the shadow of Egypt! Therefore shall the strength of Pharaoh be your shame, and the trust in the shadow of Egypt your confusion." And again, "Woe to them that go down to Egypt for help."

Egypt, where the traditions of spiritual science lingered until they were buried in the degradation of her people, and rose again only as superstitions, became the cradle of the natural sciences, and may be taken as the symbol of them, and of the faculty of mere natural science in man. Its province is among "facts," and nothing is a fact to the merely scientific mind which cannot be seen, felt, heard, weighed, and measured by the natural senses, and the instruments which have been invented to enlarge their sphere of observation. The Maker of all things is, therefore, not a "fact" in this sense, nor indeed in any sense, if some scientists are to be believed.

Sensual facts, then, engage the intellectual powers of the natural man, and sensual appetites and pleasures engross his affectuous nature; for it is worth observing that intellect and volition, thought and will, are the essential components of our nature, whatever may be our special quality, and all other things which make up our individual being are but their forms, organs, and instruments.

Adopting this symbolism we may say that to go down to Egypt for help is to brood over our troubles as absorbing "facts," and take counsel, but not of the Lord, concerning



them. Egypt is to the Christian now in a symbolic and spiritual sense, what the land of Egypt itself was to the Israelites, whose history is handed down to us in the Bible "for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." When they were passing from bondage to liberty through that wilderness which is universally taken to represent our probationary life,—the desert of Sin and of Care—they murmured and rebelled. They were too much occupied with the wants which immediately affected their senses to consider the end for which they were permitted. The feeling of present hunger made them more than careless about that future luxurious plenty which was assured to them by the Word of Him that sweareth and changeth not, and whose mighty hand had been shewn in a series of miracles for their deliverance which were unexampled in the traditions of His presence and His power. They did not reflect that every dispensation of His hand is a token of His love, and that even hunger and thirst under His guidance are far better than the fulness of the fatted slave. Readily subject to the natural passions and appetites, they rebelliously spurned their present afflictions and cried in petulant despair: "Would to God that we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh-pots and when we did eat bread to the full." What a striking portrait of the state of the unregenerate mind when straitness and care prevent that easy enjoyment of the gratifications of the natural man which are felt to be the very bread of his life! Instead of rising to a higher and more truly human condition, we wish to sit by the "flesh-pots" and eat the meat of

bodily appetites from birth to death; nor can it be otherwise until the strivings of the Holy Spirit, assisted by our troubles, have succeeded, to some extent, in teaching us to subordinate our love of "the meat which perisheth" to a higher love, the love of the spiritual mind for "that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." That superior mind with its purer appetites is never opened in the obstinately rebellious, and therefore they know nothing of the pure delights of truth and good. In reality those delights belong to a new order of life within our bodily and natural life, and are a realization of the Lord's words: "I came that they (the *sheep*) might have life, and that they might have it *more abundantly*." If any one rejects this gift he carries his own scourge about him. If, indeed, he becomes thoroughly brutalized he scarcely feels it; but if not, he will sometimes think enough to say: "Why may I not enjoy those things which I naturally desire? I have tasted them and they are pleasant. Give me certainty and what I have known, in preference to uncertainty and what I have not known. Let me sit by the 'flesh-pots' in peace."

This is that peace which is "no peace," for "there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." The Divine declaration will be fulfilled in those who "kick against the pricks." "Egypt shall help in vain and to no purpose" *because we are immortal*. The more we long for the good things which we thoroughly enjoyed before we were tried by troubles, the more we increase our unhappiness. The spirit of discontent can make even affluence, leisure, health, and all worldly goods the occasions of misery instead of the means of happiness, what then can we expect from it when

embittered by poverty, toil, disease, and positive destitution? It is the fabled serpent which stings itself to death—"the second death."

While we make Egypt our "stay" the Word of God seems obscure or blank. We see nothing in it that we can feel. Its promises and consolations are only specious words, *mere* words to us; but when we obey the Divine command, "Let him take hold of My strength that he may make peace with Me," the Lord opens our understanding to understand the Scriptures, and then we see them as they are, full of light and comfort and peace, to them that desire to be made ready for a higher life than this. Perhaps it may be some time before the dawning of our spiritual day shall break with strength, and chase away *all* the darker shades of repining evil, but if we wait for it patiently though we fall we shall not be utterly cast down. He will give us strength to *endure*, and that is the first lesson we have to learn. *Passive* valour is the test of military virtue. "How beautifully those English fight!" said the great Napoleon, as he pounded the squares of British infantry at Waterloo with his tremendous artillery, and watched the gaps it made in them close up and the squares dwindle hour by hour to mere handfuls of men. "How beautifully those English fight," said he, "but they must give way." The squares demanded help which Wellington could hardly give. "Will they stand?" said he. They stood, and Napoleon himself gave way.

The same virtue prevails in spiritual warfare. James says: "Behold we count them happy which *endure*. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end

of the Lord," and our Saviour Himself said: "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." We have therefore His example before us, for "Though He were a Son yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered;" nor, simple as they are, could any grander words so impressively point that supreme moral. "Ye have *seen* the end of the Lord!" Imagination cannot go farther, for all its powers are absorbed in the contemplation of that terrible, but sublime reality, "the *end* of the Lord."

"Let us therefore lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race which is set before us," that we also having learned obedience by the things which we suffer, may win the prize of our high calling, the blessedness of regenerate affection, begun here, but never ending, always expanding hereafter.



### III.

#### PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father: but the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."—MATT. x. 29-31.

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them as we will."—SHAKESPEARE.

**C**HRISTIANS who believe that Divine Providence is not limited to a certain general ordination and control of the universe, but that it extends to the simplest and meanest circumstance of individual life, ought of all men to be "without carefulness;" but almost all reflecting Christians profess to believe in such a particular Providence, not because it is seen to be a vital and important truth directly bearing upon individual life and conduct, but because the Lord himself has said, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

What is so clearly revealed cannot be denied in words,

but it may be and is boldly and persistently denied in action by every one of us every day of our lives ; nor is there any doctrine of Christianity in which we can find a more lamentable instance of the difference between faith in that which is revealed, *because it is revealed*, and a true faith, an intelligent faith, founded upon a spiritual-rational apprehension of the words of Divine revelation, and embodied in an obedient and trustful life. No other faith is of much value in a contest with self-confidence. Blind assent even to this wonderful declaration of Divine Love, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered," is but as a pleased and listening ear when gentle music soothes its trembling shell, only to die away and be forgotten in the buzz and din of contention, when strong cupidity is excited, and worldly sagacity assumes the command which belongs to Divine Providence ; but a faith founded on "a good understanding," though it cannot master the modes of Divine operation, sees enough of its general character and object to infer that in the particular activities of the same Divine power it must be in harmony with itself, and contemplate similar beneficent objects. Such a faith is the very breath of the soul, and once *fully* possessed by it, to be is to be good, and to exist is to be happy, because existence is consciously filled with somewhat of the Divine presence. This is the realization of those cheering words, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee. He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." What power can "cares" have, what power ought they to have, over a man who has thus "purified his soul in obeying the truth?" and all who do not see some likeness to this condition in their own character are "without,"

among the dogs which bay round the Holy City, however they may think that to them "it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven."

Truth looks disagreeable, and even fearful when its unwelcome "words are printed in a book," and pressed upon our thoughtless consideration by the quiet but solemn voice of admonitory love; and here is another of the strange inconsistencies into which evil has seduced mankind. We are offended or alarmed at the expression of truth which we see to be true; but we continue to cherish the very principles which, by some working of interior consciousness, give point and moment to reproof. We creep with fear or shudder with disgust at the hideous shadow, and hug with delight the more hideous substance. Why, what a world of shadows and mockeries it is, this political, social, moral, and religious world we live in! And we ourselves, if we could but see ourselves, have our feigned parts in it like the rest; for where is the man whose life runs with such a steady simplicity and truth, that before the public eye or at his own fireside he is just the same? Transparent everywhere, and everywhere just what he seems to be? No bated words which repress real emotion; none which express pretended emotion; no designs which fear the light of day; none so very shrewd as to make the detective police unwelcome; absolutely no object which is not brighter by daylight, and without shame though naked? Where is the man? "Echo answers, where?"

Even in religion, where one might most expect sincerity, there it is least found, and pretentious babbling faith assumes to school the thoughtless who amble on the road of life,

quite unaware that they, the censors themselves, are as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

We have spoken of the distinction between belief in that which is revealed, simply because it is revealed, without any effort to understand it, and enlightened faith which rests upon a rational apprehension of Divine truth. We do not say *comprehension*, because that is a very different thing, and is probably not attainable, certainly not in this life; but great and wide as is the distinction between the two, we often see the same fruits grow on both; dead sea apples; for the first is blind and vague, and the second bright and barren. I "utter things which have been kept" too "secret from the foundation" of every church. There prevails among those who do not avowedly believe it, a sort of wasting faith alone: the atrophy of spiritual life. The discussion of *doctrines*, and especially of the doctrine of Providence in relation to the called and chosen children of God, is mistaken for regeneration, or for that interest in heaven which regeneration alone can make sure. "I go, sir," is the ready answer of a faith which does not go. Much talking and pious warmth takes the place of obedience; and a fond security of heaven does treacherous service for Satan, while affecting to be the holy assurance of a heart prepared and "perfect in every good work to do His will."

The laws of that Divine order which connects everything on earth with a spiritual cause, are not only plainly but luminously revealed to us. We believe, if we believe those laws, that, by virtue of the moral liberty from which alone we are capable of heavenly happiness, we have power to draw into unseen, but not unfelt consociation with ourselves the



angels of heaven, or the spirits of hell,\* and we know, or ought to know, that as is the quality of the unseen beings who are the companions of our life, such will be the nature of that which they work within us, or bring down upon us, we know that "God over all" presides tempering the activities of our evil associates, and forbidding them to lay upon us a burden greater than we can bear, while He directs the energies of the good, and gently strives through them to lead us to Himself. How is it that knowing all this, so few of us, and especially of the men of business among us, seek the guidance of the Lord in any mere secular enterprise, or bear with patience their defeat? How is it that the world's affairs, in which the greater part of conscious life is passed—are separated by "a great gulf" from the heavenly principles which ought to guide our conduct in their pursuit? The subtle distinction between a man "in trade" and the same man "in private life" is still abroad among us; nor indeed can any two beings be much more unlike in appearance than we have often seen them. We call this distinction as an intellectual object *subtle* and not *subtil*, because it is an evil distinction, not a nice discrimination of pure morality, and venture to think that Gen. iii. 1 might be more properly rendered, "Now the serpent was more *subtle* than any beast of the field which the Lord God had made." Subtlety supposes a measure of subtilty defiled; but subtilty is an attribute of refined intelligence, which only retains its name when pure and undefiled by cunning. But to return.

Does any opportunity present itself of getting on in the

\* Our criminal indictments contain traces of this.

world? We rush to secure it with the lust of acquisition, and forget the riches of the Divine treasury in the prospect of worldly wealth. Too often we seek that "first," and also last; for, as matter of fact, such occasions are treated as things with which a Divine Providence has nothing to do. They are our private business, and we take the management of them into our own hands. To think of Providence as causing or presenting such opportunities, is felt to be a work of supererogation, if it be felt at all; and a friend who should admonish us of the weighty necessity of keeping an eternal end in view in our new enterprise, would be thought to be guilty of a very solemn impertinence.

Perhaps after saying that Mr. Jones had been "preaching" to us, we might stretch our charity far enough to remark:—"After all he is a good sort of man. I have no doubt of his good intentions; but you know he never could do anything out of the most ordinary jog-trot way, and so he thinks that nobody else ought to try." But in another mood we might—especially if Jones happened to be of the same trade—be more inclined to chuckle over the "shrewd suspicion" that he would like the advantage himself, and so would rather we should not profit by it since he could not have it. This would be the Christianity of the dog in the manger, and is easily attributable to the kindest heart, and therefore looks so odious on paper, that some will say the Churches furnish no real examples of such a spirit, and that instead of drawing from nature, I am sketching ideal figures from the *camera obscura* of a sombre imagination. I could wish it were so, but if such real characters in the professing Church had not crossed me, their figures would not have

entered that *camera*. The truth was forced upon me, or else I should not have found it out; for when first awakened to the importance of religious truth, I thought only too well of those who professed to delight in the same truths, and to be striving to enter in at the strait gate. I thought they must be "separate from sinners" like their Master, although not yet quite holy. How considerate they must be for others, especially for "those that are of the household of faith!" How unworldly they must be striving to be! How patient in adversity, how humble in wealth! Though living on earth, and still touched with the stains of it, their affections must be "laid up in heaven," and a deep and constant dedication of their hearts to the best things, must keep them steadfast in all well-doing, no matter what storms of troubles raise the devouring waves and billows of temptation, and crash their angry thunders round them. So I raved to myself, especially about those who had large intelligence, and a philosophic faith, apparently full of deep and earnest conviction which sometimes softened into affectionate devotion, or what looked very like it; but experience raised the veil, and made me shrink into myself. I could not bear to look at the rueful spectacle in the circle of my actual acquaintance, and so retired to hope that *somewhere* my early dreams were realized. They were realized as life went on, in the consistent character of individuals to whom might well be applied those significant words of our Lord: "Ye are the salt of the earth," but they were the rare exceptions, not the rule: for in general I found little practical difference between the members of the Church whose doctrinals

approach as I think most nearly to the absolute Divine truth, and those who hold what seems to me to be a disjointed, unscriptural, and may I say a somewhat heathenish faith. I have found that if men have good natural dispositions and a native principle of honour, those endowments commend their faith if it be true, and prevent it from being evil if it be false : but that the actual operation of truth itself in remoulding the character is exceedingly small. For the most part, seventy years of mere truth will effect as little change in a man as seventy years of mere time will effect on granite. Few of any Church consider that in the station in which they are placed they are ordained to set an example of industrious contentment, and of unanxious trust in Providence. This is their "mission,"—to use the cant of the day,—but many with no appropriate talents for such work, would rather choose another mission, and "compass sea and land to make one proselyte" though he should become "a child of hell," than stay at home and set such an example of pureness of living. There is, or may be, man's glory in the one, but in the other there is nothing but God's glory ; and so instead of contentment we have an uneasy striving in our own strength for the upper seats in society, without any plain opening indicative of a Divine invitation to "come up higher." To "better our condition" without bettering ourselves is only asking to be "beaten with many stripes." Do we tell men so? "We must do as others do," is the answer, and therefore the result is certain. They will suffer as others suffer, and when anxious cares make their days a devouring worry and their nights a feverish tossing to and fro, the Lord's words declare "the reason why," "Thy

ways and thy doings have procured these things unto thee."

The laws of Divine Providence must operate invariably to bring about for us and in us the greatest good. It does indeed sometimes appear that we are left to writhe under the inflictions of a malice which can have no reference to our correction; but this is only an appearance. Man cannot afflict us except by Divine permission, but the laws of permission are also laws of Providence, and the laws of Divine Providence are the laws of love! It is useless to quibble about day-light. Our very shadows prove that the sun shines. We either believe the doctrine of a Providence or we do not. To deny it in any instance is to deny it in all, for then it ceases to be universal, which is the same thing as to say that it ceases to be a Divine attribute. To prevent this error is one prime object of many passages of Scripture, such as Amos iii. 7: "Shall there be evil in the city and the Lord hath not done it?" and in Isaiah xlv. 7: "I form the light and create darkness; I make peace and create evil; I the Lord do all these things."

Here the Lord, to enforce the truth that He rules everything, even darkness and evil, speaks the language of appearances—which confounds permission with causation—in order that we may not imagine that "the will of man" or mere chance is the cause of our anxieties and cares.

When our Lord Himself was before Pilate, that ruler rebuked His silence and said: "Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and power to release thee? Jesus answered, Thou couldest have no power at all against me except it were given thee from above." Now since

nothing is so irritating as petty insolence, and the insolence of power, what an example we have here of the spirit in which we ought to bear it! "Thou couldest have *no* power at all against me except it were given thee *from above!*" These words mentally revolved—called up again and again as offences come—and faithfully applied to our comparatively small vexations of this kind, would lead to self-examination and an endeavour to find out what special evil of ours the Divine Physician desires to cure by such sharp medicine. Such researches seriously pursued would prevent our anger against the instrument of our correction hindering the good which the Lord intends; and though we ought to make a due distinction between a servile crouching to human whims (one is forced to write in this way) and that submission as to a Divine hand which recognizes God in everything, our resistance should be the effort of principle and not of pride. We should remember that the same afflictions may be permitted for different ends. "Power" may be "given from above" to oppress those who are of a proud and unsubmitting temper, in order that being forced by an iron hand to outward submission they may learn that self-control which submits evil affections to the power of Him who Himself appears to the natural mind as "an austere man," though in reality "His tender mercies are over all His works;" but similar oppressions may operate upon minds too feeble and timid to resist anything without they are highly excited, so as to lay the foundation of a certain firmness of character which may at length enable them also to resist "the foes of their own household."

In both cases a reference to eternal ends will prevent our

fighting against Omnipotence. "Resist, resist," is the spontaneous suggestion of self-love, because self-love is the very substance of our natural individuality, and our first correctives, therefore, are usually intended to teach us to submit; for he who cannot force himself to submit when principle dictates submission, cannot resist as he ought when resistance would be right. To resist "the proud man's contumely" and yet preserve a conscience pure and void of offence, we must resist in the spirit of charity, and not in the temper of him with whom we strive; for otherwise we may involve ourselves in the same condemnation; and besides, the resistance of steady unimpassioned principle compels a certain respect, even from the adversary, and may be one providential means of leading him to see "the beauty of holiness." A living submission to the corrections of our heavenly Father does not therefore imply a want of courage, for indeed nothing requires so much true courage as to act in accordance with spiritual principles, though the first lesson taught by those principles is submission.

Few things tend more to worry and sour us than being, as it seems, fortuitously placed among people who, from their narrowness of soul, are inaccessible to any generous sentiment, and from their gnarled and dwarfish understandings are incapable of perceiving mental superiority; or if they do faintly perceive it, they perceive it only to hate and deride it.

To be bound up with such people by the chain of worldly interest and occupation, like the living with the dead, is indeed a slow torment hard to bear—for it often

lasts a life—because it usually happens that they have just wit and ingenuity enough to perceive how we may be most effectually annoyed.

Prudence forbids an open rupture, and self-examination shows us that those petty lacerations may teach us to command our passions; but still they are a torment.

How often contempt curls our lip, and we long to shrivel these human gnats with the scorching breath of scorn! “How comfortable we should be if it were not for these malicious or absurd people!” Why, yes, if it were not for something we should all be happy; but the truth is that our contempt and scorn of these task-masters of our patience are the sources of their power. The Lord will not allow “this cup to pass from us” until our tears of vexation are turned into tears of penitence, and contempt gives place at least to indifference. Our very calmness may “do good to them that hate us,” and he is wise indeed who obeys the divine command, “Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.” The effect of such prayer, when genuine, is wonderful. A heavenly strength descends upon us so different to our own, that no one who has once “tasted the powers of the world to come” will lightly neglect such prayer, and resign himself again to the power of the world that now is.

Natural morality resists to some extent because we have been injured. The quarrel is in a great measure personal, but spiritual morality “overcomes evil with good,” and our personal injury is sunk in the love of our neighbour. A lofty state no doubt, but not impossible, for it is “our Father’s good pleasure to give us the kingdom,” into which



nothing lower can enter. If once we could attain this state, who can doubt that the Supreme Disposer can "turn the hearts of the disobedient,"—of those who sin by injuring us—or remove them from us, or us from them, by opening the way to other avocations?

I know by long and painful experience the power which steady unoffending conduct has upon those who are the instruments of our trial. They may never *duly* estimate our forbearance and long-suffering; but we labour not for the perishing meat of their estimation. One is our Judge, and His award may be received as an overflowing compensation for all mortal injustice. Until that time, if injurious men pursue us, let us remember the prayer, "Save me from the wicked, which are Thy sword." *Thy sword!* Will He not then temper and restrain it when we can say: "Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept Thy word?"

Let the continuance, then, of any outward trials only urge us to a more close scrutiny of our spiritual defects. Let there be no reserve in it, for if there be it is a mockery. Let us believe that the Lord will "withhold *no* good thing from them that walk uprightly," and that He speaks the truth, when He says: "Your iniquities have turned away these things, and your sins have withholden good things from you."



#### IV.

#### AFFLICTION THE GREAT PURIFIER.

"Affliction, when I know it, is but this :  
A deep alloy whereby man tougher is  
To bear the hammer ; and the deeper still  
We still arise more image of His will,  
Sickness, a humorous cloud, 'twixt us and light,  
And death at longest but another night."—*Old Poet.*

"Before I was afflicted I went astray ; but now have I kept Thy word."—Ps. cxix. 67.

**I**F it be, and it must be, true, that no human being can disturb our comfort except by Divine permission, may we not also conclude that no infernal being has power over us beyond what the Lord permits ? But upon this point we are not left to any long-drawn inference, for our Lord Himself said to Peter : "Simon, Simon, behold, Satan hath desired to have you that he may sift you as wheat ; but I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." What can this mean but that infernal power was restrained by Divine power, and nicely tempered so as not to destroy but to purify ? "Satan hath *desired* to have you that he may sift you as wheat." What prevented that

terrible sifting? Certainly not Peter. He knew nothing about it, and if he had known he could not have resisted it alone and unprotected, though he felt strong enough to say, "Lord, I am ready to go with Thee both into prison and to death;" but what did his Master reply? "I tell thee, Peter, the cock shall not crow this day before that thou shalt thrice deny that thou *knowest* Me." The conclusion therefore is direct and easy: that the Lord puts a limit upon the goings forth of every evil which assails us; that no troublous sphere of uneasy thought can darken our minds or distract our affections, without His tempering hand; that the very palsy of intellect which can hardly shake forth blasphemy against the Most High God, and the most fiery ebullitions of a tortured heart, scarcely conscious from excess of emotion, are also beneath His control, and working to fulfil His purposes; that "the thousand ills which flesh is heir to" are in a sense ministers of His pleasure, and do His bidding with absolute submissiveness, that, in fact, every minutest atom of our constitution, whether material or mental, and every minutest activity of every minutest atom is sustained, watched over, and modified by the Source of all being and the Origin of all power, whose infinitely careful love cannot cease to regard our happiness, not merely in its general outlines, but in its minutest particulars. Yes! we must own that though the ways of Providence are oftentimes "past finding out," the Lord cannot leave us for one instant in one particular uncared for without ceasing to be infinite. What an unthought of conclusion then do our doubts of the Lord's goodness lead to! Few have any conception that every

rebellious murmur under any trial or affliction contains within it a denial of the existence of a God. Really when we come to examine intimately the nature and connection of evil the sight is enough to appal even a hardened mind ; but let us look again at the assertion,—“ Every rebellious murmur under any trial or affliction contains within it a denial of the existence of a God.” In the present temper of the world this will sound like a paradox. Propound it in the character of one who has widely read and deeply pondered the thoughts of the best, and best instructed minds that ever lived, and especially if it be known that your researches have not been sectarian and blind, but thoughtful and catholic, and even the pious will often become supercilious over your speculations and pronounce you either rationalistic or mystic, because you have not been like them, content *not* to know, and have not taken all your faith out of the “ Fathers ” (of whom, for the most part, they know nothing of any value), or out of Calvin’s terrible *Institutes*, or Luther’s discoveries in one half of the Gospel, or out of the cast-iron logic of Jonathan Edwards, or out of any creed which man has devised from his own “ private interpretation ” of the Word assisted by his own imagination. Nevertheless, whatever they may think who never learned to think, and who dislike thinking in any deeper *stratum* of their minds than that in which newspaper thought is found, our apparent paradox is true and the proof of it stands thus :

A God without a providence is a mere *ens rationis*, a useless phantom of the mind ; and Providence, without it be infinite, is an absurdity, because if it exist as an attribute

of the infinite it must partake of His infinity; but an infinite Providence must enter into and in some way modify or control every movement of minutest matter, and every condition of most secret thought, and even unconscious motive. If, then, we doubt whether any trial we suffer be actively or permissively "the Lord's doing" we doubt the infinity of His Providence, and therefore we doubt whether Providence be at all an attribute of that God whose every attribute must be infinite; but if we doubt whether God be a God of Providence, we doubt His very being, because, as we have just said, "a God without Providence is a useless phantom of the mind;" and by Providence we mean a controlling, modifying, helping power, striving to do us good. If we deny such a Providence we might as well believe that matter is God, that our life is but a magnetic current, and that gravitation is the only Providence, since that takes care that every atom in the universe tends to a common centre, and thus prevents every form of sentient and unsentient order, beauty and use, from being dissolved into an infinity of invisible dust, if indeed we should not say with Shakespeare—

"And leave not a wrack behind."

It may be thought by careless readers, as well as by cast-iron fatalists, that all this is inconsistent with human freedom, but it has been well said by an able American writer that "Life which is not free is not human," and it has been still better said by the profoundest writer upon this subject whom we have met with, that the permission of evil or suffering by the Lord, "is not as of one who wills

but as of one who does not will, but who cannot prevent it because of the urgency of the end, which is human salvation ;" but this assumes freedom on our part, and a tempering, though not a preventing, power on the part of God. Scriptures too numerous to quote, prove both these truths. We might draw out a long argument in this way, but where is the use? We have said enough for willing minds, and as for others it is useless to say more. Our part is simple and practical. We see the truth, let us then work it out and not follow the moody fashion of imagining that we are "forgotten as a dead man out of mind," but hear the Apostle who says, "Humble yourselves therefore under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due season, casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you;" and we shall be helped in this by the reflection that "the same afflictions are accomplished in our brethren that are in the world." If, then, we think when we are afflicted that we are forgotten, we must think that God forgets them also, but that cannot be. We dare not think that He forgets *the whole world*, and therefore we must conclude that He does not forget us, and though our selfhood will still feel pain and straitness, the hitherto inactive powers of the new man will at length say, "And now, Lord, what wait I for? My hope is in Thee. Deliver me from all my transgressions, make me not the reproach of the foolish."

So long as it is necessary to convince ourselves by any reasoning, that our states and circumstances, internal and external, are in the Lord's hands, we shall be comparatively dark and cold. Even conviction, though it may be the

foundation of a better state, does not become so actually until our repinings have in some measure ceased; for so long as they continue they show the presence,—the more interior presence,—of principles of evil which deny in our hearts the cold conclusions of our understanding. Uncomplaining submission is the only way to avoid altogether “the reproach of the foolish;” not that we can attain such a state at once, for a dogged silence is not lowly submission. Perhaps, indeed, some mysterious process awaits us in the next life, by which “the remainder of wrath,” hardly restrained in this world, is there put altogether away, and we join the company of “the spirits of just men *made perfect*.” However this may be, we ought to strive after perfectness here, and one effectual step in that direction is to restrain the language of complaint until we can say with David, “I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue. I will keep my mouth with a bridle while the wicked is before me.” The mischief done to others by our inconsiderate talking is enormous; but it never occurs to us that it does quite as much mischief to ourselves. We are always full of something either good or evil, and the law of both is the same. The more truth we speak and live, the more the Lord gives us; and so also the more falsity we speak and live, the more Satan gives us. Efflux and influx are therefore always equal; for truth and good, and falsity and evil, are as real as water and heat, and our spiritual freedom depends upon their equilibrium. Hence therefore the importance of bridling our tongues. Our evil nature will resist and struggle, but that nature must die in the conflict if we are saved, and therefore no wonder that it resists. Meanwhile

supplication and prayer may always be a salutary vent for overcharged feeling, and "He that heareth prayer" should alone hear our complainings, except when we call upon the proved affection of a stronger mind to minister to our weakness by showing us how better to submit. There is no sin in this, but a beautiful field for the exercise of brotherly kindness by those to whom we give our confidence; while as regards the world, and that large circle whom, according to the loose phraseology of the day, we call our friends, we shall "be dumb with silence," because they cannot help us, and we should only hurt ourselves by talking to them of conditions of soul which they have never known and cannot understand. As time goes on, and our states of good grow strong to suffer, it will be our comfort, in pleading with the Lord, to be able to say, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth: because *Thou* didst it."

The very contrary is the line of conduct pursued by the unrestrained passions of the natural man. He is always chafing his sores. A long series of trials, and perhaps, especially of such as affect bodily health, produces first an angry sourness in the condition of those desires which feebleness or pain prevents from going forth into accustomed action. After this often succeeds a kind of sullen stupor into which such desires, if still stubborn and unbroken, have a tendency to sink, when disease is too strong for them, and pain is increased by every effort to indulge them; and last comes, in some wretched cases, that stark recklessness which answers the soothing of Christian counsel in the spirit of Job to his friends, "Hold your peace; let me alone that I may speak and let come on me what will."



Having learnt, "When buffeted for our faults, to take it patiently," and to refrain from open complaint, the next step should be to commence a close survey of our real quality when viewed according to the light which the Lord will not fail to give us with a clearness proportioned to the sincerity of our desire to obey Him, and to know ourselves truly. If we are so highly favoured as to be able to see and trace the fitness of our peculiar afflictions to help us to overcome our peculiar evils, what an experimental evidence do we carry about us in this body of sin, of the infinite goodness which we had before only dogmatically acknowledged as the source of all providential chastisements! We become spectacles to ourselves: living mirrors in which the mighty works of our Redeemer shine and are blessed. "Exceeding joyful in all our tribulations," ours will still be a joy very distinct from that pretended to by many, which affects to spring out of the tribulation itself, and rather to court than to shun it. If that could be, tribulation would itself be joy, and in enduring it serenely we should shew forth no heavenly patience. Our joy will spring from an internal recognition of the good things which the Lord has already done for us by trials similar to those which we now endure, and having proved that He chastens us not for His own pleasure "but for our profit, that we may be partakers of His holiness," we shall rejoice in the end partly accomplished within us, and by these means about to be more perfected. Thus we shall experience at the same time two distinct states, the one of sorrow, and the other of joy; the first external and transient, the second internal and everlasting; and in this sense it must be that we ought to read

the exhortation of James—"Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations," and indeed the context shows it.

To these states the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews clearly refers when he says: "Now no chastening seemeth for the present to be joyous but grievous: nevertheless, afterwards, it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby."

In searching out our own peculiar evils, we are very liable to be deceived, and to fix upon some impure affection or false imagination as that from which the Lord is endeavouring to purify us, when in reality it has very little activity in us, and may be classed among our quiescent evils, while deep within and all around where our life's love lies unconscious of their presence, a foul brood of specious lusts put on the forms of angels of light, and point to anything but themselves as the objects of Divine Judgment.

We are thus very apt to take merit to ourselves for the speedy discovery and renunciation of what we never greatly loved. Here is, indeed, a subtle wile of the evil one! but let us avoid it by recollecting that since we are by nature altogether evil, that which we most love with the love of nature is most probably the evil which the workings of Divine Providence are especially seeking to root up. It is hard indeed to *act* on this reflection, for so long as we are attached with our ruling love to any particular evil, our identity is strongly in that evil, and it is the medium through which our mind looks in its search after that within us which needs correction. As the diseased eye does not see its own deformity or defect, but reflects it in obliquity or darkness upon the objects which it looks at, so the mind—

worse indeed—for the diseased eye was perhaps once healthy, and swept over the varied landscape or the “blue low liquid sky” with the free gaze of lucid power; but the unregenerate mind never in this way surveyed the firmament of heavenly truth, or examined the wonderful microcosm of the soul. It has therefore no guidance from experience; for truth seems always nebulous and chilly to an eye which is not “single,” and the single eye which fills our whole (spiritual) body with light is the especial gift of the regeneration.

The evils peculiar to any particular man, or what is much the same, the special forms which common evils take on in each of us, may be compared to those *animalculæ* which assume the hue of the stem or leaf they feed on. There they are, green myriads! but the passer-by does not see them, or sees them as what they are not, while the unconscious tree lives on beneath the verdant plague, and feeds them with its wasting vigour!

There is a form of temptation and trouble which is more insidious and baneful than most others, because it seems to arise from humility, and its tendency is to check the useful activities of good. Some persons, it is said, have read “Buchan’s Domestic Medicine,” until they have fancied themselves successively afflicted with every disease in the book, so that, if you did but know what page they were studying, you could tell beforehand what was the matter with them, and something like this has been the case with not a few whose religion is emotional rather than intelligent. They have pondered over the whole catalogue of sins until they have felt “guilty of all,” and have neglected the healthy exercise of doing good; nor is there anything

much more to be regretted than the prevalent tendency to hush startled ideas to sleep, as though to think reasonably about the highest subjects was necessarily sinful—for intellect was intended to balance and correct emotion. Fortunately a numerous host who make no profession of religion, and have indeed very little, stubbornly resist the merely authoritative and emotional, and will have a “reason for the hope that is in them,” before they can be persuaded to cherish any; but to them the beauty, rationality, vastness, and charm of a true theology may be a snare in another direction. They may read and think and admire, and read and think and admire, again and again and again, until they feel armed at all points against infidelity; but lose the time for action in unfruitful contemplation, or, as mere emotional sinners do, in equally unfruitful public and private devotions. They are therefore in danger of entering “the valley of the shadow of death,” with the flowery honours of spiritual science on their heads, which wither as they walk there, and die when they die. It seems to be a general law that our self-love should bear an exact proportion to our intellect, so that if we possess a large and active capacity for understanding truth which tends to elevate us to heaven, a counterpoising weight of evil lusts requires the practical application of every new truth to prevent them from dragging us down to hell.

It has been beautifully said, and not without some warrant in the very nature of things, that the birds of heaven may be taken to be images of our rational and speculative understanding, and that “every fowl of the heaven after his kind,” is a representative of some specific

activity of human thought. Adopting this symbolism, we may draw a practical lesson from it by way of analogy, and this, indeed, is the reason why I mention it. The birds of our globe cannot leave their native earth and soar to starry dominions ruled by other suns. If their muscular strength never failed them, and they could cleave the air with everlasting pinion, still they could not mount above the limits of that sphere which the earth fills with her mighty breath. Beyond that they would gasp and fall, choked by the very purities they tried to breathe; but they cannot for ever wing their way above. The attraction of gravitation pursues them with a power proportioned to their bulk and density, and though they may for a time mount up beyond our sight, and sing, as it were, in the very eye of the sun, they are at last compelled to come down and "renew their strength" by nestling on the earth.

This is an apt image of the unregenerate intellect, which can mount up above its native evils, and seem to be a pure element fitted for Divine communion; but from its highest flights it returns by the way that it went,\* and reposes in the nursing arms of the self-hood and its lusts, of which it is the deceitful ornament, and the proud defence. Mere thinking does not purify, and it would be easy to name many "nasty minds" which have had pure thoughts and have set them forth most winningly. We may therefore seem to ourselves to realize the promise: "They shall mount up with wings as eagles;" but until we have learnt to "wait upon the Lord" we speedily faint and are weary. We may indeed eagerly pursue our investigations of spiri-

\* 1 Kings xiii. 9.

tual truth as a science, and seem not to slacken, but rather to increase in the ardour of our pursuit, though our will, and its affections, receive no heavenly modifications from that which we learn ; but in this case, two things are certain : *first*, that a vast extent of highest and sweetest contemplation can never open to us, nor can we have the least conception of its existence, because that is revealed only to "the pure in heart : " and, *second*, that at length we fly by night, and therefore not towards but from the sun, for such as is the quality of our will, such is the quality of our thoughts. The supremest reach therefore of unreformed mind is intrinsically nothing but the gloss evil, so long as it contains within it no strugglings after a holier life.

Infernal spirits are fatally conscious of their power to pull down all "the castles in the air," which vain imagination builds, and they do it by infusing into us the pride of self-derived intelligence, which, if indulged, would pollute even wisdom from above, and make it a mere phylactery of evil. Hence come the puffings-up of superior knowledge, and that supercilious patronage of simpler minds, which Paul so admirably describes : "Thou makest thy boast of God, and art confident that thou thyself art a guide of the blind, a light of them which are in darkness ; an instructor of the foolish ; a teacher of babes, which has the *form* of knowledge and of truth. Thou therefore which teachest another, teachest thou not thyself?"

If this be the tendency of the human mind in general, and if it be powerful in proportion to the strength of the understanding, is it not every way worthy of our Lord's best care to prevent the noble faculty of reason, which is

the very portal of truth, from being so mischievously abused? Now this tendency in mere intellect to become the instrument of evil, may be checked in various ways; but that which is usually most effectual, and therefore most common, is bodily infirmity. Overweening intellectuality is a most offensive form of pride, and nothing can be more humbling to a mind conscious of great powers than the clog of a diseased or feeble body. What can he do with it? Without great care, all that he can do will be to die early, but not because "the gods love" him. Care, therefore, is his daily, hourly task, and it is not made sweeter by the frequent advice of friends in the well-worn words, "Take care of yourself." How mortifying! for while this drudgery to live is going on, fine tall fellows shake the ground as they pass us, and look, as they are, pictures of robust health, undisturbed by any troublesome ideas out of the most ordinary way. We do not then know, as both envy and contempt swell our poor gorge, that if the Lord were to permit us to be assailed from within by temptations which directly affect the sources of motive, we could not resist them, and therefore we are assailed from without by the anxieties of business, the irritation of each other's evil actions, or the dark catalogue of bodily diseases.

The peculiar fitness of chronic bodily disease as a curative agent for spiritual disease, may be exemplified in this way: "Take a single" student, just launched upon the wide sea of metaphysics, and natural and revealed theology. Conscious of large endowments he sets about to master them all *as knowledge*; but not as containing the principles of a new life. He is sagely advised to "Read often and *meditate well*

on the Word of God," as that which must eventually be the test of every mental acquisition in the field he is now cultivating ; but if he does "read often," it is only with the eye of a critic. He judges the Word, but will not have the Word judge him ; his meditations are doctrinal thoughts full of controversy, and he has no practical sympathy with the *tenderness* of Divine Truth, because that is simple and common, and does not tend to exalt one man above another, except in so far as he is exalted by self-abasement. His regard for religious truth is therefore merely abstract ; another kind of mathematics, in fact, containing very difficult irrational quantities, which he hopes to treat more decisively than any one else ; and since he admires the form, but not the *essence* of truth—which is *good*—he has no lively sympathy with its *quality* in others, but only with its *quantity*. Do they receive only the plain precepts of life and exemplify them in their narrow and humble sphere ? He looks down upon them at best with a kind of neutral feeling containing a spice of pitying wonder that they do not wish to know more ; but if they have large minds which grasp almost the whole range of spiritual knowledge, and analyse the particulars of faith and motive with the keenness of a new instinct, he hangs upon their lips, proclaims their talents, and lavishes his admiration upon them ; but not his love, because he has not yet learned to love. The education of his affections is to come. The Lord sees the hardness of his heart and pities him, and lets the adversary loose upon him. Puffed up with knowledge, and swelling with hopes of further acquisitions, the intellectual mind alone seems worthy of cultivation. As for the body, he would have the



functions of that frame, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," carried on mechanically, like a clock wound up to go seventy years, and he is strangely disconcerted with the growing necessity of attending to its movements himself. Some disease drags on, perhaps, until he becomes weary of the form which he animates. "Such useless torment ! What can be the meaning of it ? A stomach so feeble that it would never take food if it were not forced upon it, and a brain so sickly that though conscious of large possessions of well-digested thought, it cannot hold two ideas together. Everything fluent and hazy except one thing which is certain :

‘ Non sum qualis eram. ’ \*

My former self is dissolved. What am I now ?" Such are his bewildered meditations. Such his kickings against the pricks. But they are in vain. Pride avails nothing, and perhaps he now first begins to suspect that he has not much to be proud of. At last he is compelled to quit his studies, and seek relief in the society and sympathy of everyday people. In time he begins to feel a little as common people feel, and to take interest in such things as interest them. He understands the Roman dramatist now better than he ever did before, and can begin to say with his heart in it:

" Nihil humani mihi alienum puto. " †

This is the period in which whatever good natural affections he possessed before he became intellectual and horny, assume a new activity, and form a basis for spiritual affections corresponding to them. There is now a degree of

\* I am not what I was. † Nothing human is indifferent to me.

comparative softness in his character, which he cultivates perhaps because, as he is not permitted to storm mankind with the powerful weapons of vain learning, he finds no other way to attract notice, or necessary attention and commiseration, than by winning a measure of their good-will. However, be the immediate motive what it may, such is the result in a greater or less degree with every one who is truly benefited by affliction. Another state succeeds.

Having already acquired a considerable stock of the knowledges of Divine Truth, the purpose of providential wisdom does not, at least for a time, permit him to add to their number. He, therefore, when he thinks at all beyond the sphere of petty and immediate action, is obliged to ruminate upon what he has already learnt, and as he wants consolation and hope, not argument, that state often calls up very simple things as comforts and cheerers, which he would have esteemed, when in sound health, beneath the continued attention of a thinking man; but that vain loftiness is brought down now, and experience of the solace which simple and obvious truths afford, when applied to his own character and condition, makes him look at them in a new light, and revolve them with a new affection. Formerly they were so easy, that they made no demand upon his intelligence. There was nothing to think about. Once stated, they were ended. All was known about them that could be known; but now they are messengers of peace and rest, and the, at length, patient learner is surprised to find, as his affections expand upon them, that they burst forth into numerous unobserved particulars, in each of which he sees a new beauty, and feels a new delight. Arrived at this

state he can look back and see how mercifully he was withheld from the spiritual sin of "numbering the people" into which he was fast falling. He no longer desires to count the muster-roll of the proud forces of Israel, and to measure his own strength against all comers, but waits for help upon the Lord of Hosts, and he finds it. His words now are those of David: "Unto Thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy; for Thou renderest to every man according to his works." "I wrought evil and earned calamity; but Thou hast turned my affliction into good."

If, instead of permitting bodily disease to purify him, by bringing him "very low," the Lord had placed him where the hand of the oppressor irritated him, or sheer poverty had wrapt all his noblest aspirations in her rags, the same good results might not have followed. If *man* is the medium by which trials come, the tide of resentment naturally rises against *him*; but disease, without, perhaps, any apparent cause, is recognised as a blight from heaven or hell: as the infliction of a hand with which it is vain to war, and useless to dispute. The pride of injured desert has therefore no object for reproach, and submission comes at length because the enemy is not only irresistible, but unassailable.

In proportion to the submission come pleasing, though languid, seasons in which disease intermits, and the good of truth already formed, becomes more genial as it is transformed into the good of life. There is love in it. The character is no longer a vortex which draws all into itself, but a radiating power which gives out to others the good it gets from heaven. The active charities commence, and are entered into with somewhat of the ardour which so

keenly pursued the truth; but in order to keep down the tendency to do good from something of selfish power, a state of rude health is probably not permitted. Instead of that full deliverance, which might be dangerous at present, the purifying soul is held under continual admonition of its frailty; and richer fruits of heavenly good progressively ripen. Formerly the knowledges of truth were as a winter flood which covered the stiffened earth, but did not soften it, because the sun threw its rays aslant upon their glitter; but now, warmed by his more dominant orb, they sink into her ready pores, and cause her to bring forth "grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit-tree yielding fruit after his kind; the living creature after his kind, cattle and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind;" and God *sees* that it is good.

Similar treatment, though the best that could be in this case, might utterly fail if applied to other men, and it should be part of our wisdom to gather hints from a careful observation of differences of character, which may assist our own regeneration, and "justify the ways of God to man." Sometimes hard intellectual minds, which resist every softening power, are the subjects of peculiar disease, which, while it leaves the general health almost unaffected, preys upon the brain and nerves. This stops the flow of balanced thought. The mind is the prey of morbid fancies, and life passes in a state of mysterious purgation which man cannot fathom. Some quiet silly people who seem hardly to have "sense enough to go mad," go mad nevertheless; while gigantic intellects, which would seem strong enough to protect themselves, are like volcanoes sapped by their own fires,

and a fiercer self-hood does but make their madness madder.

That some end, some eternal end of divine love must be answered by the continuance of life under such circumstances, cannot be doubted; but here the mysteries of Divine wisdom are indeed "deeper and deeper still;" and the agonized visitor of St. Luke's can only echo the devout wonder of the Apostle, in those words of pious amazement and undoubting faith: "Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" though even as to such specimens of man's frailty and the Lord's power, we are compelled to say also, with unreserved submission, "For *of* Him, and through Him, and *to* Him, are all things, to whom be glory for ever. Amen."



## V.

### THE COMBAT OF GOOD AND EVIL.

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil,  
Would men observingly distil it out."—SHAKESPEARE.

"His warfare is within. There unfatigued  
His fervent spirit labours. There he fights,  
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,  
And never withering wreaths, compared with which,  
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds."—COWPER.

**I**N our last paper the current ran upon some of the uses of bodily disease, the most universal form of affliction by which man is assailed, and by which the Lord wills to "purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."

Next to disease stands poverty. What thousands feel hour by hour the bitter presage of coming want! What thousands more upon whom "poverty has come as one that travelleth, and want as an armed man," are laid level with the brutes that perish, whose prevailing condition is a fierce pursuit after food. How humbling it is! Are we indeed come to this? Man, the being next in rank to the

Creator of heaven and earth ; man, made in His image and likeness, and with power to recover it though lost ; man, whose capacities are fitted to open indefinitely until he almost grasps the universe in his understanding, and embraces it with a love which is the highest type of the love of Him who is love itself : can this being, so mighty in capacity, so stamped by divinity, so superior to time, so unbounded by space, so full of eternity ; can this being under any circumstances be so sunk beneath the dignity of that to which he is called, as to have all his highest faculties lethargically waiting to become the active ministers of a noble life, to which they are never called by an aspiring will, while the lowest alone are developed, in one united and unceasing effort to obtain a famishing morsel of "the meat that perisheth?" And yet it is so. Gaunt and sad, their cry is—"Bread!" Thousands demand it with the fearful monotony of want, and their demand is answered by a literal fulfilment of the words : "Thou feedest them with the bread of tears, and givest them tears to drink without measure." Nevertheless they live on, though their life consists of mere sensations and the words which describe them. Now a pinch and now a debauch. The spirit of independence ; that which keeps the head erect, and firmly bides the coming fate ; the decent pride of decent worth ; the eye which looks on luxury with unenvying serenity ; the heart alive to the broad and generous sympathies of nature's good ; the unpolished, perhaps, but solid tenderness of married love ; the silent throb of softest, sweetest, mutual hope, when children, prattling day-dreams, talk of future pleasure they may never know : all, all are quenched, or they never exist because

they cannot breathe the mephitic atmosphere of hunger and squalor. The soul absolutely withers. It becomes of no sex, for every distinctive characteristic is destroyed ; but, in many cases, not before all the human resources which seemed native to it, have been tried, and tried in vain. The very poor live among the very poor, and "as in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man." To ask for solace is to solicit a tale of equal woe. Abroad is bitterness and at home despair. "The waters of a full cup are wrung out to them" even while they still have "the dew of their youth," and if any in their green age do not strongly feel their degradation, it is because their sensibilities are narrowed to the compass of the savage, who only feels when hunger gnaws or some brute instinct solicits. Sad, sad indeed if so it be ; yet so it is, and if it is so, why is it ?

Yes; why is it? Are we too numerous? Do we so beset the earth that all her teeming fruits cannot possibly supply the lowest of our moderate wants? Has God forgotten to provide for those whom He is continually creating? Is "His hand shortened at all that it cannot redeem" His people from the degradation of living as beggars at the table of nature, upon the churlish dole of griping insolence or negligent contempt? Could He not again "command the clouds from above and open the doors of heaven, and rain down manna upon them to eat, and give them corn from heaven?" Could He not shorten the general duration of life, that, the produce of the earth still remaining the same, all might "eat in plenty and be satisfied, and praise the name of the Lord their God?" Suppose all men holy, and these things, and far better physical things than these, are



plainly possible ; but it has never been shewn that in any actual state of the world it was not possible to draw sufficient food from the land to feed all men living, or indeed double their number. Does any one assert the contrary ? “ The earth shall rise up against him,” and her *waste* places shall be a condemning testimony. No ! it cannot be. The Lord is a God of plenty, and the promises of plenty made once to His chosen people, and literally fulfilled when they were obedient to His will, must even now also continue to be fulfilled according to that later word of His, “ all these things shall be added unto you,” in proportion as we receive by a higher obedience that spiritual plenty to which those promises, when applied to us, do primarily but not solely refer. What cheering words are these to the trustful soul : “ Fear not, O land, be glad and rejoice, for the Lord will do great things. Be glad, then, ye children of Zion, and rejoice in the Lord your God ; for He hath given you the former rain moderately, and He will cause to come down for you the latter rain, and the floors shall be full of wheat, and the fats shall overflow with wine and oil ;” and the Psalmist in the spirit of the thoughts we have just expressed, plainly exhorts us to put ourselves into a condition in which we can receive Divine mercies when he says : “ O fear the Lord, ye His saints, for there is no want, saith the Lord, to them that fear Him.”

Why is it ? The question is partly answered already, and may be more fully answered by another. Could it be otherwise ? Look at the state of society in general, with the eye of the moralist whose sight stretches dimly if at all beyond the precincts of the present world, and say, “ Could it be

otherwise?" What are the universal principles of action among men? Are they not all resolvable into the love of self and the love of the world? Is it not an axiom so generally received as to be scarcely disputed that "every man has a right to do the best he can for himself?" And does not that "best" refer solely to this world? The "best" for the passing hour without regard to eternity? The "best" for the natural man of whom it is written: "Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart is only evil continually." In what does this maxim when analyzed rise superior to the irrational instinct of beasts, which urges them according to their prowess "to do the best they can for themselves," and justifies the lion's claim to have the whole prey for his "share," while the weaker beasts who hunted with him stand starving round him? This infernal maxim lies deep in the heart at the root of all the miseries which man inflicts on man. It is the source of poverty and the spring of want. It goes forth decked in the artificial laurels of a heartless philosophy—falsehood reduced to a science—and, blasting all the freshness of life, charges creative power with barrenness amid the boundless profusion of its treasures. Rich and poor *alike* have drunk the poison. It is, indeed, the common cry that the rich oppress the poor, and this complaint assumes that the poor are unworthy of the treatment they receive, because they do not act in their own sphere upon the same principle, and would not do so if they were transplanted into the rank of their oppressors with free play for all the evil that is in them; but if I am not strangely deceived this assumption is untrue. Experience, general experience, has shewn that a rapid transition from poverty

to affluence is usually attended with a lamentable demonstration that the essentials of unregenerate human character are in all conditions alike. Cursed with prosperity, the once poor gripe with iron hand their still starving brethren, and outstrip the inheritors of affluence in the insolence of flinty rule ; but if such qualities come out broadly now they must have had a tacit or pinched existence in their hearts before. No, indeed, they were not tacit, for they sprang up whenever occasion came, and though too dwarfed and contemptible to do much harm individually, they did what harm they could, and hence the repinings of petty envy which made dishonesty seem justifiable whenever there was a snug chance for it, and hence also the thousand malignant tricks by which their poor neighbour's livelihood was frittered away from him and made of less value to themselves when stolen. All these things come from the same origin as the wider tyranny of less checked power, and may be equally resolved into selfishness and avarice. Thus down comes the whole world to the dead level of similar sin, except so far as it is saved by those better natures in every class which strive after better things. The rich rave against the poor, and the poor rave against the rich. Each seeks in the other the cause of his miseries, and naturally impatient of their continuance, determines to put an end to it, not by persuasion, but by force. Hence comes a war which would be a war of extermination but that neither party can do without the other. It is, however, a war in which almost everything dear to the combatants is bitterly assailed : a war which in many cases continues all their lives, and which is, too probably, renewed even when death has

covered the field of battle with a pall which no mortal eye can pierce.

If each party in this terrible strife were faithful to the interests of its own partisans, things might be better; but all society is split into separate atoms by the ruling principle of self,—atoms which have no natural affinity, attraction, or cohesion, and which, when temporarily brought together for some common end, acquire no uniting likeness. Evil has obtained a condition analogous to that of the hydraulic press, and every man with his hand against every other man, is a drop in that fluent power which squeezes the free aspirations of heavenly life into the narrowest limits of bare mortal existence. As in a liquid mass the pressure upon every single drop radiates to all the rest, and the pressure of the whole recoils upon every drop, so in the world; and so it must be while every man acts upon the maxim that he has “a right to do the best he can for himself.”

In this fearful state of antagonism, it is of the highest importance, to the poor especially, to perceive the great truth that every man is in fault, and does in a greater or less degree cause poverty and distress. They, from their position, are least ready to come to this conclusion. It seems to them that being in rags and want, they have a right to complain if others who are “clothed in fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day,” do not give them a portion of their wealth. This, they think, should be done at once, and then they may perhaps find inclination to look into themselves, if haply some little things there should need reform; though indeed few get so far as that dim and

distant project, because few have the remotest idea that they are in any measure the cause of their own miseries. All is charged upon others, and the Psalmist might be describing the modern poor when he says: "They are corrupt, and speak wickedly concerning oppression: they speak loftily. They set their mouths against the heavens, and their tongue walketh through the earth."

So long as all the energies of the mind are directed towards the faults of those who hold higher stations and oppress, as from an eminence, there is no hope of general amendment. The minor oppressions which the poor commit upon each other by multitudes, are unnoticed, and thus the few comforts which larger rapacity contemptuously or carelessly leaves, are destroyed by those who should enjoy them. Not much at most is left, and the mad conflict of sordid interest devours them in their last retreat; for "a poor man that oppresseth the poor is like a sweeping rain which leaveth no food." Desolation itself is laid waste, and futurity is a dreary blackness to the straining eye of fear, because the soul is soured by the continual importunity of present necessities, while memory herself, like a wizard's glass, does but call up the spectral figures of a sombre past. To such miserable life seems to have been always the same. No cheering lights in it.

It seems impossible to contemplate the catalogue of miseries which spring from the depraved exercise of petty power, without throwing open the portals of melancholy, and following her shadows to the grave of hope; for what can stop it? Where is the heart and where is the arm? All our feelings of natural benevolence are spontaneously

roused in the cause of the poor. We see that they have not the means of resisting the avarice of those who are set above them, and therefore run to the conclusion that they are wronged, deeply wronged, and all the chivalry of natural good might "with this regard" do battle in their cause. The words of "the Preacher" embody the mournful ebullitions of the feeling heart when strongly moved by this shortsighted view of the condition of those who inhabit "the sordid huts of cheerless poverty:" "So I returned and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun, and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter." "They had no comforter!" Wonderful words of utter woe! "The sacred source of sympathetic tears" bursts open at their cry. "They had no comforter!" Have they no comforter? No mortal comforter they often have, but have they therefore no comforter? Hear Jehovah: "I, even I, am He that comforteth you. Who art thou that thou shouldest be afraid of a man that shall die, and of the son of man that shall be made as grass, and forgettest the Lord thy Maker that hath stretched forth the heavens, and laid the foundations of the earth; and hast feared every day because of the fury of the oppressor as if he were ready to destroy? And where is the fury of the oppressor?" The implied answer is—"In my hand to loose or to bind;" but to whom are these cheering words addressed? To the poor alone? The law is: "Thou shalt not respect the person of the poor," and the Divine Lawgiver does not make void His own laws. The words are addressed, not to the poor, nor

to the rich, but to them that "know righteousness"—  
"Hearken unto Me, *ye that know righteousness*; the people in whose hand is My law." All such therefore, rich or poor, have part in the glorious declaration: "I am He that comforteth you." They have then a comforter. The poor have a comforter if they know righteousness, and cherish in their hearts the law of the Lord. Spiritual truth therefore now moderates the spontaneous ebullitions of natural sorrow, and our mourning is the mourning of compassion over spirits that refuse to be comforted, because they will not learn to know righteousness.

If before the incarnation the Lord was in truth the Comforter of His people, He did not forget to assure us that in the new relation which He assumed by incarnation, He is still the great source of consolation. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments, and I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him. I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you" (John xiv.). This Comforter, who "may abide with you for ever," is then the Lord Himself. The truth is, as it were, shrouded in the 16th verse, where the Comforter seems to be some being distinct from the Father and the Lord; but in the 18th verse the Lord identifies Himself with the Comforter: "I will not leave you comfortless, *I* will come to you," *i.e.*, to comfort you, to be your Comforter; and elsewhere He says, "I and the Father are one." Before He came "in fashion as a man," there might be something awful even in the soothing words, "I, even I, am He that com-

forteth you ;" but when, "made in the likeness of sinful flesh," His mercy let fall such words of unmingled tenderness, the soul might weep to read them, but could not fear to hear them : "I will not leave you comfortless ; I will come to you ;" but again, let us notice the condition on which the Comforter fulfils the promise, "The needy shall not alway be forgotten : the expectation of the poor shall not perish for ever." That condition is plainly set forth in the 15th verse of the same Gospel, but a full stop is put at the end of it after the word "commandments," which breaks the sense. If we read the text in the natural order, as we should do if it were not artificially divided into verses, the condition would stand out plainly, "If ye love Me keep My commandments, and I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter." Keeping the commandments is, then, at once the evidence of love, and the condition on which the promise of the Comforter is given ; but from this the plain conclusion is that, if the commandments are not kept, the promise is "made of none effect," and the Comforter will not come. What, then, shall we say when the poor complain that they have no comforter ? Shall we conclude that as immortal beings they are wronged ? Then God wrongs them ; but Paul says in such a case with holy sternness, "Let God be true and every man a liar ;" and therefore the fault must be their own. They do not so keep the commandments as to bring down the Comforter, and the reason is, because "creature comforts" are everything and the highest comfort nothing.

As immortal beings, then, we are not wronged by our sufferings, even though we are poor. There is natural wrong



and there is spiritual wrong, and until we are able to define with some accuracy the limits of each, we shall make little progress in that task of self-examination, without which we shall never know anything as we ought to know it; but a clear distinction between natural and spiritual wrongs will help us to ascertain how far we have power to inflict them on ourselves and others, and then we may separate what the Lord does from what we do, and find out the real authors of wrong, and the measure and extent of it.

All natural wrong springs from spiritual wrong, and the root of spiritual wrong is the love of self, which tramples under foot the love of our neighbour. This infernal love has for its leading doctrine the detestable maxim, "Every man has a right to do the best he can for himself." To contradict it is to be laughed at. Even those who suffer most from conduct in strict accordance with that favourite maxim of the world, are generally unable to controvert it. It seems self-evident even to them; but it is only self-evident to self-love. True reason disclaims it, and true religion trembles at it. The Divine command is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," and where can we find a more direct opposite to this than the maxim we are discussing? Put into practice in one of the widest relations of life,—that of master and workman,—it means that every one should pay those he employs as little as possible; but his workman is his neighbour, and the true rule, based on the Divine command, and especially applicable to masters, would be, "Every one ought to pay his workpeople as much as is possible, consistently with his own reasonable subsistence and the continued security of his business," and by consequence he ought to

deal as liberally as possible with *all men*. Either this is true, and we shall be judged by it eventually as an expression of Divine law; or it is a specious untruth; for between truth and falsehood there is no medium. If, then, this rule be *not* true, but the reverse of truth, we shall for the nonce be forced to declare that the world's maxim is true; but if *that* be true, what is the meaning of these words: "The Lord standeth up to plead, and standeth to judge the people. The spoil of the poor is in their houses. What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces and grind the faces of the poor? saith the Lord God of Hosts"? "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses." Are these empty words? Are they the mere paper-lightning of Divine Judgment, which leaves no trace upon the soul they affect to scathe? Does the Most High God speak in mockery of truth, or does He give a fearful sanction to the judgment of violated humanity? Argument about it is nauseous wherever a true heart throbs; for that heart says, "By the eternal majesty of heaven the judgment has gone forth, and shall stand fast" against all who "grind the faces of the poor."

If the world's maxim were true, there would be no "oppressions done under the sun." The very word *oppression* would be an absurdity, and these delightful assurances would be a vagary of pious sentimentality, far, far beneath the so-called realism of those who wrap their ill-gotten gains in the rags of those whom they have stripped of every comfort. "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? . . . He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly: he that despiseth the *gain of oppressions*. . . . He shall dwell

on high. His place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given him, his waters shall be sure." Again: "Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill? He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness; he that backbiteth not with his tongue, *nor doeth evil against his neighbour*. He that doeth these things shall never be moved."

These are not vain words but words of everlasting comfort, spoken by the Lord the Comforter to sustain those in the path of rectitude and good feeling who strive to keep their feet from "following after a multitude to do evil." In truth, the assertion that every man has a right to do the best he can for himself, never would be made if men really believed the Christianity they profess; but they do not believe it, and therefore we have this law of brute force; for it is nothing better than the law of power without pity. Let not those who use it in defence of their systematic heartlessness ever again utter the word *tyranny*; for what is true and defensible in dealing with tape and cotton balls, is true of the imposition of taxes and gagging bills. The philosophy of life is reduced to an execrable simplicity in the universal formula "might is right,"—which is indeed but another form of the world's accepted maxim,—and the only difference among its fruits are that here they dwindle, there they luxuriate; but the law of the strongest is the law of hell, and earth most resembles hell when that law most rules among us.

Why, to what a terrible conclusion we are hurrying! We are like the spectators of a heedless voyager whose giddy skiff, shooting with arrowy speed along the treacherous

rapids of the legendary Rhine, or long unknown Niagara, bears him on to sudden death amid the rush and thunder of the flood, and we scarce draw breath while our beating hearts, with audible throb, seem to count the moments of his vanishing existence. It must be so. Hear it and tremble, ye myriads of worshippers of unhallowed gain! If the law of the strongest is the law of hell, and earth most resembles hell when that law is most recognized and enforced, then, too, the separate inhabitants of earth who most recognize and enforce it are most like the separate inhabitants of hell in whom it reigns and rules as the absorbing principle of conscious life; but what do we call the separate inhabitants of hell? What then should we call such men if we dare speak truly? Where is the difference between them. *Actually* there is none; but there is a possibility in favour of man. "Devils believe and tremble," but they do not change to good. With them it is night when no man can work. Their co-mates here neither believe nor tremble, but they may do both, and more. It is yet "day" with them. They may reverse their whole course of life, and learn to pity and to help the necessities of others, and then a bright light from heaven may transfigure them, and as it breaks over them from head to foot, it may claim for them a "new name;" but such conversions are very rare. Death itself has no practical terrors for hardened men of the world until it is too late, for of all men they most exemplify the declaration of Cicero, that "No man is so old, but he thinks he may live *another* year." When at last they are compelled to look truth in the face, their condition is simply demoniacal. They "believe and tremble," but they cannot change

the habit which has become their very nature. It is night, now.

Surely if the world would read and fully comprehend our argument it would no longer be written for our admonition, "The Lord looked for judgment, but behold oppression; for righteousness, but behold a cry."

If I am not blind to the natural wrongs which the poor receive at the hands of those who should be in some measure the bestowers of comforts and of rights, neither am I unaware of the mischief which master inflicts upon master by carrying out the same principle which causes them to oppress their workpeople; but it is not worth while to follow it into details, nor should I have so far brought down abstract truth into things practical, if I had not thought that it is too seldom done. Abstract truths are of no value in the clouds of mere thought where they usually shine alone; for the world is easily persuaded that they cannot be applied to particular traits of conduct, and therefore they are shirked as things too fine to be of any practical use. Even when most admired we may compare many of the minds they dwell in to the darkened drawing-rooms of people who seldom see company, but are pleased with the vain thought that they have a world of showy upholstery which they could uncover to the envious gaze whenever they please. As for broad, plain, serviceable every-day falsies there is no need to cover them. The more they are sunned the brighter the colours. They are always in use, especially that telescope dining-table upon which heartlessness and greed heap a constant feast never too much for them, because there is always another "leaf" which avarice can wedge into it with the maxim: "Every

man has a right to do the best he can for himself." Why is there this difference between truth and falsehood? We often say, "*Magna est veritas et prævalebit*," without sufficiently reflecting upon the length of that futurity which will ensure the triumph. Truth "*will* prevail," but the false has it now, and what is remote, whether in time or distance, is always feeble. It is, for instance, a generally confessed truth, a truth of pure morality loftier than man ever invented, that we ought to do to others as we would that they should do to us. Nobody denies it; but is it as constantly quoted, and as constantly applied to life as the other rule? That is clearly impossible, because they are antagonistic. They cannot exist and act together, and therefore the better rule is seldom heard of, and more rarely embodied in practice. Few reflect enough to see the confusion of their own minds, and though it may be bold to say so, I doubt whether many would see that the two rules we are talking about are opposites, even when placed side by side. It is only, then, by shewing the consequences of one of them somewhat in detail, that the heavenly dignity of the other can be seen by those who seldom look higher than the earth.

The principle—or *want* of principle—which dictates the giving as little as possible to the labourer, dictates also the getting as much as possible from the purchaser, and to do this no arts are thought to be unworthy. The sharp shop-keeper, if well up in the modern philosophy, stands behind his counter like a spider in his net, and every customer, according to the measure of his simplicity and good faith, is his prey; nor is it better with many who purchase.

Competition, the competition of envy and avarice; cheapness—the cheapness of starvation to somebody—are the shibboleth of trade, and it is cuckooed forth perpetually as though the whole range of the human understanding comprised but two ideas—greed and want. Thus in the very centre of business, “Greek meets Greek,” and while each exercises that cunning talent upon which he prides himself, as a means of doing the best he can for himself, they are punished for it, by the sharp anxieties which each inflicts upon the other.

The same spirit, varying in its form, descends to the very outskirts of affairs. “It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way he boasteth:” “We go into business to get money,” are the very words which I heard a keen and very proud manufacturer reply to one of his workpeople, who had been appealing to human feeling. I was very young then, and the sentence has been graven on my memory ever since. I was too young then to examine it, and did not know its real quality from any rational ground; but I *felt* that it was infernal. “If you can’t get a living at this work, that is not my affair. I can’t help it. As for my feelings and my generosity, it’s all nonsense. *We* can’t live by *them*. We don’t go into business to be sentimental. We go into business *to get money*.” A speech worthy to be written on the doors of hell beneath the famous inscription of Dante :

“Lasciate ogni speranza voi Ch’ entrate.” \*

A single consideration will suffice to show its falseness and its evil.

\* Leave every hope behind, ye who enter here.

All the world, with few exceptions, is "in business," and that business occupies, actively occupies, the majority of our waking hours, and gives a tinge to the thoughts and feelings of the remainder; that is to say, the conscious life of the whole world derives its quality from business. If then the end of business is "to get money," that also is the end of life, and He who "stretched forth the heavens and laid the foundations of the earth," created man upon it "to get money!" What more need I say to show the depth of the imbecility of the wickedness of the wicked? "Lo, this only have I found, that God made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions."





## VI.

### POVERTY AND OPPRESSION.

"If thou seest the oppression of the poor, and violent perverting of judgment and justice in a province, marvel not at the matter: for He that is higher than the highest regardeth."—ECC. v. 8.

"Comfort 's in heaven, and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing lives but crosses, care, and grief."—SHAKESPEARE.

**I**N our last paper we gave vent to many strong and vivid feelings. Poverty and oppression were our themes. We have felt both, and in endeavouring to treat of them in a manner worthy of those who read for solid use, the figures of the poor and the oppressor, graven by the burin of experience on a memory hardened to adamant by indignation, were so livingly before us that, perhaps, we might, in some of our expressions, rather "o'erstep the modesty" of Christian philosophy; but in fact, though it is no part of our *plan*, it is part of our nature, to let generous emotion speak out. Sometimes "coals are kindled by it," and dull, cold, sluggish men, absorb through their feelings, thus excited, a truer and a better philosophy than they

would ever arrive at by reflection. One error, at least, was avoided, the common error of attributing all the misery which arises from poverty and oppression to one class of men. We saw that all are—if not in the same degree, yet that all *are*—implicated as parts of the common cause; that the rich are not only arrayed against the poor, but against each other; that the poor are not only arrayed against the rich, but against the poor; that every individual man is a kind of centre giving out oppression, and that there exists in every one a primary activity of the principle of oppression, which commits spiritual wrong by denying him the perception of elevated truth, and the delights of purified goodness; and that it proceeds from spiritual wrong to natural wrong, by leading him to violate covertly all the principles of external charity not protected by infamy and the law.

Thus the Divine command, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," is practically superseded by the human maxim, "Every man has a right to do the best he can for himself," let others suffer as they may by it. Few men in these days of pretended education really attach any distinct meaning to the most important word in any maxim, human or Divine, which they habitually use, and it is amazing how the complacency of satisfied assumption is ruffled by our repeating in a thoughtful tone: "Every man has a right to do the best he can for himself;" and then simply saying, May I ask what you mean by a right? "Why, sir, I mean what I say, that every man has a right to do the best he can for himself."

One cannot laugh at this logic without being rude, and the serious nature of the rights which are at stake—the rights of universal charity—assist in keeping down the rising playfulness of secure contempt (a serious temptation to evil on our side, by the way), and we therefore proceed: “I have no doubt you mean what you say; but I don’t understand your meaning. You will oblige me by a little explanation.”

“Certainly, I will explain myself if I can; but really the thing is so plain, it is in everybody’s mouth.”

“Do you then suppose that what is in everybody’s mouth is represented by the same idea in everybody’s mind?”

“Perhaps not, but I know what I mean. I have my own ideas about it.”

“Well then, be good enough to excuse my pressing the point. I wish to know what idea is in your mind when you use the word ‘right,’ as you did in the maxim which you have just been quoting, and which you say is in everybody’s mouth.”

“Why, it seems to me self-evident that if a man does not take care of himself there will soon be an end of him, and he must have a right to prevent that. Don’t you look to yourself?”

Passing by the profundity of this observation, and the searching nature of the concluding question, we may remark that the whole reply is a fair representation of the logic of the general mind on the abstract basis of practical maxims. It is in this case compounded of ignorance and lust—the ignorance of right, and the lust of gain. The whole sen-

tence, "Every man has a right to do the best he can for himself," is parrotted without special advertence to the two words which are the pith of it, "right" and "best;" but it is *felt* to be incontrovertible truth, because it represents fitly the speaker's cherished selfishness.

Want of understanding in this case corresponds with a want of brotherly kindness. It is darkness personifying emptiness. We have, therefore, if we can, to break the chain which binds our opponent to the *general sentiment* of a maxim, and to induce him to look intellectually at it as made up of a series of words, each of which represents some specific idea. If he be capable of accurate thought, and can be incited to elevate his understanding above the sphere of his will, he may, for the time at least, be ashamed of himself; but many cannot be incited to do this. They are not accustomed to careful thinking, and if for a moment they are induced to try to examine their ideas narrowly,—or rather, perhaps, to see whether they have any ideas,—they find the effect so contrary to their usual habit of mind, that they soon give it up under a presentiment that the more they try to think, the more they will be confounded. Asseveration therefore supersedes thought, and clinches what no attempt of theirs at nice discrimination could possibly subvert, and so the same surly evil is maintained by the same dogged falsehood.

Continuing the conversation, we perhaps reply: "You say that this maxim of yours is self-evident; but the laws of self-evidence are practically as various as human minds, though abstractly they are fixed and certain. You must perceive that no proposition can be 'self-evident' to different

persons without it rests upon some principle common to them all. Now I do not find that I have any principle, which my better reason owns to be truly rational,—that is, truly human,—upon which that axiom, so self-evident to you, can possibly rest. We have not therefore the common principle which is required. ‘In Thy light shall we see light,’ is a Divine declaration, and in that light I desire to see, and by that light I wish to judge the ground and reason of your assent to the common maxim: ‘Every man has a right to do the best he can for himself.’ You will therefore oblige me by saying what you mean by ‘right.’”

“I don’t pretend,” says my positive friend, “to be such a scripturian as you are, nor do I see any need for going to the Bible about everything. We can make the Bible say anything; but I do contend——”

“Excuse me,” said I, “but I do not wish to contend. At all events I will not contend until we know what we are contending about. I want first your definition of the word ‘right,’ and then the argument may follow.”

“Well now, sir, I say that self-preservation is the first law of nature, and that the right I speak of rests upon that law.”

We reply, “First law of nature? Of what nature?”

“I don’t see your drift, sir.”

“Why, you say that ‘self-preservation is the first law of nature,’ which is a current maxim more common than the one we are talking about, and the key-word of that maxim is ‘nature.’ Of course I want to know what you mean by nature, because I want to understand you.”

“I really don’t know what to make of you,” says our friend, rather tartly. “I speak plain English, I hope, but at

this rate nobody knows anything of his own meaning. When we use the common words of the same language we ought to be understood ; but there seems to be no end to your questions about things so plain that one can't make them plainer."

"Oh yes, there is an end, a glorious end, and that end is *the truth*. 'Thy law,' says the Psalmist, 'is the truth,' so then by carefully examining that which you call the first law of nature we may arrive at 'the truth,' which is the law of the God of nature. Allow me therefore again to ask you what you mean by 'nature.' Is it human nature?"

"Certainly. All nature."

"Nature and virtue then, according to your view, are opposites; for you have no doubt read and admired again again, as I have, the touching story of Damon and Pythias. No young untarnished human nature ever read that story in childhood, without an approving tear to the memory of noble self-sacrificing goodness, and approval not condemnation is applied in the Divine words, 'Greater love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friend.' Pythias realized in intention at least that greatest love; but if self-preservation be the first law of nature in the sense in which you use it—that is as a law primary and paramount to all others—we ought not to admire his heroism, but, permitting our judgment to be guided rightly by the first law of *our* nature, we ought either to pity his insanity or to despise his imbecility. We do neither, even covertly, and dare not do it openly, for very shame's sake. Such then was 'human nature' in a pagan, and the greatest pattern of Christian perfection set forth the same greatest

love in his own person. Concerning Him the spirit of prophecy, 'speaking of things which are not as though they were,' declared—'He was wounded for *our* transgressions; He was bruised for *our* iniquities; the chastisement of *our* peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.' He is brought 'as a lamb to the slaughter,' not because He was not able to assert 'the first law of nature,' for, after saying 'I lay down My life for the sheep,' He declared 'No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down *of Myself*.' And on another occasion He said, 'Put up thy sword into his place. . . . Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray the Father and He shall presently give Me more than twelve legions of angels!' Thus in the Lord Himself, that is in perfect 'human nature,' we have another instance of the immolation of self for the good of others; but how any nature can be perfect which rebels against the first law of its constitution, I cannot understand, and I hope you will acknowledge your word 'nature' and that other which I accepted in exchange for it, viz., 'Human nature,' are examples of a vagueness of phraseology which must lead to endless disputes without our minds are prepared for mutual understanding by similar affection."

It would not be expedient to press the question further, and therefore here we will suppose the conversation to be changed, and the inquiry "what is the meaning of the word *right*?" to be left unanswered. To insist upon an answer would only produce irritation, and perhaps endanger the good manners of a dealer in the ready-made wisdom of trite maxims, which careless thought hangs out at the slop-shop of public opinion to fit idle minds.

"Right," says Paley, "means no more than conformity to the rule we go by whatever that rule may be." \* Every man knows that he has a right to do what is right, but with the selfish man "right" means no more than conformity to his own selfishness, which is "the rule *he* goes by," and hence we see strong reason for examining the bearings of every maxim which contains an abstract word so widely indefinite in its meaning.

There is natural right and there is spiritual right. Spiritual right comprehends eternity and prepares for it ; natural right ceases with time. Beasts alone have no other than natural rights, and therefore to supply their wants they may "do the best they can for themselves," even to the devouring of their progeny, though that has been called *unnatural*, and would probably be so declared by beasts themselves, if the majority of them could give laws to the rest. "The rule they go by," is the very constitution of their being, and that constitution dictates self-preservation as its first law. Life, mortal life, is the primary end of their constitution, without respect to their subserviency to man. They know, and can know, no other end, and they are led by instinct—by the impulse of pleasure and the repulse of pain—without knowing what death is, and therefore without the fear of death, to indicate this primary and absorbing right of their nature—the right of life. It seems then that the term "right," viewed in its widest application, denotes the demand of the very constitution of any being to fulfil by appropriate means the ends for which it was created. The more numerous therefore the ends of being, the more

\* "Moral and Political Philosophy."



numerous are its rights, because the more numerous the means by which those ends are to be wrought out. Natural right is predicable of man in society only as connected with spiritual right, because the end of man's being is eternal happiness—happiness bestowed in a peculiar manner by his Creator, through man's obedience to His Commandments ; but the very object of that obedience is to make more perfect the innumerable states of the regenerate, that is, of the spiritual life, which are all, in their ascending degrees, ends of human life, each involving a specific right, and all included in the general end—the glorious destiny of redeemed and saved and angelic man.

Men who desire to be merely natural, and would fain enjoy merely animal existence, may say that they “have a right to do the best they can for themselves,” as beings of this world only ; but though they vociferate their claim in the language of outraged liberty, we cannot concede to them, the right to be brutes. The constitution of their nature forbids it. The end designed for them is happiness in eternity, and the use of all the means which may conduce to that end, is their “right.” No other: all else are wrongs,—wrongs against their Creator who has endowed them with powers to attain to that utmost blessing of Infinite love ; wrongs which, by the law of retribution, are surely visited upon the wrong-doer ; for “He that sinneth against Me wrongeth his own soul,” saith the voice of wisdom from above.

We hear much talk among the advocates of what they call “liberty,” of “the rights of *nature* ;” of “*inherent* rights,” of the right to take part in the government of the

country by voting at elections for Members of Parliament, or by some means or other, *because* we pay for the support of the Government; and this last has been put among the self-evident, indefeasible rights of man, together with the right of life, exemption from slavery, and the free disposal of one's person and property. I never read Johnson's *Taxation no Tyranny*, and know nothing of his arguments; but after some thinking, I do not see that his side of the case, as indicated in the title of his pamphlet, necessarily involves the unprincipled sycophancy with which the great lexicographer has been charged, as the recipient of a royal pension, and the writer of that famous piece against the American right to rebellion. It may be said, with much more truth than at first appears to a young and ardent mind, that all the rights we have just mentioned, wherever they exist, are based upon the compact of society; the law of the land. If the law does not recognize them, they do not exist; for to suppose that they are inherent, and not at all dependent on the conventions of society, is nonsense. I may be blind, but certainly with every prepossession the other way, I can find no absolute *natural* right, but the right of the strongest. Where is the right to vote among the Bedouin Arabs, or the Cossacks of the Don, or the Calmuck Tartars, or anywhere else where representative institutions do not exist? It is not then a part of the constitution of human nature, but of the conventions of society, and extends no farther than the limits which the law defines. We may indeed claim a right to do everything which would conduce to the public good, and therefore a right to vote, before the law gives it to us; but in fact that

only means everything which we *think* would conduce to the public good. The majority may not think as we do, and if we were to lay down one rule which beyond all others would seem most to conduce to the public good, it would be that the minority ought to obey the majority. Without that rule effectively in force somehow or other, society could not exist. At all events, this is one of the most captivating principles of theoretic liberty ; but in fact it is only a fascinating proclamation of the right of the *strongest*. "Might" makes this right.

In a society where all are on a dead level, the minority obey because they can't help it, and it is more than probable that among them will be found a large majority of the "wisest, discreetest, best" men in the state. Their condition therefore may be peculiarly irksome without they can "stoop to conquer," and while affecting to scorn all the distinctions which separate industry, prudence, education, virtue and experienced wisdom, from idleness, improvidence, ignorance, vice and rashness—sedulously coax, and wheedle and flatter a mob too ignoble to be respected, and too powerful to be despised. That was the condition of the later days of ancient Rome ; when *panes et circenses*,—bread and bloody games, were demanded by an atrocious populace as the price of even imperial power. Our times are not yet so corrupt. Things have assumed new forms since then, but there is ample proof that there are, even in our days, as bad men as ever lived. How many they are we shall never know until occasion turns them up, and what foul concurrence may engender that occasion we cannot tell. One thing only is certain. The tyranny of a mere numeri-

cal majority is of all tyrannies the most hopeless ; and yet this is the natural result of the supposed right to vote because we pay ever so little taxes. Such payment does not insure sobriety nor intelligence, nor any the least modicum of that profound sagacity which distinguishes the great and beneficial rulers of men ; nor can it be affirmed except by children and idiots that such sagacity is not valuable and most necessary in arranging the mighty interests of nations at home, and in discharging the duties which religion and morality demand between them abroad.

Every member of a moderately well-governed community gets "value received" for all that he pays, in that security of life and property, of which he would first know the value if he *lost it*, and were constantly exposed to robbery and murder at the hands of hordes of marauding "roughs" whom the law did not curb.

On the other hand, they who rule cannot unrighteously exempt themselves from the common burden of taxation at the expense of those they govern, without a tremendous retribution coming some time or other, as was the case of the French nobles before the great French revolution.

On every side the question we are discussing is full of difficulties, if we stick in mere abstractions and what we call "rights," equal and universal ; but if we look at it practically—a mode which your professional liberty-monger despises—it is much less difficult ; for then by a logical algebra which suggests an easy substitution of equivalents, "*rights*" become *utilities*, and the question is not what are the "rights of man," according to that impudent talker Tom Paine, whose sledge-hammer style is the armour of

feeble thought; but what distributions of power, and what laws, and what economical measures, would best conduce to the peace, prosperity, and happiness of a given people.

Here, then, we are landed in the province of the statesman, and in the science which he has to study, one of the very first principles of which is, that any change in the institutions of a country which we desire to make, should be prepared for by the state of society seconding our efforts, and opening to receive good from the change.

Without this, our so-called "right" to make a change is a tyranny, and will most likely prove an abortion: a tyranny, because opposed to the general condition of society, which it shocks; and an abortion, because under such circumstances it can do no good. The necessary state of preparation, for which we ought to wait, will be indicated by the general *tone*, rather than by the articulate *voice*, of the people—heard by them who have ears to hear, and especially by the more intelligent among them,—and in this way any new function which we desire to exercise becomes more and more a "right," as it is increasingly recognized and made useful. In order to procure its recognition, the merely natural man would raise the standard of rebellion, and stake life against life without taking counsel of anything but passion; but the spiritual man, as one belonging supremely to the kingdom of another Master, whose servants do not fight, cannot rush into "bloody conclusions" in this way, nor ever, except in the last extremity. His proper weapons are reason, persuasion, and argument; but it would be foreign to our purpose to endeavour to discriminate between Falkland, Pym, Hampden, and Crom-

well, or even to catalogue the various kinds of abstract or positive right. To point out their numerous modifications and combinations would require a volume; but we may, perhaps, say usefully a few more words on the general subject of rights.

Natural rights, or the rights which belong to us as mortals, are all liable to lapse among the changes which take place in the constitution of the society of which we are members, or through our own failure in fulfilling the duties of our station as demanded by the law. The law is our liege lord, and we hold our natural and civil rights by the tenure of certain duties claimed from us by our suzerain. Thus life, liberty, and property, may all be forfeited. As natural beings we have no indefeasible right, nor can I find any right, natural or spiritual, which is in its own nature utterly indefeasible. So long as man remains in a probationary state, he has one permanent right which is the foundation of all others,—a right declared by Divine wisdom, and founded upon Divine love: the right to do good. The exercise of this right is the appointed means of attaining to the proper end of our existence, immortal happiness, and it is so guarded by Divine Providence that no man can take it away from us. He who does good is peculiarly in the Lord's hand, and of such He declares: "I know them, and they follow Me, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."

Even this right of rights, the right to do good, which is possessed by the wicked man in potency, and by the good man in actuality, lapses with this life if it is not exercised

on earth. Devils can have no power, and therefore no right to do good, because infernal good would be the good of hypocrisy. It would be Satan putting on the appearance of an angel of light. During life in this world the wicked were constantly warned, commanded, and entreated, to assume and exercise the right of doing good; but they would not, and in hell all are subject to one sovereign infernal end, which is sin. They have set a master over them who rules also within them, and whose rights exact absolute slavery.

It is far otherwise with the good man. He has assumed the "right" of doing good by its actual exercise in faith and hope; but here the use of the word "assumed" reminds us to observe that the primary right of immortal man partakes at first of the common nature of all faculties bestowed upon us by the Lord. It is *in* us as part of our original constitution, contemplated as to capability: but it is not *of* us until we rationally and willingly make it our own by giving it substance and reality in good actions. Then it is ours in possession, and our title to it is indefeasible. Before that time it was merely germinal, now it is born into life, and brings with it a new right, for "as many as received Him to them gave He (a) *right* to become the sons of God." They had it before in potency, as part of the demands of their constitution, because their Father in heaven created them in order that they might become His "sons;" but they had it not actually as part of their appropriated being, until they did homage to truth, and willed to do good. *Then* their actions became exercises of man's primary right, and since the Divine declaration is, "their *works* do follow

them," they will carry into eternity evidences of their assumption of the right to do good. The Lord will recognize those documents of their spiritual freedom. He will own them as freemen made free by the truth,—according to His own words, "the truth shall make you free,"—and welcome them into the "glorious liberty of the children of light."

Having ascertained man's primary and foundation "right," we may easily discover the nature of all other real or supposed rights by their agreement or disagreement with this. What now becomes of the maxim "Every man has a right to do the best he can for himself?"

True goodness has primary respect to others, not to self, and its respect to self, which is subordinate, is a respect for the means by which true charity may obtain its end in the assistance and comfort of others. Neglect of our own worldly interest is indeed neglect of the means by which we are enabled to exercise our primary right of doing good in the distribution of worldly blessings. Such neglect affects not only our capacity to do good externally—by helping our friends in business or domestic matters; relieving the indigent, and ministering to the wants of the sick and afflicted; but it affects also our capacity of doing good internally, by putting down our own evils, for common, honest prudence depends upon, and is dictated by, honest, common sense, and the conclusion has in it much of certainty that when a man is defective in common sense, his understanding, even of Divine truth, and therefore his power of seeing evil in himself, will be defective too. Great mistakes are made in this, and many men imagine that if they have the Scriptures "at their



finger's end," and are well up in some favourite school of theology, they are thereby raised above the ordinary duties of family and social life; but even the delighted reception of spiritual truth, so far from excusing us from the observance of careful prudence and honest painstaking in our business, does in fact call more loudly for the cultivation of those virtues, since the truths which we profess teach one and all that things natural as well as spiritual are committed to our charge by the Lord *for good*, and ought therefore to be so husbanded and used as will best promote the object for which they were given. The command applies to us literally as well as spiritually: "Be ye therefore wise (*prudent*) as serpents, and harmless as doves."

In again adverting to the world's oft-quoted maxim, we said that true goodness has a primary reference to the good of others, and to ourselves only as a means of serving others, and it seems to us that any decent mind on first hearing this proposition would feel attracted by it, though it might sound strange; but reflection upon it would suggest the inquiry: "What could we lose by such a principle if it were in universal action?" Or rather, What should we not gain? for then in every way every one would be helped by every one who could help him. This surely is the very spirit of the golden rule: "As ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them," for that commands, in effect, that we should love others as much as we love ourselves; but the Divine example goes still further. God loves us *more* than we love ourselves, and therefore it is written: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have

everlasting life;" and another command is given to us which points to a condition far above mere equality of love: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

This then is the "high calling" to which we are called; not to equal love simply,—rare as that is,—but to a love like the Divine love. This state must be *attainable*, or else it would not be commanded, though some theologians tell us that Divine commands are given merely to show us what we *cannot* do. Surely neither Loyola nor Torquemada ever imagined a more ingenious torment than this! In our simplicity, or perversity, we have always thought that this doctrine must be that sin against the Holy Ghost, which nothing can expiate. Sin against the light. At all events we have never been able to bring down our God to so low a level, and as the highest example which a man can have for his guidance in life,—unless he is ignorant enough to be a worshipper of demons whom he dreads,—is the character and attributes of his God, we prefer to exalt ours to the full height of Scripture authority, and to interpret every doubtful passage not to His degradation but to His honour. Taking it then that our Lord here means what He says, we are introduced to another, and the most transcendent vista of human possibilities. In one word, they are all comprehended in that "image and likeness of God" in which we were created, and which his redemption was meant to bring back again, and did bring back to them that duly claim the "right" to it, or else redemption itself is a failure because it has not delivered us from the power of sin, nor repaired the ruins of the fall.

We are still not only fallen creatures, but fallen with no power to rise again to our first level; but those who are "sons of God" cannot surely be lower than the first men, and therefore again we say: "Taking it that the Lord means what He says, when He bids us be perfect as He is perfect, —what a transcendent vista of human possibilities lies before us!" Purity incomprehensible! Purity which too often exceeds the belief of us who are yet called to it by our very existence as human beings, and whose primary "right" it is to be able to realize it.

Inspired by this contemplation, and catching for the time a zeal which faintly images the ardour of heavenly charity, we feel the enunciation of the maxim, "Every one has a right to do the best he can for himself," as a freezing blast from hell, more mortal than ten zeros from the bitter nostrils of the icy North; more dreary than

"The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore."

We utter a cry to heaven, and it is heard there: "Lord, how long shall the wicked, how long shall the wicked triumph? How long shall they utter and speak hard things, and all the workers of iniquity boast themselves? Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with Thee, which frameth mischief *by a law?*"

The excitement passes, and we settle down into the calm conviction that truth, even the Lord's truth, will finally prevail. "In the multitude of thoughts within me Thy comforts delight my soul. The Lord is my defence. My God is the rock of my refuge, and He shall bring upon them *their own* iniquity, and shall cut them off in *their own* wickedness, yea, the Lord our God shall cut them off."



## VII.

### WORLDLY WISDOM.

“The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.”—LUKE xvi. 8.

There is a wisdom never known in heaven  
Since Satan fell and brought it to the earth.



THE highest wisdom is shewn in making the best use of common circumstances. This wisdom is not taught at universities nor imbued in private studies, but is given to all by the Father of lights according to the measure of single-mindedness acquired by regeneration. The world is the school, God the teacher, a single eye the promoter, and increasing perfectness the reward.

The most common fallacy which besets young minds, on their first entrance into life, is the idea, that in order to be wise and successful, they must strike great strokes in evidence of their courage, and dig out some strange unsunned scheme in proof of their genius. The lapse of years wears down this floridness of presumption, sometimes by the instructive example of others acting as their monitor, and

sometimes by sad experience that their great strokes have but struck down their friends, and left them a poor unsavoury consolation in the thought, that after all there was something real in the glittering shadows they strove to reach. "Had circumstances been more favourable they should certainly have distinguished themselves, but the ground-current was against them, and they did not know it till they were carried off their feet." Such reflections are succeeded perhaps by a more careful looking to the feet, and the novitiate learns to value duly the simple act of walking safely.

In the figurative walk of life, as well as in the literal relations of our bodies with the material world, unnoticed wonders crowd into every ordinary circumstance. The world in general is unaware of the mighty forces which act upon it, producing equilibrium by opposition, and calm by contention. What can be more trite and common than such facts? The thoughtless pass them by; the reflective descant upon them, and are called philosophers. The philosopher has no peculiar field of facts reserved for him. He has no power to disturb any law of nature, so as to mislead the observation of the simple. He, indeed, does seem to have gained some point of vantage, whence he is better able to marshal the goings on of things, and see, amid the bustle and seeming disorder of eccentric motion, one final law of order, wheeling with harmonious ease all beings to their end; but this point of vantage is in himself, and has been attained, not by running after the freaks of nature, but by familiarizing himself with the familiar, examining the known, and drawing from common facts such general conclusions

concerning the economy of existence as may serve for principles of judgment in the course of further investigation. Thus he makes things his own. Every newly-acquired idea goes to increase the sum of his materials of judgment. He lets none that are worthy remain outside of him like notes on a slate ; but pours his own life into them, and then draws from them, by the curious assimilative power of sympathy, some subtle element for the nourishment of his mind.

Just so the successful trader. His constant effort is to make sure of what is within his reach, and he trusts to the mysterious power of accumulation for the attainment of objects which are yet far off. He knows that once in the way of adding little to little, every year will widen the circle of attraction by which he draws advantages to himself that would never occur but to the thrifty. In the first part of his career he in fact provides the general character of the circumstances which attend his advanced life. Providence may be said to delegate to prudence the selection of things which shall be, and man stands in the circle of life with a wand of power in his hand, whose dextral or sinistral blow converts all rising occasions into scourges or rewards. The successful exercise of power gives confidence in its use ; confidence confirms dominion ; and confident dominion exacts the association and service of those unseen spiritual associates which agree with it, and are indeed the sources of its delight and the spring of its power. Hence flows a disposition of secondary causes in the spiritual world by which, as far as consists with the eternal ends contemplated by Divine Providence, such events come to pass in the world as favour man's

ruling purpose. All men, indeed, who have pre-eminently cultivated a determination to attain some particular end, have become conscious that courageous perseverance and a defiance of those obstacles which other men are frightened at, not only acts according to its own literal momentum, but has a kind of talismanic power, which, as in the case of Cæsar, bids "even the winds and the sea obey" them.

If it is thus with our pursuit of worldly things, is it not thus also in our pursuit of heavenly things? May not a similar power be acquired by the same means, and thus the happy result be secured which Paul announces to the Romans: "All things work together for good to them that love God?" If so, let us quit those idle reachings after great things which too often distinguish the novitiate in regeneration, and apply our minds to the work before us, with analogy for our guide and the worldling for our example. We shall find as we proceed that it is the latest acquirement of regenerate wisdom to estimate rightly the regular occurrences and meaner circumstances of life; but once acquired, the world itself seems created anew. At first we seemed on it but not of it, and the glories of heaven were as a distant star just shedding its ray to guide us through the waste; but now the day-spring visits us with promise of the world that now is as well as of that which is to come, and creation is seen to be one harmonious whole admirably adapted for the various states of our existence. In whatever part of it we live, the Lord is all in all. We are filled with a strange community of feeling which links us to all around us and dispels that misanthropic spiritualism which has no patience with things present. Where loftier minds discern nothing

but desert and waste places in which the spirit sinks and dies, "the wilderness and the solitary place is glad *for us*: the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose;" for the voice of God is there, walking to and fro in the midst, and revealing to those who "hunger and thirst after righteousness," the fruit of the tree of life.

Many of the occurrences which embitter human life, and vitiate that communion of saints by which the feeble might be confirmed, and the strong advanced from strength to strength, might be turned aside and fall harmless, if we were well grounded in the conviction that the right application of truth to a present action, is far more important than the acquisition of further truth. The common fallacy is, that at some future time we shall have so furnished our minds with truths as to have leisure to attend to these things, but just now we have not time. They cannot be of so much consequence at present, and are really little better than hindrances to our progress. So it is; we are too busy to be good. Will our state bear the words, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"

Nothing is more common than the acknowledgment that truth is a mere phantom, except it be in act; and few will deny that the application of truth to the successive circumstances of life requires great sagacity, great patience, and an ingenuous self-examination. Yet with all this confession of the high qualities demanded in the exact performance of this duty, how few charge their whole souls with its weight, in the solemn conviction that it requires all the heart, and all the soul, and all the mind, and all the strength! Perhaps pride lies at the root. The fruits of faithfulness in this exer-



cise are not sufficiently obvious to afford ground for that external support and encouragement, which the applause of man contributes in other cases to those who labour for the Divine approval. Strange mingling of heaven and earth, what a mockery is man ! How noble, yet how base ! Even in his best actions, how large a share of his patience, firmness, and labour, may be laid to the account of external motives ! While the internal man prepares for adversity by an appeal to Divine Providence, declaring, " If I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there," the external man thinks what estimation will be gained by his Christian heroism. The one says, " God seeth me. My Father which seeth in secret, Himself will reward me openly." The other says, " Man sees me. The million eyes of the world are upon me, and shall I not then do nobly ? " No doubt this motive, when merely subsidiary, is allowable as a helper of our infirmity ; but then it ought to be so modified as to be the obedient expression of the Divine words, " Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." To attain this high estate, let us remember the history of patriots who through disgrace, through imprisonments, amid the scorn of their country, in unpitied perils, and in death, have borne unshaken testimony to the dogmas of political right. They, indeed, appealed to posterity as well as to conscience. They possessed the solace of rectitude, and they indulged the hope of future praise when the envy of the present generation should have passed into the tomb, and minds yet unborn should arise without prejudice to distort the truth, or personal fear to check the expression of that just judgment, which would

at length declare that their example inspired whatever was noble in the country, and saved the falling state. Let us likewise appeal to conscience and to God, secure that He will so guide the issue that, whether we are fostered by man's praise or hunted by his opprobrium, the influence of our virtue will not be lost. Even they who despitefully use us shall, by ways unknown to them, receive spiritual help at our hands, and we may gather consolation from the fact that a Christian life, however disesteemed, must bring heaven nearer to earth, and by their closer communion give new strength to those remains of good which exist even in the wicked. Thus by subduing evil in ourselves, we also help others to subdue it, and, imitating the forbearance and long-suffering of God, "who maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust," the charm and power of our influence puts on somewhat of infinity, in proportion as its quality approximates to the Divine. They who live in the practice of a merely superficial, worldly good, affect but a small circle in a feeble manner; but they who abase their self-hood to nothingness, acquire a good which embraces all being in its goings forth, and shakes the strongholds of hell "in demonstration of the spirit and of power." The mercenary warrior may stand foremost in the shock of battle, because—

"Fame is there to say who bleeds,  
And Honour's eye on daring deeds;"\*

but the true patriot contends because liberty is endangered, and the common weal demands the bulwark of his life.

\* Byron, "Siege of Corinth."

The Christian polemic delights in the panoply of truth, and rejoices to do God service, by showing the superiority of his skill in arms, and the accuracy of his judgment in choosing weapons of such excellent temper. He demonstrates the power of true doctrine, and feels that he is a better man than his antagonist, because the world declares him stronger. The pride of victory mingles with joy that truth prevails, and the glory which surrounds prevailing truth itself, burns tenfold more gloriously because it encircles his own brow. Thus intellectual power is mistaken for goodness, and vain-glory takes the place of sacred joy in the truth; but the true Christian, "born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God," is "ready always to give a reason for the hope that is in him with meekness and fear." He takes no thought (from his own intelligence) what he shall say, but prays that his heart may be kept free from evil affections, so that pure words may be given him. If the conflict is severe, he says, "I know in whom I trust;" if victory ensues, "The Lord reigneth;" if defeat, he is abased, because some evil in himself must be the cause. His end is peace, not history, and in a patient striving after perfect conjunction of heart and mind with God, he finds a motive to action more lasting than fame, and more satisfying than renown. The world cannot give it, neither can the world take it away; yet he is not proudly independent of the world, as those who acknowledge no tie where there is no gain. He feels a claim wherever he sees a want, and endeavours to fulfil his appointed time, as an example of docility to the stubborn, patience to the imperious, simplicity to the learned, and intelligence to those who as yet are ignorant of

the nice sagacity which flows from living truth. In him are realized the Divine words, "The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation." No qualities importunate of praise draw towards him the busy "lo! here," or "lo! there," of those who admire talent more than they love utility. From the very constitution of fallen humanity, few can duly appreciate his worth.

In intellectual religion it is far different. Written words stand for judgment, and the rules of decision are sufficiently clear; but in practical religion what mortal eye can see the complexity of motives which required arrangement, the heat of conflict which purified the soul, and the self-abandonment which resigned the cause to the Lord?

The course of action at length chosen may seem less eligible than a thousand others which observing eyes could point out, and yet none of these may be so intrinsically good, because none of them would be so directly under the Divine control, through the immolation of all selfish desires in the agent. Here confidence is tried by detraction; but the meek, guided in judgment by the Lord, hear and obey the words: "Be not afraid of man, for the judgment is God's."

In consequence of the doubtful return of man's approbation of unobtrusive voluntary graces; and also because it is more difficult to forbear than to pronounce judgment; even religious societies are filled with dissensions which involve personal opposition. The inward thought of many is evil; for they say: "If I cannot convince my adversary, I will, at all events, make him feel." Of what importance is it to the cause of truth itself that my words may destroy the very form

of society amongst us? That form must be evil, which cannot bear the truth, and the truth is certainly on my side. I will leave to the Lord the future building up of a more perfect visible church. It is my duty to defend the right and to leave the issue to Him. My motto is, "*Fiat justitia ruat coelum.*" There is something poetically sublime in the notion of heaven rushing to ruin at the voice of indignant justice; but in simple prose the fall of heaven would be inconvenient under any circumstances. If such poetry were carried out into practical business the result would prove that the literal translation of *ruat coelum* is bankruptcy. No man of business who has common sense, will set up his own views of right as a standard for all men, and deliberately offend those who will not submit to it. He cannot afford to be at tilt with all the world. Every serious quarrel closes an account, and it requires no prophetic vision to foretell that without a due admixture of suppleness in act with fixed principle in thought, he will only teach "the trade," and men in general, to avoid him. In business, men are forbearing from motives of self-interest, and many a bitter morsel is gulped in the hope that, by continuing the connection, future good may outweigh present evil. Take a real case by way of example. "I say, Mr. Jones, those last goods of yours were not equal to sample, and we have debited your account accordingly."

"Not equal to sample, Mr. Brown? why I declare I took the sample myself out of the lot you complain of, and was careful to pick an average quality."

"Oh ay, we know you are a careful fellow, Jones, but it won't do just this once."

"Well, send me back what you object to, and I will replace them with others that will suit you."

"Now that's what I call good. I wonder who is to pay us for doing our business twice over?"

"Come, come, you're witty this morning. Don't you see that by keeping my goods at your own price, instead of sending them back, I have no recourse against anybody who may be in fault? It fixes me very awkwardly, while all that I want is to make them right if they are wrong."

"'Pon my word we can't do this sort o' thing. Here, Smith, bring the day-book. Come now, Jones, just to satisfy you, read the entry yourself. These are your things: see, here is your mark, and that's the price they were sent out at. Could not charge them a farthing more, I assure you. Now, are you satisfied?"

It is, of course, little satisfaction to Jones that he sees written proof of the sacrifice of his goods to the glory of the house of Pawson & Co., or anybody else, as cheap buyers who "give their friends the benefit," etc.; but while conning the entry, he reflects upon the importance of the firm, compares with that the amount of loss now required, and, being convinced that they mean to have the money in spite of his reasoning, replies:—

"Well, I thank you for taking the trouble to prove this to me, and as you are so obliging in the proof, I must leave your justice to decide upon the share of loss which belongs to you, because you gave me no choice in the matter."

"I tell you what, Jones, you improve. Our share! why, every ha'penny we might allow would go out of our own

pockets. That you see plain enough. Our share! well, I'm sure, I thank you for the hint."

Jones is a prudent man, keeps up the semblance of good humour, and concludes the affair perhaps by obtaining some amelioration of the original oppression. At all events he has made his mark. His customer is not offended, and will in future be rather more careful how he tries the patience of a man of such temper; for though he submits with grace, there is enough in his manner to show that it might be dangerous to try him again. In this state of mind the buyer, if he reflects at all, will do more justice to Jones's arguments than if the affair had ended in personal offence. In that case he would have said: "That Jones is a prig with his nonsense about justice. However, if he is a justice, we have taken care that he is one of the '*unpaid!*' ha, ha!" In the actual case, he will probably say when Jones is gone: "Well, after all, one can't help liking the fellow, though he did stick to his point. It's a pity to be forced to vex him; but you know it would not do to give way. There is something, too, in what he said about justice. Is there anything we can order of him?"

What may the Christian in his church intercourse learn from this? Change but the motive, and the whole demeanour of the man of business may be profitably imitated. Let regard for our neighbour's interest take the place of self-interest, and then, though opposition of sentiment will continue, personal offence will be rare. We shall be afraid of using such severity as may stop all further communion; because, though truth may warrant sternness, good finds no fruit in a contention where the *proprium* is lashed into

obduracy by reproof, after unimpassioned kindly reason has appealed in vain to those remains of innocent charities which made youth lovely because they made it loving. In the prospect of personal collision we shall reflect that by open variance we can no longer give to our neighbour the benefit of our superior illustration on subjects which involve no personal considerations, but which are the common inheritance of regenerating minds. The account of charity would be closed. How seldom would that catastrophe sever man from man, if our regard for our neighbour's good were as active in spiritual things, as our self-interest is for our own, in matters of business. Let us then gather wisdom even from those who despise "the wisdom which cometh from above." Instead of looking to the strict solvency of a mercantile house, and thence inferring our interest to sustain business relations with them, we have but to transfer the idea to spiritual riches, and inquire how far our neighbour has intrinsic qualities which may repay the culture of long suffering. We shall find few, perhaps, in our immediate circle, if we ourselves are good, whom we dare pronounce altogether profitless; and so long as we see the least reasonable ground for hoping that our precept and example may insensibly contribute to their improvement, we shall be careful of offences. The apostolic precept will be before us: "Owe no man anything but to love one another," and we dare not lightly "close the account."





## VIII.

### THE RICH AND THE POOR.

“The rich and poor meet together : the Lord is the maker of them all.”—PROV. xxii. 2.

“A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.”—Ps. xxxvii. 16.

**I**N this mixed world it is curious to observe, and profitable to reflect upon, the variety of ingenious expedients by which men contrive to make themselves miserable. Instead of going at once to the Fountain of happiness, and recognizing our highest privilege and our surest felicity, as attainable only by implicit obedience to that Almighty Power which gave us being and fitted us for a glorious end, we waywardly meddle with designs which we cannot touch without marring them, and when we feel the consequences of our own misconduct we “charge God foolishly” because He did not call us to His counsels when He made us, or endow us with some self-adjusting mechanism which would absorb the poison of vice, scatter

the diseases of intemperance, balance wilful folly by involuntary wisdom, and extract from shattered chords long grating harshly in foul winds from hell, some meek subduing melody of peace and joy, symphonious with the harmonies of heaven: We desire to be happy by our own efforts when we are right, and in spite of them when we are wrong. In the first case, we arrogate Divinity, and say to the warring chaos of dark elements which constitute our unregenerate nature, "Let there be peace," where no peace can be; and in the second case, we sink into mere conscious machines, and desire some other spirit to play skilfully upon us, that we may hear, as it were, "a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well upon an instrument;" but the spirit we invoke does not come forth from the throne of God. Though we little think of it, He is that dread presence which comes "from going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." There is rebellion in our prayer, and it is answered by the Devil. On the other hand, when full of the arrogant consciousness of great natural powers, we stretch forth a defiant arm and determine to fashion our own destiny alone. To follow the guidance of Infinite Wisdom along the beaten, "narrow way," seems tame and unworthy of the lofty spirit which burns within us: "Surely we know best how to fill the void of our own hearts with congenial delights." We feel that there is in us a power of self-exaltation which only waits for opportunity to burst forth and "give the world assurance of a man," and we are determined to make the opportunity. Yes! yes! experience alone can satisfy us. The Word of Him by whom we were "curiously wrought" is of no weight.

He indeed says, "Without Me ye can do nothing ;" but all our sensible experience asserts the reverse. We say dryly, "There are but two sources of human knowledge—sensation and reflection." That is the modern philosophy. Revelation, therefore, is mere moonshine ; but sensation supplies the fact of self-power, and reflection concludes that if we have hitherto, in the ordinary affairs of life, been our own teachers and the origin and end of our own activities, it is possible this consciousness of self-dependence may point to a wider field of power which none but the bold can realize. The world may be but an enchanted castle in which the courage of all comers is put to the trial. They who obey the arch-magician, transformed to living marble, breathe but as he wills, and only move when he commands. It is given them to see but not to enjoy ; and while beauties glow around, while every returning sun beams gladness on the waters and stirs the depths of waving forests with the breath of liberty, they gather no vigour from those beams, and no inspiration from that breath. Their feelings are but the reflection of another's will. When he smiles they rejoice, when he frowns they faint. Talk to them of the powers of human intelligence, they are blind to all but the wisdom of Him who rules them at his pleasure. Not that they *see* the wisdom, but they take it for granted. Even when they witness the exuberance of untamed natural delight in animal nature, or in light-hearted youth, their stupor is not dissolved, and many of them dully doubt whether they may admire it. They own nothing to be real and good but what He gives whom they fear, and He gives *them* no such frisky states of care-

less joy. The reality which they enjoy is that of utter helplessness and pious dependence. They are like Simon Stylites on a pedestal, and affect to commune all day with some invisible being concerning whom they have not one intelligible idea but that of Almighty Power.

On the other hand, they who assert themselves, despise such blind control. They are strong in conscious rectitude, full of direct purpose, and follow the sublime instincts of their nature which set the magician at defiance. *They* enter the castle with a guardian branch plucked from the forbidden tree in the paradise of intelligence, and are "as gods, knowing good and evil." Thus armed, no beam from heaven, however bright, can supersede or abash their native powers and break their trust in their own resources. Thus armed, no wand of faithful gratitude can transform them to worshippers of Him whom "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands," proclaim to be the Lord of all. Though He provides the banquets upon which they daily feast, they can eat and drink at His cost, if so it be, and are free from the slavery of thanks. Such men as these preserve their pristine independence, rugged indeed but genuine, while the others sink from day to day into more settled serfdom, and lose in adoring dependence, even the very desire for liberty.

So babbles the sensual mind, and thus is the elation of intellectual pride mistaken for the confident dignity of innocence. Such men look into the dark future,—dark to them,—with a kind of defiant submission to the inevitable, and leap into it boldly when the time comes, because they are sure it must be one of two things—either a void,

“the end all” of existence, or a state in which their merits will be acknowledged.

Many others of larger powers but essentially of the same order, determine to be wise by a more than usually diligent use of the only means of knowledge in which they have any faith, and to open the mysteries of spiritual truth,—if such a thing exists—with the simple levers which nature puts into their hands. Sensation, and reflection upon sensations, are their only powers, and so they cut down the Infinite into a never-ending series of multiples of something they can measure, though, on surveying their work, they have an uneasy doubt whether they are nearer a true idea of Infinity than when they began ; and this suggests to them the question whether there really is an Infinite? Fortunately for the interests of spiritual truth, if I may so say, it is as hard to think of the systems of ten thousand suns, and of the new worlds which break upon us every now and then—new creations no doubt,—and believe that a *finite* power is the Maker of them all, and *define that finite*, as it is to think of an Infinite and *define that Infinite*. Sensation, and reflection on or from sensations, is almost equally at fault with both, and the vain agony of sensual intelligence cannot writhe itself out of the coils of that inexorable logic which, if we have one grain of candour, forces us to say with Hamlet—

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.”

Arrived at this conclusion, the sensual philosopher has no more ground for the pert pride with which he usually struts on the dung-heap of sensation, than the transcendentalist

has, who sits on a dreamy cloud and fancies he knows what he imagines to be true.

Many, however, are not candid, and, logic notwithstanding, insist on their ability to penetrate all mysteries that are worth knowing ; at least they are determined to try, and to risk everything on the issue ; but their self-intelligent presumption, if it could be successful, would only separate them from the presence of God, and give them enjoyments limited by their finite powers of acquisition in place of that "fulness of joy," which only the Infinite can bestow ; but if their experiment be unsuccessful, outer darkness awaits them. Still, even in their madness there is somewhat to admire ; some specimen of the consciousness that, under God, all things are made for us, and that it is beneath the dignity of man to fear. The very feeling which should awaken the most solemn thoughts, and "bring all heaven before our eyes," even the presage of immortality, becomes the ground of impiety. Between eternal life and death we exult in our liberty to choose either, or to risk either, by doing as we like. The warnings of superior wisdom sound to us as the maunderings of worn-out minds. We are strong and can judge for ourselves in spite of such effusions ; and so we put forth our hands and pluck and eat what our souls lust after. While yet clad in native innocence, we determined to make the great discovery, and irrevocable guilt discovers that we are naked. Experience then, if ever, presents truth to us ; but it is "in the gall of bitterness," when mad disappointment curses the hour of our birth, and lets fall the dark blank curtain of despair upon the stage of a wasted life. The footlights

are out and we grope for the grave,—a grave we cannot find.

How happy it would be if all men from early life were taught the limits of human capacity and the rational ground of Divine prerogative! In order to do this effectually it would be necessary to shew us the nature and design of our freedom : the heavenly power which we derive from God when our choice is virtuous, and the perverse power which we derive from hell when our choice is vicious.

Having laid down the initial principles of general self-knowledge, an enlightened teacher might profitably exercise the discrimination of his pupils by requesting the application of them to actual occurrences within the sphere of their observation. It would be slow work and full of mistakes at first ; but in this way only can spiritual ethics be reduced to something like the stable condition of curative science. The genera and species of virtues and vices would thus be as clearly defined as those of plants and animals. The peculiar characteristics of religion and morality would be drawn from nature by truth itself. Their blendings and their divergences would be the lights and shadows of that great picture of humanity which a master of sublime philosophy would paint for the instruction of his pupils. Life would then be all earnestness, and the object aimed at would be pureness of living ; not wealth, not power, indeed, no merely earthly thing, but pureness of living, and that purity would become more and more universal though different in degree in every individual. Men would then talk less about “opinions” and more about truths, and we should no longer pronounce upon actions

according to the vague guessings of unformed judgment, but set them in order before us by the light of established authority, founded upon that holy text: "By their *fruits* ye shall know them."

It must, however, be confessed that it would be impossible to measure actions by that interior law which the Lord reveals to us in Matt. v. 27, 28, so as to pronounce individual condemnation. We cannot look into the heart, and even when attendant circumstances lay its workings bare, "it is too high for us" to measure the exact intensity of unseen causes which prompt specific actions, so as to assume the seat of final judgment. We must therefore be content to found our science upon a somewhat more abstract ground, so far as respects motives, and draw upon observation within ourselves for a knowledge of the springs of action. To those accustomed to reflect it will be evident that a very accurate philosophy of the interior quality of actions, may be formed by generalizing the individual experience of a single large and cultivated mind; and that the necessarily imperfect examination, or diagnosis of the condition of a multitude by the same mind will add but little to its truth; for "He fashioneth their hearts alike." This higher walk of morals would, however, principally belong to those whose first object was their own purification. It would be a law for each individual to apply to himself, though its reflected light would fall upon others and frequently shew their true nature and quality. In this way a just application of, what we may call, interior moral law to ourselves, would aid the just application of the principles of exterior moral law to others. The philosophy of



motive would illustrate and guide the philosophy of action, and thus the more accurate our knowledge of the springs of our own motives in action, and of the force of tendencies which never become motives, the more enlightened would be our charity, the more careful our censure, the more searching and restorative our kindly reproof; the less vindictive our condemnation, and the more pitying our despair of better things.

But it is in vain to recommend to the world at large the cultivation, early and late, of the science of living, without it be first established that the practice of virtue is the road to heaven. Even eternal consequences too often weigh lightly with us; and less than eternal are sheer vanity and emptiness to all the wicked who keep within the pale of human law. We shall talk in vain to them of the approbation of conscience, and the comfort of a heart at peace with all men, without there be something beyond which may seize reason with majestic power, realize before her eye the adamantine forms of eternity, and break the stubbornness of self-will by the vision of certain judgment. The strength of morals is religion, and the power of religion is holy virtue. Religion is the soul, morality the body; separate them and religion is a vapour, morality a corpse. A long *excursus* truly. Let us return.

One of the arts by which men increase the real irksomeness of any state of present suffering, was matter of bitter remark and ridicule by ancient moralists and satirists, and yet the art survives the satire, and points the same moral. Indeed it seems that nothing is so indestructible as the hereditary transmission of vice. Horace asks :

Qui fit Mæcenas, ut nemo quam sibi sortem  
Seu Ratio dederit, seu fors objecerit, illâ  
Contentus vivat; laudet diversa sequentes?\*

And this is just the very way with nine-tenths of us now.

"If," says the discontented John Smith, "I were placed as Brown or Jones or Robinson is, I should be happy. At all events, if not perfectly happy, I should be much happier than I am." The Smiths are a numerous family, and Brown, Jones, and Robinson owe them a quiet grudge for taking to themselves so large a share of the good things of this world, and grumble accordingly. No doubt the speaker, whichever of them it may be for the time present, is quite certain that he should improve upon Divine wisdom by placing himself according to his envious wish if he could do it; and if he is a Christian, he turns aside the impiety of his conduct, and denies the absurdity of his supposition by asserting that God's providence is only general. When, therefore, he reads: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father; but the very hairs of your head are all numbered," he either takes the words as highly "figurative,"—the figure in fact of nothing to the purpose of our Lord's discourse,—or he confines their meaning to the Divine *knowledge* of all things, and shuts out the idea of co-extended and loving *superintendence*. The context, however, shews this notion to be as absurd as the other: "Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." There is nothing to support the timid in the mere fact that all their perils are

\* How comes it, Mæcenas, that whether he chooses it himself, or Fate thrusts it on him, no one is content with his lot, but envies those who follow something else?—*Sat. i.*

*known.* It is cold comfort that our friends see us suffer, if they do not stretch forth a helping hand when they can. The words evidently imply that their perils are known by One who has both the power and the will to succour them. This question, however, is parenthetical here, and could not be fitly dealt with but as the express subject of a separate paper. In fact we do not need the higher authority of spiritual truth to shew the fallacy of the almost universal and practical belief that somehow we are in the wrong place. Every one who has changed his position in society can testify how little he knew the real truth, when looking forward to his present state as the object of his ambition. Imagination clothed it with a thousand graces which reality does not see, and filled it with a sentiment of quiet power and comfort which reality does not feel. Experience proves the deception, and spiritual reflection may improve it to everlasting uses.

The poor think that the greatest anxiety is caused by being liable to scarcity of food, and that they who are above the approach of hunger can have nothing else as bad as the fear of want.

This opinion arises from the universal tendency to estimate the calamity which tries our own endurance, as far harder to bear than that which may befall a condition of life in which the same calamity cannot be known.

That it is a blessing to possess the means of providing comfortably for the wants of the body, is, in a general sense, most true; but it is not an absolute blessing considered independently of our use of it. If competence were an absolute blessing, scantiness would be a positive curse; but

even discontent, in any ordinary form, will not assert that want on earth is a foretaste of eternal unhappiness, since the Divine words are : " Blessed are ye that hunger now, for ye shall be filled." The mistake usually committed in this matter would be dissipated at once if it were seen that the quality of every external state is derived from our internal state, and is therefore strictly relative. The common saying is, "fat sorrow is better than lean," and we may confess that it is; but only under certain limitations, for the rule is far from universal. Who are they that enter the gates of death unbidden? The scantily fed? Very rarely. Read the newspapers. Are they not rather the rich, or the sufficiently fed? Few comparatively commit suicide under the pressure of the most biting want. Sometimes our souls are harrowed by sad stories of the poor, even the deserving poor, being literally starved to death; famished; waiting from day to day the sure approach of the destroyer, and sinking after hideous sufferings an unwilling prey; but the rich suicide cannot wait. Some torment, unknown to poverty, goads him to desperation. Hunger presiding at a plenteous board cries aloud to him in vain : " Eat, drink, and be merry ! " He says, " of laughter, it is mad, and of mirth, what doeth it ? " A bitter confession bursts from his agitated lips, " My heart is smitten and withered like grass, so that I forget to eat my bread."

Having in possession the *summum bonum* of the ignorant, " plenty of money and nothing to do," mere *ennui* has driven many a man out of life. The weariness of having to do the same things over again day after day, day after day, has become intolerable, and he has escaped from plenty and

ease as if they were a curse.\* Hope seems to have nothing in store for him. He seizes a knife, not to carve a dainty, but to cut his throat. He leaves a home of elegance and of every apparent comfort, as though he were escaping from a den of torture. He finds no solace in an amiable wife and an engaging family; but looks upon them only to gather new bitterness from their smiles, and to pity the unscathed simplicity of hearts which know so little of adversity as to think life worth preserving. He looks forward to the time when they perhaps will wither as he does in the scorching sirocco of existence without sympathy, and find a savage satisfaction in the consciousness that they have their *quietus* in their own hands. Full and well fed, his plenteous board is defiled by harpies which never wave their loathsome wings over the scanty table of poverty. Insidious miseries have wound into his marrow, even through the fatness of delights, and he does not hesitate to exchange his present sure enjoyments for a condition where, perhaps, everlasting thirst may crave in vain one drop of water to cool his burning tongue; where "his strength shall be hunger-bitten," and its remnant shall madly gnash his teeth.

The poor will say, "Oh, this is a case of insanity." Perhaps so, but our argument will not be affected by the supposition until the line between sanity and insanity is much more clearly defined than we have yet seen it. Perhaps it might be well to consider whether all are not insane who are rebelliously discontented; but if so, then what is com-

\* This is no new condition, for Seneca alludes to it. "Cogita," says he, "quamdiu eadem feceris; mori velle, non tantum fortis, aut miser sed etiam fastidiosus potest."

monly called insanity is only a question of degree, and we are all on the verge of it very often. In truth there are few subjects embraced in the whole economy of human existence which more demand the attention of a mind accomplished in physiological and metaphysical science, and enlightened by religious wisdom, than that of insanity. Until such a mind has given us more secure *data* for reasoning about the phenomena of that dreadful affliction, we ought to feel it unsafe to excuse our repining by the declaration that all who have not our peculiar trials are insane if they are less happy. If we really wish to reflect upon this topic with profit, we shall only venture to act upon inferences drawn from what we positively know; and we shall entertain thoughts, not based upon certain knowledge, only as speculations, which may allowably float in the mind, but which ought not to subside into fixed principles, until experience supplies them with a basis in facts.

The common observer of insanity can only see two general forms of the disease; one appears to be primarily intellectual, and consists, perhaps, in some derangement of the natural form and order of the convolutions of the brain, by which external objects are presented in a false shape, and reasonings from them are as untrue and dangerous as the dead reckoning of a ship when the master is unaware of the secret currents which are dragging her on the rocks. Many of this class are perfectly harmless, and live in the grotesque enjoyment of honours and dignities of their own creation. The other form of insanity is primarily voluntary,—the creation of a depraved will,—and the organic consequence may be a depravation of the very sub-

stance of the brain,—whether cortical or cineritious, who knows?—which makes a cure all but impossible. Many cases of this kind may be traced to an overbearing hereditary pride, a consequence, possibly, of the marriage of the proud with the proud, “in and in,” until fair reason topples over, and our only hope is that the ill-balanced race may soon become extinct. Here, inordinate passion is the origin of the mischief, and men who might, by early subjection to the authority of practical religion, have lived in the activity of vigorous good, become only shattered wrecks of admirable power, wild, desperate, and dangerous.

It would appear then that evil indulged in is the origin of the worst form of insanity; and hence arises the momentous question: “What amount of evil constitutes insanity, or will certainly produce it?” When this is clearly defined we shall be able to discuss specific examples, and with greater certainty. Meanwhile the reproof of an ancient orator addressed to his compatriots will assist us to use our present knowledge for some practical benefit.

The Athenians spent their time in asking about news, instead of preparing vigorously to repel the ambitious attacks of Philip. Demosthenes satirized this idle effeminacy with severe ridicule, and indignantly demanded: “What can be more new than this, that a man of Macedon should reign at Athens and give laws to Greece?” and to those who mentally gad about, seeking in the insanity of others an excuse for their own complainings, I say: “What can be more insane than this, that human wisdom should usurp the prerogative of Omniscience, and give laws to God?” Yet every one does this who in his heart believes

that he is not placed in that position in the world which is best suited to develop his noblest qualities; to strengthen his belief in immortality; to nurture his confidence in the peace-giving power of virtue, and to sow the seeds of that heavenly humility which wins all human hearts that are worth the winning, and is not despised by Him who, "though rich, for our sakes became poor."

Since then it is only in certain cases that it can be truly said, "Fat sorrow is better than lean," we may venture to inquire the ground of its limitation, and endeavour to discover at once the boundary of external comforts, and the quality of those interior afflictions to which their solace cannot extend.

The wants of the body and the cravings of the mind are so interwoven with each other in civilized society, that it is hardly possible to draw an absolute line of separation between them, without embracing more particular considerations than would consist with the course of a general argument; and besides, every gift of the Lord assumes so different a character, according to the quality of the receiver's affections, that it is necessary, as it were, to close the eye of searching analysis, and speak of things "after the manner of men," in order to preserve our understandings from a vertigo analogous to that dizziness which affects the brain when we are whirled in a circle.

The purer and more intense our love to God, and the more comprehensive our view of His love to us, the more inwardly are we affected by external mercies, and the more do wonders burst upon us on every hand,—wonders of



Divine gentleness, wonders of "compassions which fail not;" but those wonders, however they may affect us in our most exalted states, cannot be duly appreciated by others unless their states are similar, and herein lies one of the great mysteries, and one of the great difficulties of spiritual communion. If therefore we would write to any good general purpose we must not admit too many thoughts into the chamber of reflection; but seize general ideas which are on the common plane of human intelligence, and fix the subject in a simple point of view.

External comforts considered as causes of happiness are limited to the external mind. That happiness may perhaps with greater propriety be called worldly delight, which when separate from the heavenly joy which springs from the love and life of spiritual truth, is merely pleasure arising from the gratification of the senses and "the pride of life." According to the degree in which that pleasure is imbued with the superior joy of Divine truth it is purified; and the pride of life ceases to throb in the simple quiet of content; but the sphere of its power does not extend to the whole range of those natural affections, of which the distinguishing quality is the love of person. Those affections attach the members of the same family and country to one another independently of their quality as rational and accountable beings, and yet they may be and often are the basis of true benevolence, and frequently supply its place in relieving the distressed and comforting the afflicted. Those affections are deeply wounded when a friend, a brother, a wife, a child, or a parent dies; and so universal is the operation of their laws that few are so much worse than brutes

as not to feel a passing commiseration for the widow and the orphan ; but here the first and chiefest thought is about natural want, for no sooner is it known that the widow and the orphan are provided for, by the loving foresight and self-denial of the dead, which took care no wolf should assail the door of his widow and her child, than they are left to their mourning with the reflection : " Fat sorrow is better than lean." External comforts being secure, the worldly consequences which follow many bereavements are precluded ; but here their influence ends. They cannot stop regret, nor fill the vacant heart once gladdened by the presence of one beloved. The higher degrees of natural affection, of which even brutes are capable, resist the selfish solace of security from want. The faithful dog pines and dies on the bleak grave of his master, and rejects the blazing hearth and tempting food of a stranger. If then the nature of a brute " which goeth down to the grave and is no more seen," cannot be fully satisfied with plenty for every bodily want, how much less the nature of man, an everlasting spirit whose very embodiment is the image of God, and whose vast sensibilities respond to earth, to heaven, and to hell ! The least measure of right reflection will show to a creature so " fearfully and wonderfully made," how very small and inadequate to his vast capabilities is the measure of happiness which material goods can bestow upon him even here. If we were so constituted as to find our proper happiness in them, we should by a moral necessity make them a chief object of our affections, because we are naturally prone to love them ; but we are not so constituted, and against that devotion of our affections we are

warned in express terms : "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal ; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal : for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Our Lord prohibits no source of true happiness. He is not so selfishly jealous of us as to determine that if we will not be happy in heaven, we shall not be happy on earth. He does not desire that we should lose anything by choosing His service ; but rather, that enjoyments which by their very nature do not reach and cannot satisfy our higher faculties, may, by orderly subjection to superior joys, put on a new and more dignified quality ; as material substances assume the dignity of intelligence, and the sacredness of life then they are moulded by the forming spirit into a glorious organization corresponding with itself. Wherefore after enforcing obedience to His Commandments, He says : "These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full :"\* not emptied, not taken away, but filled, and made permanent. Now the Lord's joy cannot "remain" with the spirit of impious discontent ; and therefore it is plain that if they who complain with bitterness of their occasional want were relieved from its pressure, transferred from the lean wilderness through which God leads them to a land of plenty, fed with viands richer than any in the flesh-pots of Egypt, they would find their joy empty and transitory. The contentment, or rather

\* John xv. 11.

the satisfaction, they hoped for, would not be realized. The keenness of hunger which at first gave zest to every morsel, would leave them, and prove that only spiritual appetites can be always active and find enduring satisfaction in every good.

There is a mystery in the progression of human life from the opening of any particular state, to the attainment of its fulness, which no description can adequately portray. The man who from youth to age has lived in one general condition of spirit, simply adding to his stock of worldly knowledge, and moderating his pursuit of worldly pleasures by experience of the limited range of their power, attains to somewhat of practical wisdom which he never dreamed of in early life. He then thought himself wise, because he saw and coveted many things which "seemed good for food and pleasant to the eyes;" but now he has felt the satiety of enjoyment, and he selects a few pleasures which most consist with quietness and ease. These he enjoys again and again with temperance and without satiety, because their selection is the result of experience of their effects, and because knowledge of the extent of their capability of conferring happiness, imparts a rational quality to enjoyments which, when over-estimated, are merely animal.

Let the worldly, then, learn of the worldly-wise, if they will not learn of the spiritually-minded, and gather from their experience that the sharpness of want may be alleviated to some extent by reflecting on the limited power of plenty; and having thus attained to some contentment, let them lift up their minds to Him who governs all things, and

add spiritual obedience to natural content, that patience may have "its most perfect work." Their first attainment will be gain, for it will not lessen their store while it assuages the anxiety which preys upon their hearts; and their second state will change natural quiet into spiritual peace, and prove by the demonstration of blessedness that "Godliness with contentment is great gain."



## IX.

### THE LIMITS AND MYSTERIES OF KNOWLEDGE.

"We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections. Unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment."—LOCKE.

**W**HATEVER may be the pride of human wisdom, or the activity of man's desire, there is a limit in things mental as well as in physical things, beyond which no wit can predicate anything certain, nor any ambition do more than fight with shadows.

There are certain elements in every region of existence which may be called primaries, and it is no small part of sound intelligence to know what they are, and to separate them into homogeneous classes, so that inquiry may not be bewildered and disquisition made a puzzle.

In the material world there are primordials, to some or other of which all composites are referable, and whatever inventive genius may discover for the enlargement of social comfort, is but an adaptation of original powers which God had previously made ready for the use of man, when his mind should develop a further rudimental image of His own

power, and assert in composition and adaptation a finite likeness of creation. Nor is it different in the mental world. The elements of thought and affection which exist in man as a merely natural being, are in a sense "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," and one man is distinguished from another, and classed more highly than his fellows, only according to the degree in which he is able to subordinate and arrange and cultivate them, so that the nobler may act with peculiar energy. Hence flows, amidst all the variety of imagination, a somewhat of sameness with the sober and chastised, and it is this very substratum of sameness which binds mind to mind, and links heart to heart; which pours not offensively but gratefully into the grey twilight of quiet souls, the playful light of original fancy, and stirs the sluggish sympathies of the mere plodder with the kindling radiations of another's enthusiasm.

The grand distinction which seems to exist between the universal elements of the natural mind, and the universal elements of matter, seems to be that the one, as the basis of an everlasting and intelligent being, is capable of receiving new qualities from the development of the internal man, and of being elevated in dignity, because in regenerated power, so continually, that its original form and quality may become all but invisible by excess of glory; while the other appears subject to agencies less numerous and potent and capable of departing in a far more limited degree from that original state in which length, breadth, and thickness, were its definition: but, after all, the capabilities of the one may be as vast as the capabilities of the other, and we standing but

on the threshold of material science, and wanting that deeper intuition into all constitutions which possibly connects at one glance the spiritual with the corporeal, may err in judgment, not discerning that mystery of godliness in all things which harmonizes the insentient with the intelligent, and to every change of quality in thought and affection presents material associations responsive in their order ; a firmament of power most wonderful, because, in its inmost forms inaccessible to consciousness, and invisible to sense. Here let our speculations stop, not without some effort ; for we love metaphysics, and have laboured not a little to find a clew which would guide us through their nebulous domain to some inner sphere where the light of the sun would be blackness, and truth itself made everything transparent. Sufficient for our present purpose to have premised so much as an excuse for any lack of originality in discussing the common topics of ordinary life. Ours is a beaten track, and the general ideas suggested by the route must necessarily have existed in every reflecting mind, whether skilled to pen them for the use of others, or mute as to that lasting utterance whose words go out to the end of the world, and whose speech is as the voice of myriads of the dead still present as movers of our thoughts, and still inhabiting with us in the communings of experience. Mysteries and mighty powers surround us. O everlasting Mind, how vast thy sway, how various, and how startling thy attributes ! A single idea may endure from age to age, imperishable as a universe, and be through never-ending time an element of power in modelling the world after the fashion of itself.



Some men can write, some can speak, and some can do neither ; but all, in whom consciousness itself is not witless, can think of their interests and feel their trials ; but the interests of all men are the same, and their trials similar, so long as we do not enter a sphere in which purely spiritual principles become supreme. As natural beings with the light of reason to guide us, and the coldly accepted illustration of the Word to set reason itself right, we are all alike, and hence there is great sameness even in the general ideas which all writers present to us upon the subject of our relative condition. Triteness must pursue our speculations because the paths of *care* have been trodden by all human feet, ever since God made progression by purification the best characteristic of human life ; but though we have none but the old elements to work with, we may be able to place them in bolder contrast, or in more harmonious juxtaposition. Nature, "ever charming, ever new," does not refresh the soul, and stimulate the weary spirits by a shifting panorama in which all date and record of past states is blotted out by no recurrence of the like : on the contrary, the seasons return, and grateful vicissitudes of day and night give time itself identity, and make all sublunary things in some sort kindred, as being subject to the same mutations. The excitement of novelty, and the impression of before unknown or unappreciated grandeur, sweetness, beauty or peace, more frequently arise from our own state, on view of that which we admire, than from anything in the object itself, for that we may have seen before without any such emotion ; but another reason for various effect, from the same objects, and perhaps not the least powerful, is the

point of view from which they are seen. A change in the position of the spectator seems to be analogous to a change in his own state. Let any lover of nature stand in a broad rich valley, the clear sun high over head, and the short bright grass beneath his feet, a river rolling by him with a surface slightly curled by a soft breeze, while its transparent depths display thousands of silvery fins; and in the distance, though not far off, a deep wood waves drowsily on some precipitous bluff which overhangs the waters; and how different his sensations and the general vein of thought based upon them from those caused by the same scene, if he be placed within the wood itself. The valley then stretches beneath in broken detail, according as the vagrant branches through which he looks, permit or partially break his view. The scene calls up a new train of associations. Before, it was as the lap of earth into which a benign Providence had cast the treasure of abundance, where flocks and herds might fatten, and whence man might return "bringing his sheaves with him;" but now it is as the background of a romantic picture which appeals to fancy rather than to reason. The pleasure experienced in the second view may perhaps be called the delight of beauty; and the effect of that delight is to abstract the actual world from our thought as a place of appointed duty, and to surrender us for the time to a sort of bland delirium in which the poetic and the chivalresque seem to mingle; while the pleasure experienced in the first view may perhaps be called the delight of the beauty of use, and the effect of that delight may find its expression in the words: "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches."

One example, if it be understood, is as good as a thousand in illustration of the fact, that the effects which the works of nature produce in us depend very much upon the point of view from which we contemplate them; and analogy will easily transfer the image to the mind, and see the reason why novel effects are sometimes produced by trite common-places. Indeed, if it were consistent with our present object, we could easily shew that in these observations we have opened the study of a subject of inquiry of the most interesting kind; but something more of reflection and experience are necessary to enable us to pursue the inquiry to a fruitful conclusion. We, therefore, leave this topic for the present, and content ourselves with the simple question: "Is our progressive wisdom anything more than seeing things in successively different points of view?"

To return to our "Cares."

It may seem little consistent with spiritual wisdom to follow the natural course of thought upon this endless subject, even though it should lead us, as it were, into the marketplace, where buyer and seller both strive for advantages; or into the factory, where labour and poverty seem at issue with science and capital. There is somewhat rude in such realities. The literary man would choose a pitch of composition which should out-tower the actual forms of graceless evil; and the religious man may be doubtful whether the gold does not become dim, and the most fine gold changed, by such contact with the world's dross. It does indeed seem more dignified to discuss good and evil as principles in their general forms, than to pursue them into special instances; but that is only another example of

the tendency of men to estimate as dignified that which is useless; not indeed that general principles in moral and religious discussions are more than *relatively* useless; but that they are useless, to a great extent, is evident from the fact that two men shall agree in accepting the same principle, while the practice of each, in actual cases to which that principle is strictly applicable, may be entirely at variance, and both wrong. The world seems now to require a new order of philosophers; men whose speculative knowledge shall be based on a knowledge of the world enlightened by spiritual truth, and whose disquisitions on what is, and on what ought to be, shall search the life as well as the heart. These are the days of the rule of the rod of iron. The fearful touch of false refinement does not consist with the restitution of mankind to that vigorous sensibility which detects vice before error, and starts more at a practical violation of right than at a mountain of mistaken theory. Truth must in these days assume such a form, that no man who desires to see the error of his ways can escape conviction, in cases of marked deviation; and it is high time that the counter and the hearth should be seen to be, as in truth they are, the especial arena of religion. Let us proclaim the truth. God is worshipped in our works, that is in our *work*, be it what it may. Henceforth let those who are earnestly desirous to evangelize the world, remember that the three great requisites which Demosthenes prescribed in oratory, are not less essential to religion: "Action, action, action;" and let all other parts of Christianity be valued only as they give life and soul to this.

Where are we? Critics may methodize as they choose,

and stop the warm current of pressing thought by formal lines and angles which nature hates; but we who write as the heart dictates, and that which the heart dictates first, have no fear that our readers will shut their hearts against us, because we ramble again and again from the strictness of correct disquisition. Where men write from cold judgment and judge wrongly of their method, or lay down a prim plan and then run riot from it, our condemnation is prompt and stern; but where emotion springs from our very nature, and methodized reason is too stiff and cold for kindling zeal, who can help himself? Who can deny us his sympathy? A man without a heart. Let him, if such a one there be, let him mock us while we ramble, and chide because we do not poise our emotions artfully, and measure our argument beforehand. Let him lay out the lucubrate corpse which stiffens in his hand, and coffin his ideas within the limitations of prescribed exactness. We have no time for it. In the midst of business we seize what passes in our mind, if we feel it strongly, and present it heartily to those who live as we do. Here is our hand, and let those grasp it who find it help them.

In our last paper we made some remarks on the saying: "Fat sorrow is better than lean," and endeavoured to enforce the truth, that an equal fate,—equal in some way,—is meted to all. We know that it is difficult to preach patience and resignation to the poor without being understood to advocate all existing oppressions, and to lend to tyranny the sanction of religion. If our strong reasons make a man ashamed of himself, the ready resource is to fortify his unsound positions by strong prejudices. Hence

we no sooner beat him in the argument than he discovers that our motives are bad. If he could beat us we might still retain the character of "a good sort of man;" but as we are the victors, it is plain that we are designing knaves, and under the covert of this assumption, our opponent declares that all our closeness of argumentation is mere subtlety. He calls our unanswerable reasons fine plausibilities; and when he is dumbfounded by our conclusiveness, he professes himself astonished at our impudence; but if a more charitable man should sit in judgment upon us, he may fence off our home-thrusts by the reflection that we are mere speculators, bookworms, whose intercourse has been chiefly with the wits of the absent or the dead, which are shelved within the four walls of a study. We, however, claim the dignity of actual knowledge, and think we know something of the world because we are in it, and have been in it all our lives. We have seen the activity of its principles, and felt its grinding power. We speak what we know.

We once knew a working man of sober industrious habits, married, but childless, possessing some few score pounds which he husbanded against "a rainy day," and earning on an average about twelve or fourteen shillings a week, which his wife augmented by a few shillings for her work as a laundress. This man was zealous in advocating the rights of the industrious classes, and not a little splenetic against those who never soil their hands with iron tools, nor permit steel-filings or sawdust to come between the wind and their gentility. Nothing appeared to him more certain than that the higher classes were in league to keep all the good things

to themselves; and it seemed quite reasonable that he should complain of such selfishness, and determine to do his share in opposing such rapacity. What indeed can be more provoking than to see a number of men who would be starved to death in a month if they had to plough for a living, ride with sleek authority upon the neck of general labour, and goad its mighty energies for their own profit? The truth is, they ought to be shaken off and jostled into their proper places in society, according to the strength of their muscles, and their capability of lifting so many pounds weight, so many inches high, during so many hours in the day. Nothing can be clearer than this, to those who estimate men as they estimate steam-engines. Our friend was rather scientific here, though not a scientific man. He took the steam-engine plan of estimation, and settled all the nonsense of ranks and degrees by one stroke, not indeed of the piston, but of his tongue. For the rest, he was really a very decent man in his way. Well! times grew favourable to the development of the muscular theory, and I found my man more than usually careful about the welfare of the people, that is, of the poor. He was one of the foremost to join a very popular institution, of which the professed object was to ensure to the working man a reward for his labour which should always command the necessaries, and perhaps the comforts of life. A higher rate of wages, or, what is the same thing at the year's end, a more constant payment of the same, was therefore to be obtained. This seemed to me to require the discovery of a sort of perpetual motion in business, perpetual production, and perpetual adequate demand. How the problem was to be solved I

could not see, more especially as I had so often seen bare prime cost not attainable under the old system, and sometimes no sales possible even at a little loss. Some men, however, about that time discovered no difficulty in getting a profit upon higher cost. Our friend was one of the number, and as he seemed to understand the matter, I left him to manage it.

Somehow the grand design which operative wisdom had concocted, met the fate of all previous attempts of the same kind. The intelligence which directed it was not sufficiently sound, and the integrity and catholic benevolence of its agents were not less suspicious than the integrity and benevolence of those against whose interests its energies were especially wielded. As respected the public, "The Trades Union" was signalized by breaches of the peace, and as respected its own members, the most prominent followed the old plan of dividing the treasury among themselves; always excepting those bolder cases in which some one member might be able to run off with it in a lump.

I foresaw some such termination of this probably well-meant, but futile equalization. I foresaw it not only from past experience, but from present knowledge, that the morality of the world is not yet sound enough to bear the mighty structure of a well-compacted system in which all interests shall be made to amalgamate, and where the security of moderation shall be certainly attained by preventing the possibility of selfish exaction and excess. When the association tottered to its fall, the subject of my narrative grew less vaunting, and his manner implied much less of "assault and battery" in case of opposition. It fell,



and left him "a sadder and a wiser man," for in a short time I found him entertaining a more reasonable plan for his own advancement, and was happy to be applied to for assistance. He had often observed with distant envy the easy positions of those who "have the parish at their backs," and felt a strong desire to try for something in the public line. He wrote a fair hand, rather stiff from want of use, but retrievable into more ease, and sufficiently good for any plain purpose. As to accounts, he held himself no cipher there. He had "rule o' three" and "fractions" at his fingers' ends, and gave me trippingly some specimens of his compound "multiplication table." He had no fear so far of any hard questions in figures which a board of gentlemen might think fit to ask him. He was confident of his ability to keep order among those whom it might be his duty to overlook, and if his situation required much walking he was the very man to do it, for the last boaster who offered to contend with him dared not make his appearance on the ground, and his regular pace was five miles an hour. In sober truth his pretensions were respectable, and his testimonials of such weight as to carry him smoothly and at once into office.

He was now to enjoy the envied ease of exemption from manual labour, and to feel the complacency which conscious security gives to those who are elevated above the degrading assaults of want. On the one hand was an income of sufficient amount as certain as rent-day, a house at free cost, and other comfortable additions, more than enough as matter of hopeless prospect to rouse a "working man" against their lucky possessor, and bid him either share, as of

common right, such means of happiness, or sit down among his selfish indulgences with the curse of honest poverty on his head. On the other hand was the pleasure of exercising authority over men, and of being estimated by those still higher than himself as a rising and superior man. Want of work was out of the question now, as matter of complaint, and the care of superintending others replaced the slavery of actual toil. To-morrow was provided for, and he was master of to-day. If there was a good deal of work to be done before night he was able and willing to do it, and if it were an easy day he could enjoy it, without any fear about the next.

After some experience of his new office I noticed an expression of thoughtful anxiety creeping over the whole man, quite different from that ruffling of the mere surface which inexperienced people mistake for deep trouble. His gait had lost part of its free careless swing, though he walked quickly as usual. I saw the reason of the change. He carried a red book under his arm, and it filled him with strange business. He had now "the parish at his back!"

Before long I had hints that all was not well. I was quite sure of his honesty, and therefore did not feel that my share of responsibility was oppressive, but doubtful answers were returned to my inquiries about his progress in that happy mystery of well-paid idleness which he was now privileged to look into. As time went on things grew worse. He was worried by his place, and his employers were disappointed in him. At length I heard that he had given notice to leave his situation. I commiserated him in this

issue of hopes apparently so certain of a better, and inquired the reason of it. "Why, sir," said my informant, "he owns that he had no idea what would be required of him in the place, and confesses that he is incompetent to fill it. He will do as well as he can until his notice expires, and, in fact, will pay me to help him." "I am very sorry indeed," said I, "to hear this, because I thought him a worthy man, and he seemed to have so much even of the military spirit about him, that I reckoned securely upon his nerves bearing him through any difficulties which might arise in his business."

"Ay, sir; I know you recommended him, but he can't do it. He is honest and active, but knows nothing of business. Two things at once are too many for him. It is of no use to explain, and to tell him how to go on, he is confused directly. He has no head; and so if you leave him to himself, he is lost."

Thus ended an instructive experiment in real life. Whether the subject of the experiment gathered much wisdom from it, I know not; but we may draw the conclusion for him that troubles which are not seen are often far greater than those which are apparent. He at least did not find "fat sorrow better than lean."

We have now proved that we are something more than mere speculators, and take up the thread of general dissertation with some of the authority of experience.

Let me describe a "working man," a steady, sober working man. I know him well, and value him pretty nearly according to the gold that is in him. Some have a good deal and some have very little of it; but we will take

an average example. Born in the sphere in which he lives he knows few artificial wants, and finds a few pleasures, for the most part not difficult of attainment, sufficient to give zest to life. When trade is pretty good he is free as air. He need not work to-day, because he is sure of work to-morrow. He is as independent as carelessness can make him, for duties of any kind, though they sit upon him, and he feels them, sit but lightly. In the workshop with his mates, there is little gloom and much wit. Though he works skilfully and quickly, his toil is merely mechanical. He has learnt his trade, and long practice has made its operations matter of habit, almost without thought. His mind is free, and such reflection as newspapers and common report can excite, he indulges in dreamily, or utters oracularly. There is a satisfied certainty in his conclusions concerning the most difficult political and social problems of the age, which is a standing mockery of men who think and live, and live and think, till they see there are two sides to every question. In the intervals of talk he sings, perhaps, a hackneyed song or a snatch of it as the shuttle flies, or the jacks fall; but he sings from his heart, and there is comfort in the sound, not to mention the sweetness of it too, sometimes. Then who can describe the play of jocularity which sets the shop in a roar; or the grave discussions at which truant schoolboys might delight to assist? He is, too, most likely a follower of the gentle craft, and practically versed in the mysteries of quaint old Isaac Walton. The loom is suspended while he details his experience in the strength of single hairs, the quality of China twist, the length and weight of fly rods, or the best method of making or whipping on a brown hackle or a green or grey drake.

The fate of nations might be discussed with less energy. The deeds of former days are recounted again and again. Once more he flings a plummet line to the far-off bottom where the leather-jawed barbel lie; or, trolling, lands a yawning pike, or finds the reward of twelve hours' patient watchfulness, a noble salmon, while the lighter and more graceful pursuit of the dainty speckled trout furnishes a never-ending tale of rippling brooks, and hollow banks, and swift bright currents, which yielded up a modest basket of perhaps a dozen fish only, but that was enough for sport, and a supper after half a day in the free forest air. No words are too hard to be applied to the murderous net, and to those who go to the haunts of fishermen for mere slaughter, while the decay of the delicate "art of angling" is feelingly lamented. Fish it is confessed are scarce and degenerate now, few and small, but whose fault is it? Not the honest anglers, and indeed the knowing ones can still tell you, "an' they would," where to find a good dish. It is still worth while, they say, to make up a very small quiet party, and try some well-known "holes" where trout used to be plenty; and so a party is made up. Thus time flies unheeded, and brings his heathen Sundays, his idle Saint Mondays, and his half-broken sauntering Tuesdays. One might imagine that there could be no great enjoyment in strolling along a flat meadow by the margin of some brook, meandering as it brawls over shining pebbles and smooth or wrinkled sands; but there saunters "the pale mechanic" wrapt in a world of calm sensation which no deep thought can enter, and no gnawing anxiety invade. He has for the time no positive ideas. Sensation stands for thought. The

cawing of distant rooks, the twittering of songless birds, the shrill call of the grasshopper, the hum of honey-laden bees, the free breeze, the gently waving woods, and, as he approaches some covert more nearly, the voice of that singing which unites melody, sincerity, and joy; all these enter their appropriate organs, and their excitement takes the place of reflection. Nature acts on the man simply as a corporeal being, and her blandest influences move his sensibilities. To feel is to be happy. Hearing is a delight, and to see is the revelation of beauty.

Now the dark side of the picture. Trade fails and the labouring loom stands still. The scanty surplus of prosperity is but a slender resource for adversity. Debt follows shortness of work, and want follows debt. Day after day the poor man's mind is weighed down with the task of fencing out utter starvation. Expedients are resorted to which on retrospect appear chimerical even to the sufferer himself. When he has surmounted all his difficulties, and a return of labour brings comparative comfort, he will say: "I cannot tell you how we got through. I only know that we did somehow live it out;" but until relief comes with a revival of trade, the pressure continues and the grand problem for this rational and immortal being is how to get his family over the next meal. His song is gone, and his countenance is "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Want freezes his leanness and he becomes morose. If he is religiously disposed, but has not attained to any clear perception of the searching infinity of Divine Providence, the helps of quiet strenuous prudence, the power of self-denial, and the surpassing importance of entering as God sees best into that

eternity of which hunger seems not unlikely to open the gates—he forgets to pray, and fears to look forward. His very vitals are chill, and his head is faint. What is to be done? His children weep for bread, but he has no bread to give them. He hardly dare look at his pallid, weary, sinking wife. Consciousness of impiety is yet strong enough to shut the mouth of imprecation, but his secret ejaculation is: “Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man-child conceived.”

Our object is not a picture, but a moral, or it would be easy to fill up the outline of wretchedness by such an accumulation of harrowing touches as would contract the breath of sympathy, and make soft benevolence afraid to read on. Sufficient that the, alas! not imaginary sufferer reaches that pitch of misery to which sharper assaults can add no suffering. He falls into a sort of moral swoon, and takes no note of added horrors. To feel more keenly would be nothing less than the agony of death. He is nearly insensate now, and so the breath remains in him. Prudence may single out his errors of management, and Industry may reproach him with many a wasted hour; but their counsels must come at another time. This is the season for benevolence, and she sees him only as a man perishing with hunger. His claim for relief rests simply in his name—man: and he who can withhold it from him is little to be envied. Let then benevolence relieve him, prudence fortify comparative plenty, and regular industry elevate him to the condition of a master workman. Is he much happier than he might have been if the two last virtues had always kept his house? Measure happiness by nervous quiet and few

responsibilities, and he is not nearly so happy. Formerly his mind was little cumbered, even while at work, and, work done, he had no need to think about it. Not so now. His leisure is labour, and the unseen toil of the brain takes place of the more ostentatious labour of the hands. It is impossible to describe the peculiar difference of his state, so as to convey an adequate idea to the inexperienced and superficial. At present we will only illustrate it by one comparison, reserving to some future time a more elaborate attempt to simplify this important part of the philosophy of common life.

In prosperity a mere workman may be compared to one who launches his light shallop on the waves, pulls boldly into every creek where vagrant fancy sits to beckon him, and, heedless of sunken rocks or sudden shallows, floats before the breeze, careless whither it blows him so that it blows but softly. The master-man sails in a heavier craft, and carries weight enough to sink him if he is careless. He too may bask in the summer sun upon the dancing billows, and as he glides along, survey with gathering delight the changing coast, clad with various beauty, mantled with antique forests, or undulating in a thousand rounded hills, bare and brown, but eloquent of ages past, and telling man how fugitive and little he is in comparison of those sentinels of time. A sort of pleasing humiliation may possess him as nature's mighty works pass in review before him; the footsteps of unrecorded ages wearing her giant rocks to ruin, and eternity glassing itself in the tremendous deep. A land breeze may bear delicious fragrance to him, and costly viands gratify his taste. Hope of gain may add



imaginary beauties to his route, and the pride of possession re-tell his wealth; but it all swims with him. His sea-boat is laden deeply, and must have some fathoms. Care must set a watch to keep the true course, and while all is smiles around, subdued anxiety weighs upon his heart. He seems to laugh and sing and talk with free abandonment of soul. The gracious influences of earth, air, and heaven are on him and he is happy; but with all his happiness he holds unseen a plummet in his hand, and registers the soundings.




## X.

### THE PREACHER.

"For though I preach the gospel, I have nothing to glory of ; for necessity is laid upon me ; yea woe is me if I preach not the gospel ! For if I do this thing willingly I have a reward : but if against my will, a dispensation of the gospel is committed unto me."—  
1 COR. ix. 16, 17.

"Yea for Thy sake are we killed all the day long."—PSALM xliv. 22.

IX years have passed since we last discussed the "Cares of the World," and a review of the lucubrations of so long ago is like listening to once loved but long forgotten themes, drawn by mystic power from the memory of a departed spirit ; for the spirit we then had, the motive power of the life we then lived, seems to have left us. We are not the same. "*Non sum qualis eram*" is on our signet now, and we hardly know how to bring past and present together. The old manuscript is undeniably in our own writing, and even the ideas have a consonancy with our nature which testifies their source, and yet it seems impossible to take them up again and pour into our genuine old words the vitality which gave them

birth. We feel that our life is in them, but life changes, and forms of thought once adapted for then present affection, seem notched and rugged, or narrow and stifling, or wide and vague, when the true work of time has been done within us, and we approach more nearly to that reverent possession of our powers which submits them all as instruments of love to God, and gathers them into one constant effort to do well, to think deeply, and to be at peace. Whatever intellectual forms do not agree with this effort, are cast off as the slough of snakes, or lie like the frozen scoræ of extinct volcanoes around the craters whence they blazed. Not indeed that so vast a change can be literally experienced, except by those who have "passed from death unto life" since the period reviewed, but a measure of it accompanies all spiritual progression, and six years of active and mature life fill a large space in the appointed time of man. Hence therefore the difficulty of complying with repeated and urgent inquiries for a continuation of papers which were chiefly interesting, because they took a lower level than pure spiritual disquisition, and laid hold of common sympathies by treating of common things.

Might it not be useful to inquire whether even this difficulty itself is not evidence of a mixed state, still far, far indeed, from that perfection which never loses its aptitude for any one use by the acquisition of new capabilities; but rather comprises all the previous in the present, and collates each successive state into the order of universal use, which is the order of heaven? Is such perfection possible to man? Is not such universal and abiding aptitude for every former use, and for all newer uses, an attribute

too high for us? Are not even angelic uses circumscribed by the conditions of regeneration, and are not the "childish things" of early simplicity "put away," when the simplicity of wisdom fills the will? May we not allowably think that the intense happiness of heaven itself is the result of specific determinations of love, as the enormous production of earthly goods results from the division of labour. Analogy favours the idea; but is it safe to apply the conditions of a perfect state, if we knew them, to the duties which an imperfect state demands? There the utmost use of every one is ascertained; here it is uncertain; and even were it otherwise, no man can tell what further purification and sublimation may be imparted to his distinguishing use by every effort to be universally useful. Our pattern is the Infinite God, and His command is: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect;" for although the attainment of such absolute perfection is impossible, yet we are to obey the command and press on towards the "mark of our high calling," for ever and ever; but how are we hindered by the engrossing power of present cares! If the tempted and the tried who have gone before us found difficulties beset the path of even passive duty, and were often forced to utter the lament—

"What various hindrances we meet  
In coming to the mercy-seat;"

how much more shall they besiege us on every hand when an active duty is demanded of us for which we seem to have no time, and, worse than all, no state! Even to begin appears a task beyond all conscious power, the

revolutions of life itself want turning back, and old mental arrangements which ages of new states have buried, must be laid bare and quickened into energy again. Who can do it? What helps are ready? What shall enable us to feel again the living glow of sympathy with departed thoughts, once so active and so real, which now walk like ghosts in the cold moonlight of obscure memory? Perhaps it is only hurtful to ask such questions. Distrust of God and hopelessness of good may hunt all uses out of life. We may interrogate ourselves in this way until the mind loses its fair poise, and becomes an unjust balance. The spirit of impatience explodes all mental energy in rapid words, and mistakes the negations of passion for the vigorous inquiries of determined reason. We may gabble ourselves mad with such soliloquy, and make utterly void the encouraging command; "If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, *and it shall be given him.*" We were asking, but not of God. Let us ask of God, and receive the fulfilment of His promise. "Ask, and ye shall receive," according to the measure of that faith which begins to spring up as soon as we turn to Him. Let us gather heart also from the condition of others, and open a page, not in our own life only, but in the life of many. "Six years!" "Six days!" "Six days shalt thou labour." The period seems to suggest thoughts of travail, and to none is it so constantly suggestive as those who, in the midst of the world's business, and pressed by numerous worldly dangers, still feel with each returning Sabbath, "Woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel!" Some indeed preach the gospel

"of envy and strife," and some from self-glory; but I speak of those who preach the gospel because they feel its truth, they love its holiness, and they desire to extend the true kingdom of God by the enforcement of a holy life, sadly conscious all the while of their own shortcomings, which make them fear to touch the ark even while they are expounding the law. There are some such. Surely there are many such in all communions, and wherever they may be, the depth of their sincerity will be the measure of their torment. Week after week comes chasing on, and brings no rest to them. Others have got through their six days, and wake to a sense of blessed, though temporary, deliverance from their cares. The Word is open for their quiet instruction at home, and they have time to read it; while in public they gather increased devotion from united worship.

The ministrations of prayer are as the tranquil joys of holy gratitude, and as the humble silence of repentance which waits for the forgiveness of unfailing love. The Lord is there in the midst of them as "The Lord merciful and gracious, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin," and His presence, though varied in each, is yet real to all who "worship Him in spirit and in truth." Wherever, therefore, there is iniquity mourned, transgression confessed, or sin repented of, there also is the Divine forgiveness and mercy; and there consequently the Lord Himself, drawing the soul out of the shadows of the world, and setting its best though languid affections in the light of heaven. The morning and the evening sacrifices are refreshing. Nothing disturbs the tranquil ejaculation, "Lord,

it is good for us to be here ;” for even though the chastisements of truth be felt under the ministrations of the Word, their necessity is perceived from the very state which smarts beneath them, and the pains of abasement are compensated by the cheering helps of all the promises. Even during the visitations of Divine Truth when it “maketh inquisition for blood” the conscious sinner may still exhort himself to better hopes by the remembrance of former struggles, saying again and again, “Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God ; for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God.” Perhaps the cloud lingers more or less during the whole service, and it is not easy to wait for the fulfilment of the prayer, “Send thine arm from above ; rid me and deliver me ;” but if “tribulation worketh patience,” our state is highly favourable to the appropriation of truths, which under other circumstances, and in any other place, would pass away unheeded by the will, and experience of support from well-known words, which had been hitherto mere commonplaces, exalts our conceptions of the power of the Lord the Comforter, by revealing infinity in every truth. Thus from patience in tribulation, we gather experience of the Divine Power, and from experience of the Divine Power, hope beams through all our darkness and makes us “not ashamed” to confess the love of God in His rebukes ; but although painful experiences attend all who worship with deep sincerity under a good and able minister, they do not beset every offering and service, but rather are exceptions to the general rule that truth is confirmed, good made active, and the whole man

filled, for the time at least, with the light of genuine wisdom, and the sober gladness of praise which sings "with understanding." How often have hearers wished that every day were a Sabbath! Not, perhaps, that they would really change the ordinations of Divine Providence so widely; but as an intense manner of declaring their enjoyment of the spiritual banquet prepared for them in the house of the Lord. They are able without straining emotion beyond reality to embody their feelings in the words of the Song of Songs, "He led me to His banquet-house and His banner over me was love;" and they wish to go again and again to "taste and see that the Lord is gracious." Not so the preacher. He is to act upon others, not to be acted upon by them, except as reflectors of his own action. He is not privileged to have the contentions of the flesh and the spirit soothed and calmed by the voice of one set apart for that beautiful duty of Christian charity. Worn by the conflict of all the cares to which other men are exposed, another load is laid upon him; not "the daily care of all the churches," which human ambition might help him to bear; but the care of God's truth in his house; perhaps his humble, very humble house, and among a few disciples who contribute none of the excitements which attend a numerous audience and a popular cause. Whatever the prostration of soul and body; whatever the besetments of foul influences, his thoughts must be of the true and the good; and whatever the feebleness of physical power, he must speak in the name of the Lord; but generalities are weak. Let us assume his character and take him in the conflict when darkness and light contend for his



activities, and crowding evils possess every conscious avenue of heaven.

It is Saturday night. A week of labour has been done: hard labour, the penalty of sin which makes much leisure dangerous to man. Perhaps we think of this and see our safeguard in the very toil which wears down all buoyancy of spirit; but to see and to feel are not the same thing, and a large measure of sensibilities, as well as of perceptions, is requisite to constitute a new state which may be the spring of renewed spiritual activities. Just at this moment a friend calls upon us. He might have chosen "a more convenient season," but it is not much matter. We can do nothing at present, and a social sphere may, perhaps, relieve us. Our friend is "a practical man," and an excellent man of the sort, with warm affections and a ready hand; but with the usual defect of his class—a satisfied consciousness that causes which he does not see are not worth considering, and that states which he has never experienced are merely clouds of the imagination, which the will might easily blow away. We know him, and therefore know beforehand, that although his visit may be useful as a diversion of mind, it can do little to rouse the dormant energies which spiritual sympathy might set in motion. Still, he is welcome, and though hoping no help from him we speak to him of our state; but not much, for he is in a hurry to comfort us, and to prove that there is no need for so much distress.

"My dear sir," he exclaims with cordial emphasis, "you are wrong, entirely wrong. You are indeed. I don't believe at all in the necessity of having nothing to do but to preach on a Sunday. We don't want learning and much

ado about ancient geography, and what you call the fauna and the flora of sacred lands, which so many waste their lives on to no purpose. There's nothing of that sort in the land we want to go to, I imagine, and as for Latin and Greek there is neither of them in the other world, and we can do very well without them in this. At all events we don't want them from the pulpit. What we want is something plain and simple; something bearing upon what we are all doing every day of our lives, and I say that there is no college for it equal to the world we live in. I mean business—the business world. What preparation for the enforcement of the righteousness which is of God by the Spirit through the Word, can be more effective than the energetic pursuit of rectitude in the general duties of life? Are not all those duties forms of charity when filled with a spiritual motive; and must not the Spirit which guides the meek in judgment, and teaches them the way of truth in uprightness, give clear perceptions concerning those truths which keep the preacher himself from the paths of the destroyer? Is not active charity the very form of spiritual life? And is not spiritual life, wherever it exists, the very form and heart of all the man, the prime quality which rules the rest,—for if it do not rule it does not exist? Come, come, this mood of yours is not rational. You are giving way to a mere depression of spirits. Shake it off, my dear sir. 'Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.' Speak then, and God speed you. We know what's in you. Nay, don't smile so sadly. I'm telling you the truth. I say we know what's in you; and if you had only as much confidence in yourself as we have in you, I'm sure you

would do well and be cheerful about it." What can one do with such a man? It is distressing to gainsay him. His heart is so full of friendly zeal, that argument would look like unkindness, while the result would be disappointment, not conviction, because no clearer apprehension of experimental truth would compensate for that chill of soul which springs from rebuked affection. The cheering intentions of such a friend demand our gratitude, and as to his intelligence there can be no doubt of it; but with these considerations pressing upon us, we are afraid to speak lest we should bear false witness against our thankfulness; and so a languid smile is the best form our gratitude assumes. Vigorous confidence does not succeed to hearty thanks. Our thanks are not hearty, because we are altogether out of heart, and while it is pleasing to be thought worthy of such an exhortation, nothing is stirred within us but a vague oscillation betwixt somewhat of intellectual quickness, and a thorough nothingness of conscious spiritual power. One thing only is clear. It is eight o'clock, and something must be done. To-morrow brings two services, and people will come to hear us, as unconcerned about these pains and troubles as though we had but to stand up, and the word of the Lord would come to us from heaven. "I will give you a mouth and utterance," might be a promise of every-day fulfilment, so easy do congregations think the duty of their minister. Ask any member of them to take his place, just for once, and then indeed a difficulty is ready to stop compliance; but in nearly every case it is an intellectual difficulty, as though he should say: "I am not clever enough." Clever! what a cold creeping seizes all the blood. Was the

Great Preacher "clever enough"? Is the sermon on the mount a "clever" piece? Yes, indeed, you may well start at the application of such an epithet to such a pouring forth of that wisdom which springs from love; but nothing less will set your thoughts in the right current. A bold juxtaposition of words will frequently do more with the superficial (pardon me, dear reader, this is only a *general* observation) than the most cogent argument, as one vivid gleam which cuts through dense darkness and falls right upon a single object reveals its outline more sharply, and stamps it on the mind more forcibly than all the blaze of day. "Clever enough!" Shall then the servants of the most high God "come out for to see a reed shaken with the wind"? Are you *good* enough? Do you wish to become better by the conscientious performance of a spiritual duty? Do you long to know more of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, by nicer perceptions springing from the love of truth for its own sake? Are your desires and your hopes so set upon the Lord and His truth, that, for the moment at least, you feel able to sink all thought of self, and begin, continue, and end your sermon on Him? Then preach, and enter a new world; a world full of temptations unknown to you before you became a preacher; a world of devastations in which you seem to lose everything; and of chilling blasts which freeze up all the fountains of common emotion, and of darkness which may be felt; and of dreary solitudes where there is no God, nor any certain clew of truth, but wanderings you can't tell whither; and ravening enemies tearing away your most vital convictions; and gaudy visions of "clever" thoughts which handle the truth of God deceit-

fully; "Will-o'-the wisps" which lead you to the quagmires of profanation; and sudden horrors when a ray from heaven points out the pollution and faintness of heart; and the prayer of desperation, when your very feet stand in an icy perspiration, and life itself seems fast ebbing away. You pray, "If it be possible let this cup pass from me." Here is a world which sympathy can rarely enter; for who can know your trials and compass with human consolations all your states? The foolish will judge you out of their foolishness, and look up to you simply as holding superior office and honour. The self-intelligent, who love the world, will envy you your cross, the pulpit, and think that you preach for your own glory, because they burn to preach for theirs. If your health sinks under the conflict, and you still hold on with desperate calmness because the Master seems to say, "Satan hath desired to have you that he might sift you as wheat," but "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," they see nothing in all this but an obstinate determination to be called "Rabbi, Rabbi," and rejoice with hardly decent secrecy, that sheer physical weakness must force you at last to accept the help of their occasional profanations, or to resign altogether, and thus stand no longer in the holy place where their wretched intellects would fain erect an idol to their wretched lusts. Thoughts of this tissue, woven by sombre truth, and turned into instruments of evil by attendant demons, rise thick and fast. What is to be done? What can be done? Something must be allowed to human weakness; but there is no time for more confused pacing about. Sit down. Open the Word. "It is dark and unsuggestive." Never mind. Read it. Remember it is

the wisdom of Omnipotence, and that he who reads the wisdom may also in that very act receive the power to understand it. "Remember! Oh yes, I remember. I remember that it has been so with me; but I remember as men remember dreams. The images are distinct enough, but they have no solidity. I see them but I cannot feel them. I cannot remember that I ever did *feel* them; at all events I do not feel them now."

Time presses on and increased need of instant application brings exterior motives to help those which are interior. Fear of personal discredit, danger of giving the scornful an occasion to mock when they sit to hear the truth, the honour of the Church committed to our charge, and many other considerations of the same class, set the mind in motion, and prove how true it is that "all things work together for good" when the prime motive is good; and that even impure and low principles are made to "do God service" by that tender Omnipotence which will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. The "blackness of darkness" begins to pass away. Exterior motives once in active subordination to a good end present a plane for the reception of superior influx. Better things descend from heaven, and the soul opens to receive them. It is nine o'clock and not a line written, but though late we think of time no longer. Our text is fitted to embody the recent conflict, and to heal all its wounds. "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." The subject grows beneath our pen rapidly, for we only write full notes. Who in such a state could write an *essay* sermon, rounded and elegant,

delicious to the sentimental hearer, but all but useless to the experimental Christian? We at all events could not do it, and would not if we could. Emotion prevails, and that we must stir in those we speak to, not by rhapsody but by the earnestness of a disciplined mind, and by the ready force of that discipline we make our way through every tangle and obscurity of opposing powers, and in three hours we retire to rest with the not unpleasing weariness of calm thought. The world seems to have passed away beneath elevated contemplations, which take in eternity and stretch on from man to God. Wisdom and love are consciously present in the stillness. The turmoil of the week no longer disturbs the mind, but, like the vain and distant lashing of the sea upon shores which it cannot pass, only adds the delight of security to the peace of restrained evil. It is needless to say, "Commune with your own heart, and be still." We are steeped in that communion, and dare not lift a finger against Him that "doeth all things well." Even the torments which so lately beset our approach to the Word, are now seen to be only a part of the regenerative process by which we are divested of our own strength and endued with "power from on high." We rejoice in that power, and our joy is intense in the degree in which we perceive that it is not our own even while we use it. Meditation settles on us, not the continuous thickness of unformed thought which begins from no purpose and ends in no conclusion; not the trance in which both eye and mind are fixed on vacancy and consciousness itself is lost in nothingness; but a clear and intelligent review of the ways of Divine Providence in bringing about within us the union

of good with truth. The mind assumes another dignity from its abasement, as the infestations of evil spirits and the strife of evil tongues give place, and leave us to the teachings of God. Can it be the same mind? What is this mysterious identity which "yet a little while" inhabited the body of fierce contention and rebellion and sin and death, and "again a little while" is clothed upon with the majesty of meekness and the immortality of faith? In each state we seem to be ourselves, and yet how different! which state is the image of our true self? If we were now to die, in which should we be raised again? Would the heavens within us be shut up and the gracious influences which now pervade every sense be clean withheld for ever? Would the earthly, the sensual, and the devilish be our lasting identity, and wring out to us in hell the bitterness of the second death? Or would the power of the Lord God our Redeemer, "who openeth and no man shutteth," throw wide the everlasting gates and give us an abundant entrance to the spirits of the just made perfect, where the peace of God "passeth all understanding," and keepeth every heart? We are self-admonished as we speculate on things to come, and say: "Look to the past and admire His long-suffering. Dwell upon the present and adore His mercy, and leave the future to Him in His faithfulness and His truth." Nature demands her rights. Reflection moves more slowly. Star after star withdraws itself from the firmament of thought. The great lights of mind grow dim. Reason and revelation cease to suggest ideas, but emotion continues; for thankfulness occupies the heart, and confidence and peace smooth the pillow of coming rest. We resign ourselves with deli-



cious helplessness to the care of Him that keepeth Israel, because we know that He will "neither slumber nor sleep," and our inward prayer is, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thoughts, and see if there is any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."



## XI.

WHEN THAT WHICH IS PERFECT, IS COME.

“Sleep on now, and take your rest.”—MATT. xxvi. 45.

What might we not have seen, if never sin  
Had sealed our inner sight with serpent slime,  
And bound us to poor communing with dust,  
Fit food for him? O, blessed sight! which saw  
Bright guardians at the head and feet of Him,  
Thrice holy! who expired for us in shame  
And rose again in glory.

**F**OR the present we will leave the preacher to his repose. Again and again have we endeavoured in vain to follow him through another day, and to examine the states of spiritual conflict and desolation which rise within him when he wakes on the Sabbath, happy indeed that his cares do not “murder sleep;” for he sleeps well. We leave him until the turbid stream of worldly trouble, which has whirled us for years in its absorbing eddies, shall cast us at length upon some shaded strand which life just washes with soft motion; where memory and reflection shall, for a time, take place of action, and placid thought throw up the

images of past things, as a quiet fountain tells the face of heaven and shews another firmament within her breast. Perhaps that season of repose may come sooner than we think : perhaps it may never come, and yet some favourable states may give us power to weave again the former tissue; but meanwhile we are urged to tell how the battle of life has gone with us of late, and in what way we have endeavoured to vindicate the rights of charity in actual business.

It is known that we have done it in high places, and some think it would be useful to tell how. A few discursive thoughts may introduce the story, although it is not certain that any apology will avail to make it tolerable to all. The theme is not of a cast to suit the preconceptions of literary men whose education was formed on the models of the last generation ; for with them the artist outweighs the man, and their "choice of a subject" overshoots the plain things near them. Nor will it suit those whited sepulchres which glisten in the dreary moonlight of unfruitful faith. Too formal to be real and too full of themselves to have room for God and their neighbour, they offer the dead body of unregenerated lusts on the altar of their worship, and while busy with the unsavoury sacrifice they pass delicately by the rougher duties which try human character, and bring down fire from heaven to animate our faith. Sometimes they linger to look at such works, but it is only to pity those who are forced to do them. Every one of this class claims to be "*a child of God,*" and therefore separate from common men. With them the selfish unction of especial blessing turns religion into words and pride which ape—

how gaudily, how emptily!—the truth that points to virtue, and the meekness which learns self-knowledge. Instead of the salutary bitterness of real abasement, they are wrapt in pleasing humiliations which are the mere ceremonials of worship, and the current cant of pious conversation. They know nothing, nor do they want to know anything, of the realities of spiritual regeneration. Formal piety drops and hardens on their sins its gelid crust of desolating salt, which hides, like a mask, the deformities it cannot change, and when death at last dissolves the settled gloss, everything is gone but evil, and that is fixed for ever. To such men the touch of actual business, as matter of spiritual thought, is hard and coarse, while to the learned it savours of the vulgar tongue which everybody knows, and which therefore cannot be so elevated and sentimental as the same or worse ideas which are found in a dead language that hardly anybody knows. The Mount of Olives is deserted, and the avocations of life are looked at from the top of Parnassus. What strange anomalies that view reveals! Thus seen, the daily labours of some men are in themselves not unworthy of the muse; but the great mass of the world are shut out of reflective sympathy, because their avocations are so very common. A schoolmaster, happy in some knowledge of the Greek particles, is sufficiently dignified to be worthy of a dissertation or a magazine article: but what becomes of him if he can only give his boys a sound commercial education? He partakes of the drudgery of the actual world, and "*the tuneful nine*" disdain him. Evidently it is quite absurd to talk of the life and doings of a man who educates only manufacturers and farmers and drapers and book-

keepers and cotton-spinners and all that sort of people who do nothing but feed and clothe the world. Fashion indeed is just beginning to make such teachers tolerable, and a good fashion it is ; but as for the actual manufacturers and farmers and drapers and book-keepers and cotton-spinners whom they have educated, it cannot be endured that they should bring the mill, or the corn market, or the counter, or the counting-house, as it were, bodily under review. If indeed anything could be made of any of them in Latin, with a Ciceronian flow and a smack of pagan philosophy, elegant, calm, and empty, all very well : but then not even the style of Bentley on *Phalaris* could elevate the subject itself as a generic reality. One might single out an individual tradesman as a lay figure for literary adornment ; and skilful folding might make the Roman toga look not so very much amiss upon it ; but all other manufacturers, farmers, drapers, and book-keepers would find themselves just where they were. The elegant scholar would still see his trade, if he had one, under ban "in society." He would reap only *personal* fame, and not the least part of it would be that he could make so much of his "horrid" cotton-spinning. Soldiers who fight, or may have to fight, for the right or the wrong, are presentable "in society," and may give a glitter to historic philosophy if they do not belong to the ranks ; and so are medical men, whether licensed quacks who practise by rote, or those far worthier who perfect their science by continual thought. Even architects and engineers have a dignity not unworthy of letterpress ; while the weal and the woes and the works and the doings of painters and actors and singers and dancers afford unfailing topics of public interest.

In all this there is something to admire and much to blame. Let us try to bottom it. The learned professions are based on principles which may be expanded into a science, and which must be if the professor is to attain great eminence. There is a distinct progression of thought—a process of analysis and induction which may be stretched out so far that we are forced to admire the power which carries it on, and to feel some pride that we are of the same flesh and blood as the very man who makes a whole realm of nature pay him tribute. This is the worship of intellect in the form of science ; but the very same intellect applied to the simpler uses of life which admit of no scientific continuity would have no worshippers. Imagine Newton a grocer, and directing all the powers of his great mind to the careful fulfilment of his duties in trade ! Perhaps he would have saved “a plum” as the reward of first-rate judgment and untiring industry, and spotless worth, and then he would have been stared at for his wealth, and quoted as “a lucky fellow ;” but there are no lines known to literary optics which so converge that a mere grocer standing in their focus can look dignified. Can this be right ? Is life, is action nothing, and thought everything ? How stands the case in heaven ? There the architect will find mansions not made with hands, each suiting its inhabitant and contributing to his delight not by the contrivances of art investing modern comfort with classic grace, but by a spontaneous procession which reflects his states of love and thought in architectural forms, perfect as those states are perfect ; every separate part reflecting some truth which is embodied in his faith, and the general style of the whole house being the express

image of his charity. There, love is everything, and thought is but its form. There love is creative, and each man's love creates his dwelling. No palace can be built there according to the wisdom of exterior science, because there is no hypocrisy in heaven. No regal dome can cover a selfish spirit there, nor can the meek and lowly in heart hide their contentment and their peace under a sordid thatch. The angel is an image of his essential faith and love, and his dwelling is an image of himself. Both harmonize, and imitation of the one is only possible by imitation of the other. In heaven Palladio must forget his learning. Others do not want it, and he himself must live as God pleases, not in a house according to his imagination; but in a house which harmonizes with his life, his love—his love to his neighbour and his love of God. If that life be unworthy of heaven, then indeed he may again become a builder. Then he may construct palaces of fantasy in hell, and inhabit delusions like a maniac.

The physician will find neither disease, nor pain, nor sorrow, nor crying in heaven; for His saving health renews every spirit around the Throne, and the Lord God wipes away all tears from their eyes.

The engineer will find neither time nor space to subdue; for the oath is registered: "There shall be time no longer," and strong affection abolishes all space. The loving long for the beloved, and see them, and dwell with them: for spirits are where their love is, and to will is to be there.

The astronomer will discover that the stars of heaven have no sensuous parallax, and that potent instruments which swept the field of space "*far as archangel's ken*," and

called not "*spirits from the vasty deep*," but worlds upon worlds, and systems upon systems, and suns beyond them all, until imagination reeled with wonder, and the knees of scepticism shook before the revelation of illimitable being, are here not even baubles—they are unknown.

The sculptor will see forms of living beauty so exquisitely perfect that, if compared with them, "*the statue that enchants the world*" would appear crude and coarse; for the lowest in heaven surpass the utmost power of outline and composition on earth as nature surpasses art, and there no evil mars pure excellence; but nature, even human nature, is the unstained revelation of the infinitely perfect. The angels are forms of beauty after no earthly pattern. They are children of the regeneration, born of the spirit: images and likenesses of God. Unutterable graces play around them, and their glance melts the beholder with a sentiment of love too pure for flesh and blood. Bliss stands bodily before him, and sculpture, like John the Revelator, falls at its feet as dead. Her graven images are left behind her, and her cunning ceases in the land where all things earthly are forgotten.

Where in heaven is the field of the soldier? "*Destructions are (there) come to a perpetual end*," and the sword reaps death no longer. Where can the great commander,—guiltless though a slaughterer of men—where can Gustavus Adolphus witness among all spirits the huge iniquity of deadly strife? The Prince of Peace "*who openeth and no man shutteth*" may indeed permit the vision, and allow his shuddering glance to pass the ghastly gates of darkness, and see the raging battle "*where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth*," but in heaven "*they learn war no longer*."



What shall the critic do in heaven? Can Longinus lay down the rules of its sublimity, or Quintilian train "*one of these little ones that believe in Jesus,*" so that he shall attain to that celestial oratory whose communications are "Yea, yea, and Nay, nay?" "*Whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil,*" and therefore cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. Not even the great mover of men, Demosthenes, can impel angelic passions to break "*the peace of God which passeth understanding.*" He can raise no storms and there are no tumults to assuage. The rich lips of Cicero can drop no luscious periods in the heavenly senate. Not even he, clothing exuberant nature with exuberant art, could there discourse magnificent charms. Angels love the simple truth alone, and words are only endured by the lowest as necessary to convey it. The highest do without them.

Perhaps "*one human tear may drop and be forgiven,*" if the scholar yearns in vain to find in heaven some relics of the *litteræ humaniores*; some Sapphic fragment, some Greek Idyl, some Homeric Epos, some song of Horace, or some hymn of Eupolis, or at the least some Christian muse, as where our Milton from his urn of copious purity spreads forth the matchless picture of earth's paradise, and of the first pair, its blest inhabitants. Surely the scholar may lament for these, and hope to find such strains in heaven! Does not heaven itself in them bear witness of itself, and ministering spirits prompt unfallen poetry? Might not the ear of saints made perfect listen to such echoes? So it would seem, for as we rise to their delights, the actual earth passes away, and that on which we stand has lost the mortal rigours which began when sin turned both the poles aslant. This we fondly feel,

and sympathy weeps with the scholar that even his treasures cannot pass the grave: but there is paradise itself, and there are the angels its inhabitants. Reality, known, seen, felt, exceeds all bounds of either free or numerous speech, and Milton himself among the pure in heart forgets his own words: forgets for ever that mighty charm which "*the world will not willingly let die.*" It is dead to him. Even Shakespeare's various wand was taken from him when he put off the crown of nature and retired to immortality. Hamlet sees no ghosts in heaven. Shylock demands no bloody justice there; nor does Ophelia weave a crazy garland while singing wildly of her own sweet love, who marks her constancy with jibes and sombre vague philosophy. Falstaff cannot enter those straight gates, nor the thought of such a witty braggart beast. Even "dainty Ariel" has no witchery to do among the spirits of the just made perfect, and there Othello's noble heart rests secure in love.

What then may hope to survive, if science, art, and poetry have no resurrection? The question startles one, and makes us look back to see if in such sweeping argument there may not be some error. Suppose an error, and then Michael Angelo and Raffaele, because consummate artists, are necessarily angels, for no one could bear the thought that such art as theirs may exist for ever in hell. If then it do exist, there it can only be "*for a time, and times, and half a time,*" until vastation is consummated, and those states are past which permit in each the perception and love of outward beauty, separate from the perception and love of the essential beauty of truth and goodness: but suppose those great men, good men and gone to heaven, is all the artist lost? Or to

come nearer home, take our own Flaxman and contemplate the forms which his pure and tender nature gave us, living with his own love and breathing his own truth. Did he also drop the mantle of innocent phantasy as he went up and entered the joy of his Lord, clad only in charity and faith; the likeness of the divine love, and the image of the divine wisdom? What more does he need? What more can he have? But if among the particulars which compose that faith in him, which is an image of the divine wisdom, there be some analogue of the æsthetic perception which distinguished him on earth, its existence springs from the love, the holy love, which refined the imaginations of other men by its reflections, and thus made art the servant of elevating uses. Love then is the fountain of it. Merely as art it has no continuance, but as a form of use love pours life into it and makes its grace eternal. Such must be the case if there be any analogue in heaven of the imitative arts; but if holy love, embodied in a life of love, be the one only power which can give new grace to art, and if art dies without it, then the quality and measure of the love give the quality and measure of the artistic faculty which survives the grave, and if the simple in heart who have loved much, enter into the *arcana* of celestial wisdom and become dazzling intelligences, while the selfish learned dwindle into mere drivellers who sit in outer darkness and jabber unknown tongues, who shall say that the continual worship of a holy life may not evolve an artistic power in heaven which may so fashion spiritual things to image the divine that the beholder may gather from their contemplation not sentiment but wisdom? So it may be, and if it were our purpose to

conduct an argument upon the permanence of art, many thoughts occur which would modify the general axiom that in love alone is the fountain of all truth, of all happiness, and of all beauty ; of all power to please, to instruct, and to bless ; but now we can only suggest some general courses of reflection, and leave thinkers to follow them if they please. Our business is with sterner themes, and such attractions as these can have place in them only as here and there a sweet flower which weaves itself along the thorny hedge of life.

Love then, active love, love the fountain of use, this is the principle with which we have mainly to do, and in the endeavour to establish this principle within us, the common affairs of the world rise into dignity as the appointed means of our purification from self-love, and of our exaltation into the love of our neighbour and the love of God ; and although the means themselves, the common occupations which call for all the efforts of strenuous duty, and the common cares which empty us "*from vessel to vessel*," are not, and cannot be, topics of elegant dissertation, neither ought they to be daintily kept out of sight as the bad custom is, lest among our abstract wisdom should be found some taint of that actual work which God has given us to do. It is time this form of pride, this resolution of ourselves into lofty intellectualities, this serene contempt of Providence, were done away with, and that spiritual truth took the working world by the hand, not disdaining such fellowship with the temporal ordination of God, but guiding it aright, and finding in the just fulfilment of earthly duties the very basis of heavenly ministrations. To proclaim a more excellent moral principle than

the world yet sees, is better than to discover a new planet ; and to press its adoption as a rule of life, by the example of pure obedience to its dictates, is far nobler than to empty the whole cemetery of time, and make the earth give up every stony monster which existed before the creation of man. Whether we calculate the elements of comets or the cost of corn ; whether we encounter a martyrdom for advocating, with Galileo, a true system of the universe, or are crushed by a bankruptcy because we are too honest to rob the public which has robbed us, the spirit in which we act or suffer is the eternal element which elevates or sinks us ; an element not unworthy of the deepest thought and the most pregnant illustration. The wisdom of the closet has but a feeble voice unless it draws life and power from actual affairs, and falls upon the worn ear of anxiety and toil as the words of one who talks from no cool gaze upon the sufferings of others ; but who speaks "*out of the fulness of the heart,*" and who feels what they feel, because he has been called upon to do what they do. This is the man to speak to the people. This is the man to soothe our cares with counsel which is balm ; to raise our estimate of the worth of life by shewing in his own person what wisdom comes from right action ; and to claim dignity for any calling by marrying it to justice, truth and love. This is the science of living, the inner spirit of common affairs—that in them which is intellectual, consecutive, without measure in time. Even as we write, how different does the mill, the market, or the shop appear, when viewed in relation to a life which they are the means of raising in spiritual quality ! Instead of one

dead level of manual labour or of bargains and balances, we have an ascending series of activities beginning in prudence and ending in wisdom. Instead of a weary round of duties which grind the soul with stale and unprofitable anxiety, we have the same forms of action indeed, the same duties, but they move in a new system. The Sun of righteousness beams on all our path, and the gaze of heaven is upon us. The devouring vortex of self-love is stopped, and our motives springing from regenerate affection as from a centre, carry all things round it in a spiral whose vanishing ratio is that perfect circle which surrounds far-off divinity; for thus we may not unfitly image a spiritual procession in which every new gyration is composed of parts which have more and more nearly the same relation to the central love until at length all the activities of life are drawn into uniform obedience to its attractive power.

What then is this love, this spirit of life which is of such vast importance? It is shewn in the quality of our affections, and their quality is shewn in the ends and purposes of our actions; for purposes are inspired by affections, and affections spring from love. The universal conditions of love are but two—good and evil. Nothing can be simpler. What then is all this stir and mist in which men lose themselves, putting evil for good, and bitter for sweet; following the enchantments of imagination which end in barren nothingness, and neglecting the plain path which God makes straight before the face of the simple? This is indeed the question; the question of questions. The stir is made by thought undisciplined

by sacred truth, and the mist is false persuasion which exhales from hell, and conceals a myriad lurid spirits let loose upon the world to turn the precepts of wisdom into mockery, and hold up the fair visage of religious virtue to the ready contumely of inflamed lust. With what potent branch shall we lay these spirits? How shall we distinguish the real quality of our love from that which it appears to be? Nothing is easier if we really wish to know it. Good is disinterested and goes out to give. Evil is selfish and seeks only its own. No man can mistake his quality in the main if he tries his actions by this simple test : *Am I trying to give, to help, and to guide ; or am I trying only to gain and to enjoy ?* Resist the temptation to many words, and give yourself a plain answer to a plain question. Let me leave you while you do it, and when we commune again together, we will endeavour to draw from the facts of real business, and from the principles of spiritual morality, some uses which may help on the period when religion will no longer be a faith apart from life, a civilized superstition ; a "*Lo here, and lo there,*" as though, after all, the very Word of life were uncertain and phantasmal ; but when it will be everywhere the love of our neighbour as ourselves, and the love of God above all ; when intolerable anxieties from outward causes will be unknown, because selfishness and selfish wrongs will be diminished, and when patience and fortitude, and faith and hope, will turn to blessings all the " cares of the world."

Hiatus valde descendens.





## XII.

### UNFRUITFUL ASPIRATIONS.

"Post Equitem sedet atra Cura."

"Behind the horseman sits black care."—HORACE.

"Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye."—SHAKESPEARE.



GENERATION has passed away since last we wrote of "Cares," and Shakespeare rather than Horace now describes us, for the days of hard riding in the race of life are gone by, when a strong will bade the world give way to the energy of youth in full pursuit of some visionary prelude to contentment; for everything in youth is a prelude. Something is always *going* to be done. What we are now doing is only a preparation; but the world will some day see us at our best, when the overture of early sensibilities, and ardent passions, and vigorous study has been played, and we stand upon the stage before a critical audience, and assert our places in the grand opera of life. Light of heart and vigorous of purpose,—vigorous every way—we feel able to distance the sordid littleness of

the vulgar who are consumed with cares about things plainly contemptible, and to give specimens of the free air and power of public virtue to men who are polite indeed and well pursed, but who seem more intent upon bowing themselves out of the grave duties of their manifest stewardship, than conscious that they will some day be held accountable for betraying its trust.

Just wait for us, poor world! Endure a little longer until fortune's wheel—our wheel in fact, for we feel able to drive it—brings us to the top, and then you shall see a true man; a man who will take your wrongs in hand, and in spite of the files of dusty impossibilities which the red-tape of selfish ambition opposes to every measure intended simply for the general good, will assert your right to be heard, and your claim to a common humanity with those who wrong you.

*You* have done no public wrong that you should be so ill treated (perhaps those whom we address never had the opportunity), and as for us, we may be a little mistaken in secretly despising the patient endurance of our mother, and the fond admiration of our father, and their dull comprehension of the great issues to which we mean to dedicate our lives; but, in fact, our virtues are public virtues. With them alone you have to do, and if you do not know you ought to know, that they are of the order of the night-blowing *Cercus*, and will find their only congenial sphere among the gas-lights of the House of Commons, whither we do not doubt you will send us.

This is, in fact, a "free translation" into words of the full and throbbing heart of many a manly ingenuous youth; for the imperial vein runs through every strong character. Cæsar,

indeed, alone *spoke* the words to the scared boatman who trembled to put to sea with him in a storm,—

“*Cæsarem ejusque fortunam vehis,*”

but the spirit of them is in every highly endowed mind, though the stern fatalism of Napoleon might fill them with a gigantic power unknown to any but men like him—if there ever was one like him.

Even while I write I have a vivid picture before me. We were members of a debating club in which we discussed, not the recondite merits of Wordsworth; nor the comparative genius of Burns and Byron; nor whether Shakespeare wrote “Shakespeare’s plays;” nor the right or wrong of the execution of Charles I.; nor whether Cromwell were a hypocrite; nor how it comes to pass that the noble and the wealthy are so much more wicked than the ignoble and the poor; nor whether William Pitt compensated for that huge poverty the national debt, by dying poor himself. Nothing of the kind. Our topics were British Law and Equity (not without a glance at Warren’s well-known “Cow case”); our club-room was one of the actual chambers in a noble building, dedicated to the real business of the law in term; and our president, one of the judges of the Queen’s Bench. Nor was our club itself all unworthy of its arena. One member of it, however, is the unique example I need quote, or indeed can properly quote, in illustration of my present course of reflection; because whatever I might *think* about others, he alone made his confession to me.

After a tough season of discussion on “points of law” and principles of equity, in all sorts of actions and suits, involving the interests and rights of *Smith v. Brown* and *Jones v.*

Robinson, a fellow-student took me aside, and told me his story. He was rather older than the rest of "the boys," and therefore no doubt felt, that it was time with him to put an end to mere aspirations. Year after year he had profited by our mimic warfare, and picked up principles and distinctions which others had laid down, and which he himself might have been slow to find out; but the crown of his ambition, the all but Divine art of clear strong speech, seemed as far off as ever. Every night after the leader of the debate had sustained the affirmative proposition, or appeared for the plaintiff, and replied upon the whole case with more or less power, my poor friend determined what course he would take at the next meeting; for after every argument he saw that greater and better things might have been done by the best of our men than had been done, and he, just then, felt that he was the man to do them. He burned for a renewed contention, and longed to shorten the time which must elapse before he could again confront the *forum*, set himself right with his club-mates, and make his mark among them by a splendid "break" from his usual silence. Not that he never spoke. Sometimes for two or three minutes he would show that he was a reader and a plodder, and seemed to be feeling his way to an argument; but the "break" never came, "and this," said he, "has been going on ever since I joined the club." He was a curious study, and a ridicule to himself. Perhaps he would not have told anybody else. I think he would not, for I was even older than he, and so his confidence seemed to come naturally to me, and none the less, because though not troubled in the same way, I had a lively sympathy for him in his trouble. There

is a keen detective power in genuine distress, and it is amazing how it scents out genuine sympathy. In this case I felt bound to cheer him as well as I could, though it was not very cheering to tell him that his was the common history, and that all men, with *rare* exceptions indeed, who aim at any excellence, are continually discovering what great things they could do if the same argument had again to be argued, or the same events of life could come back for their riper choice. "Why," said I, "it is our mistakes that make us. If we never fell short of our ideal, our standard would be low indeed. We should be always pottering like moles in the earth we began in, instead of soaring like larks in the air we could not cleave at first. All we have to do is to keep a good heart, and reverse the military command. In the battle of death the word is 'aim low;' but in the battle of life the word is 'aim high;' though we should measure our powers as well as we can, and not spend life vainly in trying to do what nature has not given us the capacity to do. A great part—perhaps the greatest part—of practical wisdom is the result of finding out, not so much what we *can* do as what we *cannot* do; premising always that we have a dogged perseverance which is equal to the bringing out by repeated effort of anything really good that is in us; for there is in every man, however modest, a potent consciousness of real talent. If you feel it, don't give way. Stick to the club, and speech will come. Be resolute and talk. Don't be ashamed of making a fool of yourself (you will not easily do that), and you will at length succeed."

Shortly after this I lost sight of my despairing friend.

His course of study was finished, and he left us to practise in the country.

The most amazing thing of all is that unripe thought and unwise judgment continue so often to the end, and justify, to a very large extent, the saying of an original thinker and keen observer, that "men do not learn from experience." How they *do* learn he did not tell us, though it is a clear fact that many men become wiser as they grow older, and it is not possible to imagine any progress from folly to wisdom into which the element of experience does not enter with the authority of a controlling and elevating power. I fear indeed that it is almost universally true that we do not learn, or learn but little, from the experience of *others*; because every man feels that he is an exception to all general rules. How strange that this should be universally true, since the *reductio ad absurdum* is so palpable; for if every man is an exception there are no rules; but self-delusion cares for no logic, and therefore the inexorable rule which, sooner or later commends her poisoned chalice to the lips of crime herself, applies, we think, only to those who are foolish as well as criminal. We are wiser. We know the trick of it, and shall easily escape. This is the reflection of every rash speculator and of every gambler. *He* is the exception to every rule, which prepares a net for the feet of unscrupulous cunning. He quietly smiles at them that are caught in it and goes on in the same way himself securely; as securely, in fact, as the ostrich with her head in the sand when the hunter comes up; for the words went forth long ago: "*He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision.*"

It may indeed be said that our premiss is untrue; that every man does not think himself an exception to the general law which links happiness with virtue, and misery with vice; unrest with greed, and peace with moderation. Well! it is possible to deny anything in morals; but some denials require greater ignorance than others, greater want of self-knowledge and greater blindness to that all but universal conduct of mankind which is consistent only with the intellectual delusion that "we are not as other men;" not liable to commit the same follies, nor fall into the same sins, nor come under the rough handling of the same retributions. We always think there is a way of escape for *us*, or else why do we venture so perilously near to destruction? No sane man goes to certain death except at the call of positive duty; but by what sanction of patriotism, by what call of impulsive humanity, by what command of God, is it made a duty to "rig the market," and foist upon the unwary tracts of adamantine or auriferous lands, which contain not one gem nor one grain of gold which we did not buy in Hatton Garden? *Ex uno disce*. In vain Pope wrote—

"Vice is a monster of such frightful mien  
As to be hated needs but to be seen,"

because, though fresh from any villany, our looking-glass shows us no such fright. Some far-fetched hyssop always cleanses *us*, or if sometimes conscience smite us unawares, when conceit is cowed by sudden accusation, even the very darkest cloud in our whole character has to our eye a tinge of the rainbow in it. Some "light from heaven" gilds *our* folly with a charm unknown to common fools; so at least said

one too candid not to confess his errors, and too bold and true to shrink from setting down what poetic inspiration taught him of self-knowledge. The words may seem strained for effect, but they are the very words of Robert Burns—

“ Yet e’en the light that *led astray*  
Was *light from heaven*, ”

and thus it is that, spite of all precept and all example and all philosophy, and all Christian doctrine, the story of every man’s life might begin in the old fashion of nursery tales of wonder,—“ *Once upon a time* there lived an old, old man, who did as other men did before him, and as we do after him, and as other men will do after us.”

The times indeed seem changing, and great events steal on us we know not how, like giant precursors of the fulfilment of apocalyptic prophecy. “Behold, I make all things new,” has already a new significance. It begins to be evident that the world will learn better things in a better way, and diminish the burden of our worldly cares by thinking more of the world to come. This, however, is a long way off (though not unrealized by some saintly spirits now), and the expectation of it is to the world at large “as a dream when one awaketh.” It may mean something, it may mean nothing, and so we go on as before, enjoying the delights of self-deception, and the pleasures of the world, with care at arm’s-length,—if we can keep him there,—for the vortex of business devours us, and the feverish worry of greed quickly suffocates the placid delights of use. We want more, more, more ; too often “to spend it on our lusts,” which are not lusts to us ; but only natural desires made to be indulged,



else why were they given? Why indeed! It is assumed that "made to be indulged" means "made to be indulged *as we indulge them!*" Can there be a greater satire on the logic of common sense? Is not this "philosophy, falsely so called?" for, no matter how coarse our desires may become, some amiable extenuations make impurities in us almost pure, while as for low vulgar villany, we have none of it. Our villany, if such a word could possibly be used of us, is only a refined compromise between right and wrong. We are not rogues, we are philosophers: worldly-wise men, who interpret freely the Divine command, "Be ye wise as serpents," and follow in the steps of the great party leaders of the day, who, in the quaking bog of public opinion, build a temple to compromise on the piles of expediency, and know better than provoke the anger of heaven by a ridiculous "*ruat,*" while affectedly pursuing "the eternal principles of justice."—"Let eternal justice help herself. We are at present among things temporal (not without a wish that we could stop there) and must do as others do."

"O fools and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken." You have uttered an imprecation! Eternal justice *will* help herself, as you will find to your cost when your mad prayer is answered. Wait awhile for that deferred annuity of misery which you are toiling so hard to buy, and then lift up your eyes, "being in torment," and send a warning message to those you love. What if that could be, and you had at the same time the bitter conviction that the warnings of your experience would be as unheeded by them as those of others had been by you! Is it not "written for our learning," "If they believe not Moses and the prophets

neither will they believe though one rose from the dead"? and do not such tremendous declarations suggest the possibility of some good being done if the words of the greatest prophet were blazoned in letters of gold by day, and in letters of fire by night, on the Gold Room in Wall Street, and the Stock Exchange of London, and the "Flags" of Liverpool, and wheresoever men "most do congregate," to cheat and lie and swindle, and float bubble schemes, and spare neither age nor sex nor widow nor orphan, in the infernal pursuit of gain :—

*"Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these My brethren ye did it unto Me"?*

For those words must be as applicable to positive sins as to sins of omission. Surely in presence of such a fearful admonition, lying would stop her mouth, and craft would feel the inevitable searchings of Him that looked upon the heart to "find out mischief and spite, and requite it with His hand."

"Ye did it unto Me!" What Nemesis so fearful as that, wherever there is a spark of religion once learned in the lap of love? Would that every villain could hear that sentence, not sounding on the outward ear, but on that tympanum which is made to echo the dread words which "the Spirit saith unto the churches." That muffled drum,—muffled by sensuality and vainly braced by stubborn vice,—should tell him that his whole life is a dead march, and the grave the end of his glory. Perhaps he might repent.

Is an adulterer stealing from the couch of her whom he has polluted, and from the home of him whose confidence he has betrayed? Let him hear it: "Ye did it unto Me!"

Let the seducer fresh from a recent triumph hear the terrible words : "Ye did it unto Me!"

Let the cheat who has reduced declining age to beggary, and left infant helplessness to starve ; let him tremble at his own footsteps, when even the night is light about him, and a still small voice repeats again and again : "Ye did it unto Me." Surely it were enough either to stop iniquity, or to drive one mad, if such a proclamation followed us after every sin. David heard something like it after the vilest abomination of his life, when he spoke from the depths of anguish and said : "Against Thee, Thee only\* have I sinned, and done this evil in Thy sight."

One would think such words, once pressed home by any means, if only by a faithful pulpit, might do something to reclaim the world ; but the pulpit is not faithful. Dogma is loved more than life, and a procession of white gowns is more admired than that "fine linen which is the righteousness of the saints." The Church is drivelling, and religion is becoming fantastic. If life is preached ever, there is too often a terrible defect in the sanction by which it is enforced. Salvation is not made to hang upon it ; and until it is, there will be little power in clerical denunciation. It is not the case of a man turning over the leaves of the Bible with kid gloves, and fearing "to speak of hell to ears polite ;" but of that false faith which assumes power to save without repentance, and pretends, with its bare catechism, to snatch vile men from the pit "as brands from the burning," who are sure to go there nevertheless.

\* *Only*=primarily, supremely.

To mend all this is the problem of the age; nor can any better plan be laid down for the formation of a pure character than the affectionate enforcement in early youth of general principles founded upon the revealed character of God; and their embodiment in simple rules of action for the guidance of life. We must cease to despise the old copy-book morality, and even teach a decent reverence for old copy-book religion. More real knowledge if you please; but we must have less flaunting of "the higher branches of learning," where conceit makes her airy nest, and empty dreams of superiority flutter impertinence. We must pay more attention to good manners—which are the safeguard of good morals—and teach a modest respect for age and authority. Subordination is the essence of social comfort, as it is of military power. In the art of war the word "duty" means obedience; but the modern art of peace pays little heed to it, not discerning the same element in all discipline, and that, besides the law—which is the civil "word of command,"—there is a multitude of graceful voluntary subordinations in well-ordered social life unknown to the *ars militaris* which immensely increase that general harmony we call happiness.

The first thing to be done in preceptive teaching from good "copies," is to treat them, not as mere forms which are to be *written*, but as realities which are to influence *daily life*. They should therefore be well selected and often referred to. Take for example :

Goodness is the only true greatness.

Wisdom is the principal thing.

A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.

Honesty is the best policy.  
 Nothing is real which is not eternal.  
 Between virtue and vice there is no middle path.  
 Learn to say *No*, in a doubtful matter.  
 Do what you ought, come what may.  
 Never do evil that good may come.  
 Do nothing you would wish to conceal.  
 God is everywhere.  
 God is a righteous judge.  
 A wager is a fool's argument.  
 Industry and economy are the only natural sources of wealth.  
 Self-denial is the basis and defence of every virtue.  
 Man proposes ; God disposes.  
 Prudence is to Providence as a drop to the ocean.  
 With what measure you mete it shall be measured to you again.  
 Do as you would be done by  
 Fear God. Honour the king.

Such rules have no exceptions, and the diligent and conscientious observance of them and others like them would go far to banish care from this world, and raise us into constant and close communion with a better. No doubt, there would still be work for us to do to fit us for Heaven. What would that work be if there were no "cares?" Perhaps we may inquire into it some time; meanwhile look at our motto. What pictures! Here we have the test of true poetry; a test which little modern poetry can bear. "*Can you paint it?*" If imagination does not "body forth" some vivid forms of nature and of truth which can be painted, not all the music of her syllables will cause them to live.

"Time with a wallet on his back  
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion"

waits for them at the trunk-maker's door; but what life there is in those words of Shakespeare! How simple, yet no other pen could have written them:

"Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye."

All monosyllables but one word. No verbal finery to drape and shape, and puff, and flounce, and bedizen, some poor, dry skeleton of worn-out thought; but living nature in her own simplicity. We see the old man before us, and note the worn vigil of his weary eye, and feel a tender wish to help him in this world, and to comfort him with words of hope about that other world where there are no disappointments, no regrets, no fainting sense of fruitless struggle, no bare homeless hearths, no desolations of broken hearts.

As for the horseman of Horace, we recognize at once in him a man flying from himself, but not flying to God. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee," is a text which he has not yet learned, and therefore the faster he flies the harder the fiend grips him, until heart and flesh fail, and he sinks under the anguish of that *angina pectoris*—more universal than the physical—which shortens life by the suffocation of hope.




### XIII.

#### OLD TIMES.

"Haud ignara mali miseris succurere disco."

"Not all untaught by life's most haggard cares  
I soothe the careworn with my kindred tears."—VIRGIL.

"Adversity's sweet milk—philosophy."—SHAKESPEARE.

E said in our last paper that a generation had passed away since we last wrote "On the Cares of the World," and therefore we were not surprised when a young friend, who had been digging for our former series among the antiquities of a monthly serial, said to us :

"Do please tell me what are your impressions of the difference between the 'Cares' which troubled people in your early days, and those they have to struggle with now. Is there any real difference? Of course you old folks always make it out that the world was better when you were young. You all say so. Generation after generation, if I am to believe the books I read, men of fifty have said

that things were better 'five-and-twenty years ago,' and men of seventy often put 'the good old times,' still farther back. Sometimes I think that they date from the time when they were better themselves! Not so hard and unfeeling and satirical as they came to be in their old age." "And so you think, Charley, that the world they talk of was purer and fresher because they were fresher and purer themselves. Well, there is *some* truth in that, and not a little beauty if we look at it poetically. Their life was a playful fantasy then, as yours is now. The dews of their youth were on the earth they trod, and their innocent spirits

' Hung a pearl in every cowslip's ear.'

But I forgot you are weaning yourself from poetry just now, and are deep in physics and logic and mathematics. Well, even the exact sciences will furnish us an illustration of the truth contained in your remark.

"You know the axiomatic law that 'the angle of reflexion is equal to the angle of incidence:'. Now that very law is a law of the mind as well as a law of material impact, and we have a beautiful illustration of it in the 18th Psalm: 'With the merciful man Thou wilt shew Thyself merciful; with an upright man Thou wilt shew Thyself upright; with the pure Thou wilt shew Thyself pure; and with the froward Thou wilt shew Thyself froward;' but to make any practical use of this law in its various forms would tax all your logic and more than all your experience. It would take a long essay and a mind not a little like that of Locke to sketch even an outline of its proper application; but when you have to 'get up' your Aristotle



I may help you with a hint or two on the principle that 'one thing leads to another,' and not because I remember that 'the king of men' in the realm of ethic thought has specially treated of this law. We may then inquire whether the *lex talionis* is not the most universal law both of nature and of spirit, and whether that which has been hitherto looked upon as the law of vengeance only, is not also the law of love. You see in its Divine application we have to do with a holy, pure, and infinite Essence, 'The same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,' and therefore it is plain that all the spiritual changes we see and feel are in ourselves and not in Him.

"In material things the same law does not apply absolutely because they are always changing; but that very changeableness is the essence of created things and would therefore affect us in the same way if our own conditions were always the same; but they are not the same, and therefore the 'infinite variety' of nature is made still more truly infinite by the composition of her changes with our own. The same is true with reference to our relations with other men's minds, and other men's conduct. They are always changing as we are; but though there is, no doubt, a common law which regulates our changes and theirs, we are unconscious of it, and it certainly does not necessarily tend to bring us together. The very reverse may be, and frequently is the case; and therefore it is very difficult to form a true opinion of the character of living men as individuals; but there is not the same difficulty in judging of whole communities in the mass, and comparing the England of to-day with the England of our youth. Great

numbers make judgment impersonal, and therefore for the most part impartial; as impartial in fact as human judgment can be; and besides we have the contemporaneous history of war and peace; the record of content, or discontent; the statistics of wealth and pauperism; of business prosperity and commercial panics; of education and crime; of disease, and births and deaths; of the state of religion and the monuments of public benevolence. All these give great certainty to any comparative judgment we may form of the *outer* life of the past and present generations; for, after all, it is chiefly the outer life we learn in this way. The inner life is much less known. One vital statistic is wanting, the statistic of happiness, and that is what old people chiefly think of and make out for themselves by generalizations from their own individual experience, and such reflection as their education and tone of mind naturally prompt.

“For my part, though political and social economy were always favourite studies of mine, I confess that Adam Smith, and ‘Porter’s Progress of the Nation,’ and all the reports of all the Blue-books, are only present to my mind as sources of general impressions which I could not easily convey to you, while my own experience presents vivid points which photograph the moral condition of past and present years, and illuminate that statistic of happiness which I try to make up fairly.

“Or we may take it another way. We all begin life among mere appearances of truth, whether physical or mental. As we live on, appearances are put away and others see us to some extent as we are, and we see them as they are; but whether the prospect is pleasing

or not depends upon the nature of our changes and of theirs. We may have advanced from appearances to truths on every hand, and they may have perversely changed mere appearances into confirmed fallacies, or *vice versâ*.—Again, we may have exchanged hereditary good-nature for a cultivated benignity, while they may have had their early good-nature so trodden on by others, or so effaced by the selfishness of their own maturer life, that nothing is more difficult than to judge what any man may come to be, or what is the actual condition of the world at large, because a change in us alters our point of view and a concurrent change in them makes a double change which may baffle our individual judgment ; but if we look around us and observe what are the tendencies to good or evil which men display in public matters and in large transactions of business ; and if to our own we add the reflective experience of others, we then apply a magnifying-glass to human character, and may do something towards the formation of a right judgment. Still, so much depends upon the character of the speaker, that we cannot help weighing the value of his opinions by what we think of himself ; for example, if you thought me a sour old humourist full of cynical thoughts, you would think very little of my opinion that the world is worse now than it was in my early days, though, if I said it was *better*, you would most likely agree with me, and think me crusty perhaps, but wise !”

“ But now, uncle, pray do tell me why things were always better ‘five-and-twenty years ago.’ We young people cannot disprove it, you know, because we were not there to see, and that is another reason, I do believe, why things were better then !”

"Oh Charley, Charley, you are a pleasant young rogue; and indeed whatever you may think of it, there *is* a kind of pleasantness in hearing the light words of a light heart, even if they are 'a wee bit' saucy. 'Five-and-twenty' is it, the garrulous old man's term? To tell you truly, when I was a youngster I knew more than one old man (at least they seemed old to me *then*) who was much addicted to the same 'five-and-twenty years ago.' I must tell you about one of them just to convince you that all old people do not forget their youth and outlive their early sympathies.

"He was a very very little man with a minute memory of things long past, and a fond affection for the good old times. To mend matters, the stories which he most liked to tell were about events which always happened, not only about the same *time*, but at the same *place*. I was there once myself in the body a long time afterwards, and cannot say that I saw anything in the good old town of Grantham in Lincolnshire which savoured of the pleasant tales he told us so often, that the narrator lost his real name in the mists of familiar legend, and we boys used to call him 'Little Grantham,' and take a mischievous delight in setting him on his hobby. Always ready, we had only to 'give him a mount' with just one leading question, and off he rode to Grantham, and told us again how much better things were there 'five-and-twenty years ago' than they were there then. He might have safely gone farther back, for he was old enough; but I used to think that 'five-and-twenty' sounded in his ears more remote than plain forty. Of course he never said 'twenty-five.' That would have destroyed all the charm of it, nor do I think he would have altered his

phrase for 'a quarter of a century,' which is the American mode of whittling chinks in the walls of too recent time for modern antique ivy to strike root in. I quite expect, indeed, that we shall improve on this, and have eighths and sixteenths of a century before long (knowledge is increasing so fast), but however scientific others may come to be, dear old 'five-and-twenty' has kindly associations about it which will, I hope, last me my time; for though we took our fun out of him we all liked 'Little Grantham,' and never thought of wounding his feelings by a doubt—a specimen of humane respect which you would do well to imitate, young gentleman. In fact we heard his tales so often, and he was so pleased with them himself, that we came at last very near believing them all.

"So you see that I am not one of those whom disappointment has made to

'Creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish.'

On the contrary, it is a positive and tranquil pleasure to me to call to mind those boyish days, and their thoughtless delights—even when oppressed with cares—and I am quite sure that I am not alone in this, though I am aware that very high poetic authority is against me. There is a Dantesque ring about the words, though I am not sure they are Dante's, because I have not seen my Dante for many years.

'Nessun maggior dolore  
Che 'l ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria.'\*

No doubt this is true of some conditions of the mind in

\*  
No greater grief can be  
Than joy remembered in our misery.

every one, and of the habitual state of many who have not turned their chastisements to profit, or else it would not be beautiful poetry; but this is only another instance of that analogy between physical and mental reflection, which we only just now talked about. Bright memories falling unbidden upon sour and rebellious conditions are turned into mockeries of the things they call back, and that sweet time of youth, which heaven intended to be a preparation of states of innocence for the softening of future cares, and the solace of old age, when the tumult of contentious life is dying away in the distance of fading powers, that sweet time is looked on as a blank delusion. Its uses are unknown or derided, because the proud spirit of thwarted ambition, or the eager grasp of covetousness baulked of his hoard, has no more in common with it than the burning ashes of a volcano, or the chill beetling glacier has with the green and peaceful valley which they fall upon and choke.

“How different the effect when the same bright memories fall upon the chastened heart of a regenerated Christian! He is delighted to live over again the little events of his infant life, and he sees how wisely it is ordained that we should begin our lives without care for the morrow, gathering pleasure from trifles and hope from everything, that in that very condition we may afterwards see how little is really necessary to make us happy, if we were but innocent. There are many such even yet in this harsh world, although harder spirits—the vast majority of men—think of them, when they do think of them at all, with a lofty pity, and wonder, as they do concerning midges and lady-birds, of what use they can possibly be in these days of huge doings,

when everything is 'star' and 'champion' and 'mammoth, and rush and smash, and everybody is disputing with everybody else who shall be the greatest. I think I could tell them some of the uses of such simple-minded men."

*"Well! but do first tell me what I asked you."*

"You are right, Charley; I was straying from that.

"You want to know what is the difference between the cares men have now and those they had when I was young. I think there is a great and marked difference. There were always a few who had larger responsibilities and deeper cares than other men, and whose nerves were tremblingly alive to every wind that could endanger their freighted argosies, or breathe popular discontent, or shake the stock exchange, or bring news of some disturbance to the 'balance of power;' but modern changes have gone far to equalize and to spread what I may call *nervous* cares broadcast over the whole community. It is true, indeed, that in what was once 'the deepest deep,' there is now 'a deeper still;' but a thousand fierce or tender sensibilities which used to lie dormant in most men are now awake and bare and fearfully active in a far greater number, and the difference is not so great between the several classes of society. More general education has developed more general powers of thought and feeling, and therefore more general susceptibility of acute suffering, while physical science has wonderfully enlarged the sphere of material power for mischief as well as for good. No doubt that power will eventually be all for good—at least I hope so—but at present its beneficence is so mixed that in some moods one is tempted to doubt whether the evil is not greater than the good, and to shrink

with horror from the vision of a resistless Frankenstein rolling the most impenetrable armour-plates, or welding and twisting the coils of the biggest possible gun. In many aspects science is yet a Frankenstein, and if in others she is more humane than that nauseous creation of the daughter of Mary Woolstonecroft, we may easily turn from one evil genius to another ; but even then, like the poor fisherman in the Arabian Nights, we are frightened at the monster we have let loose.

“Don’t look so blank, Charley ; it is not all gloom ; but when I promised your father that I would be a friend and guide to you, I felt that the promise was sacred and must be fulfilled with truth, I cannot therefore disguise or even moderate the expression of my convictions to you ; but I do not wish you to adopt them until you see them to be true by the light of your own observations and thought. If then you adopt them they will be your *own* convictions, and may give your life a new and safe direction.

“Yes ! *intensity* is the characteristic of modern cares, and I never was more struck with an unexpected proof of any truth than I was with one of this not very long ago.

“I was conversing with a man of business who ‘had had his losses’ and was yet struggling bravely under them, when he startled me by saying—‘If we could pass away in our sleep without knowing it and whenever we wished, I believe that one half the world would be dead to-morrow morning.’ I had said nothing which could lead up to this ; but my friend is distinguished for his bold conceptions and fearless utterance, as I well knew, but he certainly astonished me by that sudden burst. Still, the more I thought about it the



more it looked like truth, and truth the more valuable because the speaker is yet in the prime of life, and by no means distinguished for the study of abstract philosophy. With a *physique* equal to any labour, his world is still the world of action, and business his engrossing pursuit. So you see I am giving you no fatuous old man's drivel, but matter of fact, to the effect of which it will add but little force to tell you, that if I had had such 'a wishing cap' myself, I should, but for religion, have put it on long ago, and joined the gloomy procession of voluntary ghosts.

"Take another example. Talking to a friend of mine in Montreal who was largely in the corn trade, about the wonders of the telegraph and especially of the Atlantic cable, he said, in substance: 'Yes! it is very wonderful, but it has well-nigh taken 'peace from the earth.' Formerly we had some rest between one post and another, but now even the telegraph is not quick enough for us. We always had to watch the markets of Europe at an easy distance, and to wait for the course of exchange at New York, and of prices and stocks at Chicago, and some other ports of the Union, and there were some disturbing elements to be dealt with from time to time; but business was then endurable in the main. One could sleep at night, and fear nothing for a week or two at a stretch; but now space and time are abolished, the whirl never ceases, and sleep is the only positive hindrance to business. As for disturbing influences, economic science is practically at an end, and the relation of supply and demand as a regulator of prices is so confounded by the gigantic conspiracies of New York, that we don't know from one day to another what our stock is worth,

nor when to buy, nor when to sell. Formerly we studied the harvest, but now the price of gold is even more important than the yield of the harvest ; for if we do not watch it from hour to hour, we may find an apparent profit turned into a positive loss. This plague was comparatively unknown in my early business days, but now it is a fearful power, and the telegraph brings it ruthlessly home to us. Before we dare venture upon any important transaction, we must know what is doing by the three or four hundred shouting maniacs in and about the Gold Room, who, trembling and livid with the lust of gain, are bidding for gold almost night and day, and who might be the *enfants perdu* of the host of hell sent back to earth to shew us the mischief which *would* be done if devils ruled "the money market."

"Take another instance nearer home : I called on a friend of mine on a certain Stock Exchange in England, and found him looking worn and haggard. I knew he had been unwell, but was not prepared for the great change I saw, and advised him to relax his attention to business until his health was restored.

"He said, 'Oh ! I am going away very soon ; I never can stand this sort of life more than three months at a stretch.'

"While I stood with him but a minute or two, three telegrams were put into his hands. 'You see how it is,' said he, 'I have sometimes twenty-four of these every hour of the four or five hours I am here : that is a hundred to a hundred and twenty in a day. I would willingly do one-third of the business ; but I have no choice except to do none at all, and that would perhaps be as bad for my health.'

"Yes, said I, I see. You are like a 'machiner' in the old days of four-horse mails. You must either go the pace or drop out.

"The Montreal merchant was older than I was : of Herculean build, and an enduring temperament, and a 'successful' man. The Englishman is 'successful' too, and still has a long life before him if he could but have activity with peace. Their names alone would vouch them Christian gentlemen, but I need not name them. It is sufficient for my present purpose to tell you their testimony to the devouring spirit of the age, and the intensity of its cares. Other examples start up while I am talking; but I need not mention them, and so now you will let me finish what I was going to say about simple-minded men : because, I have a fixed idea that they are 'the salt of the earth,' and that the use they are of is to hold heaven and earth together ; for if 'Peace on earth, good-will towards men,' is the most comfortable promise of the Gospel which can be realized in this world of ours, I don't know where else to look for its fulfilment.

"I am quite aware that my opinion will sound like rank imbecility to the deep plotters and schemers who think that men,—made 'in the image and likeness of God,'—were created for the express purpose of outwitting one another. Happily for the consistency of philosophers of that stamp, a recent 'section' of the dead body of science has discovered that men were originally created in the image and likeness of monkeys; and I am not without expectation that further inquiry will carry us 'onward and upward' through 'all the worms of Nile' to the highest perfection of opposition to

that divine original of which we have so long and so vainly dreamed. However that may be among 'the learned,' who feel to be 'some great ones' the nearer they approach to knowing absolutely nothing, I must be allowed to go on in the 'good old way,' and believe the Scriptures, and find some good in a quiet spirit and a peaceful end.

"To put it negatively first—since we see things best by contrasts—simple-minded kindly good people cannot ride 'across country' with delight after a poor little frightened beast, whom a whole pack of fierce ones follow 'to the death,' though I have heard them speak leniently of those who do when the hunted creature is a mischievous brute. They cannot make killing an amusement without the vigour gathered from pursuit, and count for a wager the poor tame doves that fall to their idle butchery from a treacherous trap provided by some sporting poulterer who bargains for their dead bodies.

"They cannot raise the price of either corn or cotton for their own selfish gain by withholding them from the market when there is plenty of both ; nor can they pay high dividends out of the capital of bubble companies, and let ruin catch the hindmost.

"They cannot lead vast hosts to certain destruction in an aggressive war provoked by old antipathies and kindred ambition ; nor can they defend their country against all comers by turning every homestead into a barrack, and vindicating the commonweal by a perpetual dictatorship which ensures an enlarged territory at the price of the extinction of civil liberty. War is their horror, but they have a strange idea that if men must fight, the old fashion,

hand to hand and foot to foot, was more manly than the new, and quite fail to discover a spark of heroism in the rifleman who lies on his stomach behind an earthwork, and 'pots' six, or six-and-twenty, per minute of 'the enemy' who cannot even *see* him. They call this, not fighting but, assassination; and to come back to civil affairs they have no sympathy even for a 'knock out' auction, though that 'operation' is not very new, whereby everybody present there who is in the trade and could buy the goods of a poor man who has lost the control of them himself, agrees not to bid against each other: the result of which is that they are knocked down 'for an old song' to one of 'the ring.' The man's ruin is complete, and they divide the spoil among themselves according to some unclean rule of thieves' equity. I have known such innocents call this a conspiracy to defraud, and suggest a criminal prosecution with corporal punishment, and an *amercement* also to compensate the helpless loser.

"In fact all these doings are too 'advanced' for them, and as for the last simple affair you cannot prevent their imagination painting the picture of a desolate home—a man in a frenzy of cares too big for him, and a wife meekly trying to calm him while she lays a gentle hand upon a wailing child and tells him that he shall have a piece of bread soon.

"Still there *are* things which they can do. They can give the wise counsels of moderation to too eager youth. They can encourage the kindly social affections which make home happy, and protect the guileless gentleness of infancy from the boorish assaults of ruder natures. They can keep alive the holy flame of blest religion, and present 'the sure and

certain hope of immortality' to those who sorely need it. They can shew in their own lives what pureness flows from heaven into those who follow after the peace of God which passeth understanding, and keeps the hearts and minds of them that truly love Him. I must take you to see one of them some day.

"Suppose I introduce him to your mind's eye at once. 'Uncle Francis'—relatives and young friends all call him uncle—lives just outside the town in a mere cottage which he was fortunate enough to find a thatched one. Tall, slender, erect, and of a countenance finely chiselled by great age and many years of quiet thought, he finds exercise enough in a small 'garden of herbs' in which he grows enough for his wants in that way; for though he has not room for peas, he has early potatoes and carrots and parsnips, and a few currant bushes and round clumps of strawberries (small and very red), and raspberries and rhubarb, and vegetable marrows and abundance of scarlet runners which he trains over the otherwise too hot window of the stone larder where his daily milk is kept; and sometimes he gathers of the very tenderest and best to tempt the sickly appetite of an old friend who is slowly dying of mere age. He always takes them to him himself though he lives nearly a mile off; for he knows the value of 'a word in season,' and hopes and tries to give him that also. Unbidden tears welled into my eyes when, passing the door by accident one day, I saw the two old men comforting one another. THE BOOK was on a small round table before them, and another book containing 'Heavenly Secrets' which the world as yet knows nothing of. I cannot describe to you

how they looked, but the very air about them seemed to breathe the words, 'Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them.'

"If ever, Charley, you should meet Uncle Francis going on such an errand of mercy, with his well-worn little mat basket in his hand, lined with a clean white napkin to make the beans look more enticing when he opens it, take off your hat to him, my boy, for the spirit of love is passing by you."



## XIV.

### THE PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY OF SLEEP.

"I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me."

—Ps. iii. 5.

What is this Life which courses every vein,  
And seizes Nature with a forming power,  
Image of that which made us, and preserves?  
What is this Love which stirs the pulse of life  
And makes creation throb to be at one,  
And give to all the blessedness it feels?  
Watchers unseen! what ministry is yours  
O'er lowly shieling, or on mountain wave,  
Or where the crownèd head forgets her state  
And dreams of love long lost? Tell us your mission  
And disclose your shapes.



HOWEVER lightly the Ettrick Shepherd might esteem a man who could bury his cares in a dreamless sleep, I am far from thinking that dreams contribute to that thorough refreshment of every power which is the perfection of sleep. That bad dreams mar our rest is most certain. How many torn and anxious spirits have awoke in the morning from a night of gruesome fantasies,



so haggard and woe-begone, that they might almost as well have been kept awake by spectres?

"Pleasant dreams" cause no such exhaustion, but rather a cheerful waking, and hence it may be that we attribute the one to angelic and the other to infernal agency; but any fantasy which can be remembered would seem to imply some distinct activity of the cerebrum, and therefore a state not perfectly at rest.

These thoughts occurred to me after a night during which life was thoroughly blank, and the spiritual combat of the day before seemed to be left far, far behind. There was peace now, and the promise of peace came at once to mind: "The upright shall have dominion over them in the morning."

The day therefore began with a blessing.

What a wonderful blessing sleep is! and yet how little we care to know *what* it is. Anatomists tell us that the *whole* brain never sleeps, and that if it did we should sleep the sleep of death, and never wake again. Sleep, they say, is an affection of the *cerebrum* only, which is the seat of thought and voluntary power; while the *cerebellum* is a constant fountain of involuntary animation whether we sleep or whether we wake. Wherever our *will* can do nothing there the *cerebellum* reigns supreme. The valves of the heart obey it day and night, and the unconscious respiration of sleep, more tranquil, slow, deep, regular, and full, than when the busy *cerebrum* interferes with it, is under the dominion of its constant and necessary power. While we are awake the convolutions of the *cerebrum* are more or less separate and prominent, and rule distinct systems of nervous and muscu-

lar power throughout the body, and our will determines their special agency with more than the quickness of lighting; but in sound and dreamless sleep it is far different. The convolutions of that amazing organ of nervous, muscular, rational, and imaginative power, then collapse from the vertex—where sleep begins—to the very corners of the skull, and its distinct forces subside into one general power. The special determinations of the will then cease in unconsciousness, and all is quietness, the image of peace. *This is sleep.*

The *cerebellum* may alternately swell and subside, but not in the same distinct way. Its period of greatest power is when the *cerebrum* sleeps, and becomes a tributary to its common animation; but as soon as that busy world is astir again, the *cerebellum* takes a measure of rest in action less full than during sleep, and the renewed powers with which the *cerebrum* awakes lead the chorus of life during the day; for that organ has not only an animating but a *directing* power which the *cerebellum* does not possess, and therefore all the *worry* of life proceeds from the *cerebrum*.

In rather loose and general terms, but in terms precise enough for a popular essay, we may say that we live from the *cerebellum*; but we live for specific ends, purposes, and voluntary actions from the *cerebrum*, although fibres from both, and also from the spinal marrow, are conjoined in each nerve, and curiously united in the muscles themselves. How marvellous all this is! How true it is that we are "fearfully and wonderfully made"! At first all this may read a little dry; but if once we see in it a specimen of Divine arrangement it will not be too dry for them that love

God. We cannot touch even the hem of the garment of wisdom without some effort, and it must be allowable to presume sometimes upon the docility of our audience. We will therefore venture to pursue still further the philosophy of sleep, for at last the subject seems to have such intimate connection with our cares and our power to bear them, as to fix our thoughts upon it with peculiar attraction. We cannot do without it, not only because constant labour is impossible, but for another and far different reason.

The common idea is that sleep is mere rest from action ; but it is a great deal more than that, otherwise it would not be

“ The innocent sleep,  
Sleep which knits up the ravelled sleeve\* of care,”

for if it were mere inaction, the ravelled skein we lay down at night would be ravelled in the morning. The intuitions of Shakespeare are simply marvellous, and this not one of the least beautiful and true.

He did not know, as an anatomist may know, that the normal condition of the very substance and molecular arrangement of the cerebrum is disordered by its too hard thinking ; its passionate scheming, plotting, and brooding, until its whole mass is in danger of becoming a tangled labyrinth which reason cannot find her way in. Sleep holds the clew, and like a good fairy comes at night to repair the mischief of the day. The worn-out tissues are replaced, and every disordered molecular grouping is set right unknown to us, and hence it is said that “ What the will of man destroys, nature repairs ; and what wakefulness dis-

\* Hank, or skein of silk or yarn.

turbs, sleep re-composes." If it were not so; if it were that we rose from mere inactivity to action again, with the same organic conditions we lay down in,—weariness only excepted,—and if we thus went on from day to day, piling confusion on confusion among the delicate tissues of the brain, we should soon go mad, and the whole human race would not outlast a dozen generations; but Mercy looks down upon us and saves us from ourselves. She sends from heaven

" Balm of hurt minds, the golden dew of sleep,"

more potent than Nepenthe, and longed for, O how longed for, when

" Fantasies

Which busy Care draws in the brains of men,"

make their eyelids stark and relentless, as though those gates of light never had been shut.

Who can paint the weary, agonising longing of *insomnia*? and yet, dreadful as it is, it were worth a large experience in vigilant misery to enable us to relish as we ought the matchless language which the master puts into the mout of a sleepless king:—

" How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep!—O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness!  
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee  
And hushed with busy night-flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?

O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile  
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch  
 A watch-case or a common 'larum bell?  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
 And in the visitation of the winds  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deafening clamours in the slippery shrouds,\*  
 That with the hurly Death itself awakes?  
 Can'st thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,  
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king?"†

After this, nothing more can be said without we lift the veil of nature, and venture beyond the senses. What are the evil causes which disorganize the brain? What do they first spring from, and how are they neutralized? Does the brain disorganize itself, and if so, does it set itself to rights again? Can disorganization of itself produce symmetry and order, and ill-assorted atoms shuffle themselves into the image and likeness of God? Do they constantly repair the waste of time, the destructions of passion, and every foul corrosion of habitual sin which daily mars that matchless form? Why then confusion is a deity, and we may worship chaos! Let us not be deceived by that sounding phrase, "*The vis medicatrix naturæ*,"‡ as if Latin, which comparatively few understand, explains more readily than English

\* The text of my edition says "*clouds*," but surely "*shrouds*" must be the word which Shakespeare wrote, though I have never seen that reading suggested.

† Second Part, Henry IV., act iii. i.

‡ The healing *power* of Nature.

those mysteries of our being which nobody understands. Every power is the attribute of some substance ; for power without substance is inconceivable nonsense. In what substance then dwells the power of cure? Where is it, and what sets it at work? Is it in material nature or above it? Is it ponderable or imponderable, visible or invisible? We know that the greatest and most blessed Power "is a Spirit" invisible save in His works. As for His substance, who shall dare to go beyond the Scriptures which say "God is love:" not *loving* but LOVE? We know that that love feeds the sun which is the proximate life of its own universe ; and we may be allowed to think that the fires of the one are but reflections of the ardours of the other. The sun can never become a *caput mortuum*, nor its fires cease to burn, because their sources are in God Himself, and the sun is but His regent. He is not Apollyon, "the destroyer;" neither does He make anything in vain, as though creation were an experiment which might or might not succeed. He is "The Lord, the Creator," who "fainteth not, neither is weary," and is able to sustain for ever that which He creates. How can we comprehend His form and substance? for if we look lower we often find that the Creator's delegates in nature are like Himself, "past finding out," and that our knowledge of them is crude and poor. We know for example that the earth itself is tempered by powers which are probably analogous to the nervous, and that disorder and integration are constantly going on by agencies which we cannot measure. An original genius who had devoted the prime of his life to the study of magnetism, once told me that magnetic currents rule both sea and land, and hold the

unseen ministry of climates—that the magnetic pole is always changing, we know not why, and that those currents starting as it were from a new fountain, have but to turn their courses away from some hot continent rank with luxuriant vegetation, and teeming with fierce forms of life, and it is smitten with the paralysis of frost. Its native *Fauna* and *Flora* perish, and all their past treasures are buried for a thousand ages packed in ice; yet this mighty power is imponderable and invisible. We can neither weigh it, nor measure it, nor smell it, nor see it, except in its effects. To sensuous science the popular idea of a supernatural spirit is not less tangible, nor less real. We may scoff at the idea of powers above nature, and say that they are, in fact, among the normal properties of matter itself, as further discoveries will prove; but such prophecies are the mere palmistry of science, which accounts for everything by accounting for nothing. In fact, it is to say that matter has properties which are not material. Why not take the more simple course and say, that matter is only the ultimate substance; but that other substances may exist in different planes, each subject to its own laws, and that one may dwell *in* another without being *part* of it? If we carry on this idea in, and in, and in, or higher and higher, and higher, until we reach the very verge of the creative sphere itself, we have at least a great idea not to be lightly treated. It may be true. At all events it would solve many difficulties, and create none. Even severe geometry has something like it in that method of finding the centre of a circle which demonstrates that every supposable point but the true one cannot be the centre.

It would be simple madness to deny that everywhere the unseen dominates the visible, though we have yet to learn the very elements of that "Divine philosophy" which "in the fulness of time" will teach us how they are linked together. Then also we may be taught what gentle ministers attend upon the delicate disorders of the brain, and repair by night the mischief we have done by day. We know indeed now that new granulations fill again the cavities of wounds with healthy muscle when a torn limb is vigorous; but they are brought to their places, directly or indirectly, by the principle of life itself, and deposited there after its own pattern, whether bestial or human. The brain is the prime receptacle of this power in the body; for the original tracings of the whole form were there before its parts were developed, and it is but to develop them again. The brain therefore is the proximate cause of its own order in the body, but the brain itself proceeded from, and was "curiously wrought," by that very living principle of which it is now the *primum mobile*. It is indeed possible that some unsuspected *medulla* or some secret gland may be the first gate of life into the universal brain; but the healing power is in the life itself, and life is not a property of matter however sublimated and organized. The Scriptures say, "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life," and though the *literal* truth of the first chapters of Genesis cannot be sustained, He who "gave the Word" must have intended that even its symbolism should teach us *something*. May we not therefore say that this passage teaches, by a vivid image, that the life of the body does not proceed from its own sub-



stance, and that a material form made even by God Himself could not live by its own atomic powers; but only from the breath of His mouth, "In whom we live and move and have our being"? To have "*life in Himself*" is to be God, and therefore a substance having life in itself cannot be created without supposing the creation of another God, which is philosophically and Divinely impossible; for Jehovah says, "Before me was no God formed, neither shall there be after me."

Although then the Scriptures say little about our bodily life, they say enough to teach us that our organization is not the cause of it; but is only a receptacle wonderfully formed to exercise its powers, while as to the manner in which the powers and the instruments are united in action, Locke has well said, that when we know *how* we raise our hand we may have some idea of the mode of action of that awful Power which keeps the universe in motion.

Again, a new thought irresistibly claims some attention. It is said that all the forms and powers which exist in the outer world of nature, exist also in the human body, and hence the Ancients called the one the *macrocosm*,\* and the other the *microcosm*.† Is this literally true? One can more easily admit that there are correlatives of the great powers of universal nature in the human frame than that their forces are in any case identical; but if they are identical then we naturally think first of those powers in nature which are most like what we conceive of spirit, as magnetism and electricity. Can magnetism be the steady uncontrollable power of the cerebellum, and electricity the more docile

\* The great world.

† The little world.

power of the cerebrum? We need not consider whether both are not different phases of the same power, as some contend, because that does not affect the argument, or rather the suggestion.

Except in the single instance of the mariner's compass man seems able to make but little use of magnetism, but electricity is harnessed to the chariot-wheels of science, and flashes human intelligence from pole to pole at a *minimum* speed of twelve times round the globe in a second; a stupendous flight far exceeding even the velocity of light. Can this be a *material* agent? Is it conceivable that matter can fly, as some say, two hundred and eighty-eight thousand miles in a second? Can a substance capable of such motion, and which has neither length, breadth, nor thickness, be classed with granite under the general name of "matter"? Does it not rather belong to one of those higher planes of being which we have supposed may exist?

Day after day, and night after night, I tried in vain to answer my own questions on this mysterious subject, and at last applied to a scientific friend for assistance, and he replied, "We may say without controversy that as love and wisdom, light and heat, are inseparable twains, yet *dis*-cernible in thought, so magnetism and electricity are another twain generally if not always co-existent if not co-operative, and yet capable of scientific distinction. The functions of electricity are as numerous as the varied processes of creative construction in the material universe. Electricity seems to be the very finger-tip of the Divine hand: the *vis formativa*\* of all nature. In the disposition of molecules in the

\* Formative force.

phenomena of crystallization, electricity is found to be the builder and arranger of their distinctive forms. In the growth of plants particle by particle is first compounded, and then conducted and deposited and superimposed upon a previous one by the formative agency of this unresting minister of the Divine intelligence. I am not aware that any of these effects involve the agency of magnetism. There is little, perhaps nothing, in magnetism analogous to the phenomena of electricity when exerted mechanically; nor is that necessary, since the redintegration and re-ordering of the brain takes place during sleep when we are not conscious, and no part of it is under the direction of our volition. The whole brain may then act consentaneously as the organ of a fuller measure of general animation; while the constructive powers of electricity as the servant of life, may renew the cerebrum; and here we leave our unbidden thought as a tentative suggestion for those whose leisure and genius favour such investigations.

One thing only is certain. Whatever *name* we may give to that power which is *in us* "the finger-tip of the Divine hand;" and whatever scientific light may be thrown upon it, such light alone will always lack that element of tender affection for which the broken in spirit in their deepest sorrows yearn with a longing which cannot be uttered. Mere knowledge, *then*, seems to be like "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." They want, not molecular motion, nor local velocity, nor force, in any form, but love; love which is sentient life; love stronger than death; and happily they know where to find it.

If none (who *seek* Him) can by searching find out God,

how can they find Him out who search through all nature only to exclude Him? This is the insanity of that science which worships the agencies by which the Unsearchable gives them life and health, and every blessing, and refuses to consider with reverence any indication of that mighty Hand which provides suitable instrumentalities for every work; which fills everything with conscious, or unconscious life; and provides, in matter, a passive firmament for the rebound of every force; which restores the equilibrium of the atmosphere by its lightnings; chastises oceans with its storms; makes the earth quake and subside again upon its intestine fires, and soothes the worn spirit of the sleeper with the tenderest ministrations of restoring love.

Though material science gives us nothing to love we *do* love nevertheless, and the moment we accept, surely, the true philosophy, that love can only spring from love, and that "we love Him because He first loved us,"\* the very essence of phenomena is changed. Then we see that "all are His servants," and that the inflexible laws of matter itself (whatever that may be) are but the *certainties* of His providential care.

The schools of science have not taught us that the power of *reciprocation* is of the essence of love, and that the very existence of love in us is a proof that there is another who may love us. Who can love the *vis formativa*? but the Former and Maker Himself, the Source and Giver of conscious life, may well be the supreme object of our love, and His best blessing the gift to each of us of beings like ourselves who may love us, and whom we may love. Let

\* 1 John iv. 19.

malapert science then cease to babble contemptuous severities against us who talk of *spirit*, as though she knew what that *matter* is of which she talks so much ; and what that *life* is of which she makes such treasonable use ; but let true science teach us to use wisely the real knowledge we have, and to hear Him who said, "Without Me ye can do nothing." In this state the more we know of the unending adaptations of nature the more reverently and supremely shall we worship Him who is "all in all," and of whom alone it can be absolutely said, "*Power* belongeth unto God."

Escaped at length from the dim realm of natural science, though, like Israel out of Egypt, not without some spoil, we walk once more in the serener air of meditative induction.

If then all power "belongeth unto God," and He is the first source of conscious emotion, may we not allowably indulge in those yearnings for sympathy and loving help which only infernals can despise, and find even the simplest aspirations and the most child-like faith not unworthy of immortal beings whose immortality would be an endless misery without them ? It is true that our emotional nature cannot be satisfied without the object of our love is a living conscious *person*. Philosophers (?) ridicule the anthropomorphic tendency of the loving worship of God, and the affectionate sympathy we claim with spiritual beings ; but there is no other form besides the human form with which we can associate human affection and rational thought, wisdom and love, and *some* form is essential to our reciprocation of their powers and emotions. God has joined together those

powers and that form in every mind which has not outraged nature by material conceit, and we may safely believe their union indissoluble until the contrary is proved.

All this may seem abstruse and uninteresting ; but in fact the communion of heaven and earth depends upon it, and happiness, which is the very end of creation, is consummate only when wisdom and love are pure, and reciprocation is perfect.

Besides these lofty considerations, our affectional philosophy lets in all the endearments of sympathetic thought, and all the peace which reposes upon the watchful care of Him whose angels are "ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." \*

The whole doctrine of attendant angels now brightens before us, and we need not be ashamed to believe it. Science, indeed, may object that, even on our own principles, not the delicate fingers of unseen love soothe and restore us, but unconscious forces renew our wasted strength, unravel the tangled web of over-careful thought, and give sweetness to our sleep ; but who knows what living agents modify and direct those forces ? May it not be the special ministry of those most like us to fit restoring mercies to our individual states by acting as mediums for their transmission ? Would it enlarge their happiness to know that they perform such a blessed function ? Then most certainly they know it. Does it make us more plastic in their hands if we love to think of it ? Then most certainly we may believe it, and delight to believe it, and to think of it every night.

There is then a divine element in the popular belief that

\* Heb. i. 14.

angels watch over us while we sleep. What a delightful thought this is to the careworn when a day of unusual struggle and difficulty has ended in the consciousness that he is all wrong; that the balance of right reason has not been preserved by faith, and that his aching head is confused and distressed by the fierce rebellions of unbelief and fear! "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" may then break forth from lips unused to prayer, and he must be a sour bigot indeed who could scan severely such an "invocation of the saints," while the tender-hearted who have themselves been purified in the furnace of affliction will rejoice that such testimony to the existence of powers unseen lies deep in our very nature.

It is inexpressibly delightful to come at length to the conclusion that truth does not require us to reason all poetry out of life, and cast the beauties of imagination—which are the very efflorescence and poesy of reason—into the muddy river of materialism, to be lost in the fetid swamp of sensual wisdom. The fisherman's wife may therefore still watch her sleeping infant in the dead of the night when a storm drives her husband far out to sea, and bless the omen which she reads in the smile of her unconscious child. Let her still chant the scarce audible words, and believe them as she sings,—

"For I know that the angels are whispering to thee."\*

\* It is an Irish superstition that when an infant smiles in his sleep attendant angels are whispering to him.



## XV.

### SUCCESS IN LIFE.

"I have refined thee but not with silver,  
I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."

—ISA. xlviii. 10.

"His overthrow heaped happiness upon him,  
For then and not till then he knew himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little."—SHAKESPEARE.

**N**O one who has lived an observant life for forty years can fail to have seen a marked distinction between the cares which tried the endurance of men in his early days, and those which are common now. Never was the universal brain so much taxed as now, and never was the weight of general responsibility so heavy and so destructive to peace of mind. We might all be prime ministers burdened with vast cares of state; or generals commanding active forces in the field, with the lives of thousands in our hands; or judges weighing and balancing perplexing evidence from morning to night. At all events, cares closely resembling those of the rulers and dividers of men are spread over a far greater surface of society than



formerly ; while that competitive system which is the boast of modern business, and the torment of the age, makes the conducting of great industries as difficult as the conduct of a campaign, and every large town a battle-field of openly conflicting interests.

A highly intelligent corn factor with a fair capital, told me lately that he found it impossible to do a moderate business in the old style and live by it. Not only must all he had in the world be constantly floating at great risk,—which he thought very unwise—but to carry on the large “operations” which are necessary now to make business pay, he must also strain the resources and endanger the credit of others, which he thought was very unprincipled, and so he retired while he could do so safely. I applauded his conduct, and was the more ready to do so because he was not an incapable, but a shrewd man of business, as well able as others to hold his own in the *mêlée* of trade if he had chosen to go on ; but he chose “the better part,” and I could not doubt the refreshing purity of his motives. I did not ask him whether in his business he had met with “operators,” with or without money, who bought a crop before the seed was sown to grow it, though I could have told him that such gambling is not unknown in one of our largest imports, and adds to the general ferment of anxiety among men of the old realistic simple school.

Legislation may in the end do something to repress the sale of things which do not exist, or are not at once transferred ; but the best remedy lies in a purification of conscience which shall lead men to think that such transactions are unworthy of the Christian character. How is this puri-

fication to be brought about? Not by dogmatics, however rational and true; nor by the metaphysics of spiritual religion, however much they may delight us; nor by stock phrases about applying truths to life, without learning how to do it; but by making every element of religion converge its rays upon the concrete facts of actual business, and by seeing, and feeling, and proclaiming, that even "holy light" is not degraded by the contact, but rather is in the unsullied fulness of its beneficent power when beaming on dark doings whether in corn or cotton. This is to bring religion into life, and nothing short of this will do it, and make the Church as it ought to be, the greatest reformatory and conservative power on earth.

It must be confessed that the pulpit is not yet equal to the mighty task, and that people look in vain for authoritative teaching in the house of God to guide them in the way of life, and make them blush to be less than Christians in their daily doings. Even that splendid preacher Robert Hall was open to the not unkind, though severe remark of his friend John Foster, that the most avaricious man in his congregation might have enjoyed his fine sermon on avarice, and have gone away rejoicing that he was not as other men! This is the defect of merely abstract teaching; nevertheless, abstractions are necessary to the formation of principles, and dogmatics are necessary to their embodiment and defence; but a special scientific knowledge of worldly affairs, and that wisdom which only actual experience can give, are necessary to their effective direction as living powers. Such qualities rarely exist to any large extent in the same mind; but they will do so more largely as the

Church becomes purer by becoming more practical, and then men will attend Divine service not only to worship, and to enjoy a sermon, but to learn how to live.

To come back to our general review of the conditions of care in these days. On the one hand, there is a new and larger distribution of those great intellectual and moral responsibilities which used to be confined to a few ; and on the other, there is a more intense pressure of the old cares upon every class which does not ignore responsibility altogether, and live from day to day upon the wages of the day in a state of blind security that somebody must provide for them if they come to want what their own thrift and care might well have provided for themselves.

Universality and intensity are therefore the conditions which distinguish the cares of these times from those of the past ; but we shall philosophize about them to very little purpose without we go a little deeper, and at least indicate a remedy.

Every real Christian must know that the end and aim of true religion is to raise the very *purpose* of life from the world and its selfish allurements, to the nobler, purer, chaster, holier, unselfish, and therefore happier uses and delights of the world to come ; but how few intelligently and persistently set before them this "more excellent way!" Great numbers in the world have no settled purpose whatever, but just to do what they like : anything that comes first and takes their fancy. Their consciousness is made up of vagrant thought, and thoughtless action, and the tenor of their life, except during the hours of necessary labour, is from one sensual enjoyment to another, if they can get it.

What is the discipline of such appetites to those who have no other? And how can they taste or believe in the existence of the superior delights of sobriety, who have no pursuits which can grace and refine their leisure, and who—uneasy and vacant—do not know what to do with themselves when they are sober? Is not their condition aptly described in the sacred text: “And the earth was without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep?” This class, indeed, has no monopoly of impurity, and therefore only shares in the condemnation implied when we ask: What is the discipline of the passions to them who have no idea of the purities of love? That union, to which the kingdom of heaven itself is compared, is utterly unknown to them, and the mockery of it to which they submit is too often only the prelude to special violence and cruelty. The judges of the land are in despair over the vile scenes described before them, and a revival of ancient severities seems rapidly becoming imminent over multitudes who “eat the bread of wickedness and drink the wine of violence,” yet vast as the evil is, we cannot say that it covers so large an area of society as to make sensuality the vice of the age. The majority of working men are not drunken and debauched, and the middle and upper classes are generally temperate. Uncontrollable sensuality and unbridled violence among great numbers of the lower classes are occasioned by a condition hitherto unknown in this country, where, for the first time in the history of the world, an almost fabulous increase of wages has given them more money to spend than they know how—or care to know how—to spend wisely; and so they “spend it on

their lusts," and *their* lusts are *visible*; but there are other lusts which "walk the earth unseen," and which have always been the master demons of the world; the lust of power, and the lust of wealth. The sober craft and ambition of Cæsar triumphed over the sensuality of Antony, and the battle of Actium is but repeated in one form or other whenever the same forces are opposed.

Sensuality may indeed, and frequently does, exist together with educated scientific knowledge, and some of the worst cases I ever saw were among medical men who, surely, *knew* what they were about. This indeed only proves that "knowledge is" not necessarily the "power" of virtue, and that they who rely upon secular education alone for the purification of society, from even gross vices, rely upon a broken reed.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that the merely sensual are not of this age, though they are in it; for if there is one characteristic of the times more universally confessed than another, it is the spirit of progress which is seen in the enlargement of material good; in the spread of intellectual light, and in the equalizing of those political rights which aspiring instincts claim, and which are being steadily embodied in our constitutional law; but it is certain that the brawlers, the illiterate and the sensual, contribute little or nothing to that progress, and that if left to themselves there would soon be an end of it. They would consummate the age in a more than Egyptian darkness of ignorance and vice—the cant of equality notwithstanding—and when every better intelligence was banished to some distant land, they would sit among the ruins of railways, and the scattered limbs of the monsters which now drag their "roll-

ing stock;" and the wires of prostrate telegraphs stretched like gigantic snares in the endless jungle which would soon grow up where rich cultivation now flourishes; and the blocked-up harbours where fleets of noble ships now ride secure; and the stones of solemn temples now hallowed by an Empire's worship; and the ruins of banks and exchanges, and all the buried mausoleums of a mighty commerce, with as little power to restore them, and as little sympathy with the travellers who should come thousands of years hence to search for evidence of their traditional existence, as "the children of the desert" now possess when they watch the excavations of Europeans searching for relics of a past civilization in the very land of their own birth. Not that there have not been many specimens of genius both inventive and executive among the grossly sensual, nor was a revered friend of mine without *some* reason for his opinion that very strong intellect was always weighted with very strong passions of the baser kind; but where the inventive faculty is thus weighted its offspring would be strangled in their birth or come to no perfection without the disciplined nurture and care of better regulated minds. Such "precious jewels" in the snout of ugly and venomous sensuality prove nothing but the wonderful inconsistency of human nature. The general truth remains, that sensual pursuits as a purpose of life are inimical to all progress even in material good, and therefore the best friends of "the working man," who have dealt with him in masses daily, most profoundly deprecate that indiscriminate worship of him which is one of the cants of the age. "Give him his rights and don't find fault with

his ignorance how to use them? How can he use them if he never has them? How can a man learn to swim who never goes into the water?"

This is the language of those small philosophers who read history upside down, and have learned just enough to have an ignorant impatience of subordination; but the answer is simple and conclusive: "True! but your very popular illustration, like most others which a severe logic has not pruned, conceals a fatal defect. A man cannot swim without he goes into the water, but throw him into twelve feet deep of it, and see how long he will swim, if you, who can swim, do not save his life."

Some preparation for new duties is the dictate of common sense, and there is ground of hope that the very grossness of the sensuality prevailing in certain districts will tend to put an end to degrading excesses among workmen as it has among those above them, and by the same means—the pressure of public opinion enlightened by education of every kind. If these were days when the cultivation of science, literature, and art, was confined to a few, we could hope little from their most brilliant masterpieces, or their profoundest discoveries, or their most humanizing thoughts, even though those thoughts were clothed with the severe beauties of Tacitus. *He* was powerless over a corrupt people who did not understand him, and equally powerless over their tyrant rulers who did understand him. The falling state fell in spite of him, and not even the splendid virtues of a few of the Cæsars could stop it; but our times are different, though the causes of the difference are beyond the reach of sensual science. The

atomic philosophy is useless here, and we must re-visit the unseen to account for it, though we cannot do it now. The circle of education is steadily enlarging and its light will certainly bring better tastes and better conduct. Sheer disgust will gradually shame popular excess, and make men more decent if not less worldly.

Above the sensual subsoil of society is a vast multitude in an ascending series, whose object in life is more or less worthy of intelligent beings. To improve their material condition, and bring up their families to prospects even better than their own, these are practically the objects they aim at, and they are good of their kind ; but they are not the highest good, nor do they even consist with the highest when their pursuit engrosses every power, and success in it satisfies every cultivated affection with congenial activity. He who made us, said to His ancient people : " Man doth not live by bread only, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of Jehovah doth man live ;" and when He put on flesh and dwelt among us, He shewed that this declaration contained a command, for in quoting the words, He said, " Man *shall* not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Here then are *two* lives, for it is certain that words cannot feed the body, and this was perhaps the reason of the plural form of the original in Gen. ii. 7,— " And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of *lives*."

There are then two lives, a higher and a lower life, and a successful pursuit of the gratifications of the one may only tend to starve and destroy the other. The eyes of the



prosperous may "stand out with fatness." They may have "more than heart could wish;" but if that is the best that can be said of them the ancient retribution is prophetic as well as historical, and they are smitten by the sentence once declared, "God gave them their request, but sent leanness into their souls." It is the part of wisdom to avoid that sentence by choosing some purpose in life which will harmonize the two and give us a sound mind in a sound body. We are not left without instruction what that purpose ought to be, for it is written, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these (worldly) things shall be added unto you;" and again, "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

It is unnecessary to inquire whether "righteousness" is the prime pursuit of "the masses" of *any* class of society, and since "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost" are only consequences of righteousness, we ought not to be surprised that there is so little peace and joy on earth, and that men "rise up early and sit up late, and eat the bread of sorrows," and so go on until death.

It would seem *à priori* to be the most natural thing in the world to inquire on the very budding of reason: "What was I made for? what is the purpose of my existence? and what ought to be the purpose of my actual life?" but few make such inquiries until that "more convenient season," which seldom comes, except when they are the most inconvenient questions possible, and of those who ask such questions sooner, it is sad to observe how many neglect the definition of John: "He that *doeth* righteousness is righteous,"

and seek after some unreal or fantastic righteousness which is not the practice of Christian virtue. In truth the word *virtue* has almost ceased to be Christian, and this may be one reason why some fall short of that perfection of character which might increase peace and diminish care. They don't know what to aim at. In fact, if not in words, they say: "What is the use of cultivating virtues painfully hard to attain, if they contribute nothing to salvation?" And there is no one thing which they are told so frequently as the absolute uselessness of those virtues for that end. Multitudes therefore of well-meaning people, who would willingly learn the great mystery of systematic well-doing, are never taught that heavenly art, but live on from sermon to sermon in a haze of piety in which no spiritual object is clearly seen: while others, happily not a few, of bolder intellect "read between the lines" of their formularies, and "snatch" from the Scriptures themselves "a grace beyond the reach of (dogmatic) art." There is reality in their constant prayer: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and they are themselves living examples of the transforming activity they pray for;—and yet they are not counted among successful men, because of the saintly virtues of their Christian life. If they have *money* also—well; but if not they are failures; for to "succeed" is to get wealth, station, or power, and for the most part wealth stands first. Never was money so universally and so absorbingly the object of pursuit, and with all our boasted education, never were pure intellectual pursuits less valued for their own sake in proportion to the numbers who can read. Mr. Gladstone, alluding to this characteristic of the times, said, in a public address at

Liverpool not long since,\* that there has been more wealth accumulated in this country in the nineteenth century, than in all the ages since the landing of Julius Cæsar. The absolute and literal truth of this may be doubted, though as to *floating* wealth it may be literally true; but the land itself is the mother of all wealth, and the value of the soil of the three kingdoms, and of all the buildings upon it, in the year eighteen hundred was immeasurably greater than in the year 60 B.C.; while our mineral wealth has been fearfully diminished during the present century by huge extravagance and heedless exportation. Still there can be no doubt that the general increase of wealth is very great. Simplicity is thought to be meanness now, and every one is straining to outdo his neighbour. This is the reigning vice of those who are not merely sensual, and it is harder to cure than the other. To be worth "a plum"† was once a great ambition, but in the next ten years, at the rate we are now going on, the millions will exceed the plums of 1800-1810. The rate of increase is positively alarming. Why then all this care? Why do not spiritual blessings shower on us with equal richness, and bring peace from heaven to sanctify plenty on earth? Clearly because the Divine order is reversed and material things are sought *first*. Dives was a successful man. Dives "died rich," worth a plum, or a million perhaps, and his title-deeds,—registered in heaven,—his "*works*, did follow him." They were acknowledged at once, and secured him an everlasting inheritance; but it was not in Abraham's bosom.

On the other hand, how painful it is to see the failures of

\* Dec. 28, 1872.

† £100,000.

the worthy among this greedy contention. Many years ago I knew a consummate man of business who by great intelligence and steady industry had risen from the condition of a servant to that of a partner in the concern which he managed, and well he seemed to deserve his prosperity: but I always thought that he trusted in himself too confidently, and believed, a little superciliously, that any one with equal prudence might do as well as he. He once told me that his firm had eighty thousand pounds more than they knew what to do with. He was no speculator, but eminently a safe man, and yet after the lapse of many years I found his factory closed. The busy noise had ceased. The thronged quadrangle was a blank solitude, and as I gazed at the numerous windows of the deserted pile with the feeling which one has on first seeing the eyes of a friend struck suddenly blind, and glistening with a light they cannot see, it might have been a catacomb I looked at. It was a catacomb, for it was the burial-place of dead industry, and the master of it was dead too. The French treaty had destroyed his trade, and probably hastened his own end: for how could such a spirit bear to fail at the end of a long prosperity?

Another, more open and communicative than the last, unburdened his mind to me when in trouble. Simple in his habits, moderate in his desires, of untiring industry, sufficient capital, and a skilful master of his business, there appeared to be in him every element of success; but a nameless under-current was against him. Difficulties arose which no prudence could avert, and his troubles reached their climax when the reign of "the working man" com-

menced. Here was a new and strange disturbing "force." No one could be more zealous for the real welfare of his people, but in the commotion incident to a new state of things it seemed impossible to guide them. He was in despair, and said, "I am afraid that I must write *failure* on many of the best years of my life." Words of deep emotion followed,—the words of a wounded spirit. I was profoundly affected by them, for they were truly

" . . . . . like the bubbling cry  
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

A crisis in his character was clearly come, and I felt it my duty to try to sustain his faith in that which is good. Some time afterwards therefore I alluded to our conversation, and, after a few business remarks, wrote him something like this: "Christians talk constantly and excitedly about the cross of Christ. They glory in its agonies, and deride the wisdom of the heathen who rejected it. Churches constantly ring with the bold avowal, 'The Greeks may call it foolishness, and modern philosophy may sneer at it, but we are not ashamed of "the cross of Christ."' 'Shew me the cross,' said a zealous pawnbroker who vaunted the sincerity of his faith, 'Shew me the cross, and I'll approach it.' I knew him pretty well, and if the 'approach' he spoke of was meant to imply a readiness to suffer any personal sacrifice of himself, my impression was very strong that he would not go too near! At all events if enthusiasts are not ashamed of the cross of Christ, they are often mightily ashamed of their own when adversity comes; but our Lord's words are: 'Whosoever will come after Me, let him take up his cross and follow Me.' *His* cross, my

friend, not 'the cross of Christ.' He who bore that cross literally—one Simon of Cyrene—was forced to do so by the Roman soldiery, and nothing is said of his deriving any spiritual benefit from that enforced labour. On the other hand, none but He who 'bowed the heavens and came down'—none but the Redeemer Himself—could have borne the spiritual agony with which all hell assailed Him 'on the accursed tree,' until He said 'It is finished.' *We* could not bear *that* cross which redeemed the world by opening 'a new and living way' to heaven for all mankind. What then does our Lord mean by *our* cross? How many in all Christendom have earnestly and searchingly inquired 'What is my *own* cross?' For the most part the very existence of such a thing as the cross of our individual salvation is positively ignored, or if confessed it is a vague confession leading to nothing; for to use the common phrase, 'I am the chief of sinners,' and other inflated phrases like it, is not to define a special cross, but to stifle self-examination in a foam of words. All truly pious thought and affection are absorbed in that other cross which we cannot bear and are not commanded to bear. 'To Thy cross I cling,' is the passionate self-dedication of the very devout, to which they add 'Just as I am!' 'Just as I am!': but our Lord did not say, 'Follow Me, just as you are, just as you are.' He said, 'If any man will come after Me, let him *deny himself* and take up *his* cross and follow Me: for whosoever will save his life shall lose it.' Surely this absolute self-denial even to the laying down of our unregenerate life with its affections and lusts, cannot mean 'just as you are,' but must imply a vital change of character and habit of action,

based on the mortification of our selfish nature. Some change indeed is generally said to take place, but it is too often a change from mere carelessness, to mere inflammatory thought. In too many cases nothing else is changed. The man is as bad as before, according to his own declaration, 'Just as I am,' 'Just as I am.' Such people do not care to know that they are to be saved by *bearing* their *own* cross, not by *looking* at 'the cross of Christ.'

"Now what is your cross, my friend? Nothing among the *formulae* of spiritual science is more clear than that which defines it. What is your life's love? The love of your actual practical life I mean? That on which you have set your heart and mind? Is it not to establish a business which shall enable you to content moderate desires; to find means to give your children a good education; to prevent your old age from being a burden to any one, and to help such of your family and others as cannot help themselves? No earthly objects can be more worthy; but to a good mind, the torment of apprehended or of actual failure in their pursuit will be keen in proportion to their worth. *Our* cross therefore is pre-eminently the disappointment of our dearest earthly hopes and wishes, whatever they may be. Some cannot bear the mortal strain of disappointment in achieving good objects, and to them may be permitted only the lighter trials which purify, or may purify, the comparatively lesser good they have; but you are called upon to bear the 'great tribulation,' and to you I say: 'Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown;' but as to 'failure,' don't fear it. Take in both worlds when you think of it: for the question will shortly be, not about the easy content

in which you might have lived if you had had the disposal of events, but 'Has your self-dependence become less? Has your faith in the Lord's promises assumed a more spiritual quality? Is your hope in His mercy brightened, though in tears? Can you say: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him"? Are your sympathies larger and more tender? Have you a word of hopeful promise for him who strives in vain? Do you feel more and more that you are the brother of every one that mourns? Have you learnt to leave *all* for His sake who endured a far greater cross for you? If large affairs are denied you, can you put your hands submissively to little things, remembering the words "Thou hast been faithful over few things, I will make thee ruler over many things"? Are your spirits sometimes broken and sad, so that you cannot look up; but in the main are you still ready to do what good you can, though all your doings hitherto seem only to have led to disaster? Why, then, where is the failure?' My dear friend, the angels are waiting for you. What attendants would you have? The Judge Himself invites you among those to whom He says: 'Come, ye blessed of My Father.' What welcome can be equal to that? Dives indeed says that you have failed, but he, while 'faring sumptuously every day' on *his* good things, little thinks what waits him. *Yours* are yet to come, and though a hard world may applaud his verdict and write '*Failure*,' on the poor stone that covers your mortal body, '*Success*,' shall be written in glory on your immortality."





## XVI.

### WIDOWHOOD AND ITS HOPES.

“A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation.”—PSALM lxxviii. 5.

Separated, not divided, they are one  
In the bright sphere of love, though envious Fate  
Bind her with sorrows to earth's dusty realm,  
And strive in vain to part them. Heav'n grant us grace  
To perfect patience. 'Tis the will of God.

**WE** concluded a former paper\* with pleasant thoughts concerning the probable functions of tutelary spirits, and our communion with them, especially when asleep in the night.

There was, to my own mind at least, something so simple, so soothing, so peaceful, and so pure, in that part of our lucubrations, that the echo of it still lingered in the ear of meditation day after day, and had not quite died out when a tornado swept over us. The frightful railway accident at Shipton occurred, and filled my mind with horrors. A friend was in it, and received so fearful a concussion of the brain

\* Page 224.

that it was a long time before he could be made to comprehend that six fellow-passengers in the same carriage were "all dead corpses." The slain and the wounded were counted by scores,\* and "mourning, lamentation, and woe," was written, as though by a destroying angel, upon the door-posts of the homes of the numerous dead. What was I now to think of tutelary angels? I had been perplexed before with the physical mysteries of magnetism and electricity; but here was a question even more difficult to deal with, because the facts seem all opposed to any benignant theory which faith could set up. Is there then no loving Providence, or does it only watch over us when sound asleep in safe houses, and does it fail us in the rush of storms and the smash of trains? In my former difficulty, I referred the matter to one far more learned in material science; but metaphysics have been my delight from my youth up, and I did not know where to turn for a counsellor more specially instructed.

In the midst of this great perturbation, I remembered the general train of reasoning contained in those admirable philosophic novels, which I read when a boy, entitled "Tremaine" and "De Vere." The present generation knows nothing of them, and the past, which is dying out, has forgotten them. The fault of the writer—Ward, I think—is that his argument is too long drawn out, and that no wit can condense it, in his own method, so as to make it live in the mind of the general public. Perhaps, indeed, the very nature of the subject is itself the hindrance to easy popularity; for it must be confessed that profound truths require

\* Thirty-four were killed outright.

profound reasoning, and that a smart epigrammatic page or two cannot in every case effectually

“Vindicate the ways of God to man.”

Thus ruminating, and half disposed to try to make even a sad catastrophe the text of a really popular argument in favour of a Divine Providence in everything, I was, for the present, not unwillingly recalled to a more pleasant theme, by receiving a letter in which a lady thanked me for the paper containing the dissertation on sleep. I knew at once what that meant. To one so well versed in a deep systematic theology, and so skilled in general learning, I felt sure that I could have said nothing very new; but her long-loved husband was my very dear friend; she is a widow, and where everlasting love survives, that one word, “widow,” is a link of sympathy more tender and yet more strong than all the logic of all the schools.

It needed no words to tell me that that part of my argument which suggested a rational and Divine basis for our belief in the presence and power of guardian angels was the real cause of her thanks, and I rejoiced to believe that without any conscious effort to move the sensibilities of those who never cease, and never will cease on earth, to mourn the loved and lost, my thoughts had drifted naturally into the great current of tender humanities, and once more put the stamp of reality upon the line:—

“One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.”

It is too true that the stinging satire with which so many literary men whip the sorrows of smiling widows, who forget

their tears in a month, and look "so killingly sweetly" at "the coming man" out of a halo of weeds made in the very height of fashion, is often well deserved ; but there is somewhat too much of it. The sacred and enduring sorrow which befits true widowhood is not to be profaned by the sneers of hack writers, nor are the profoundest cares of the heart to be made light of because a few thoughtless women, whose hearts are vanity and who worship the world, affect to dress them in masquerade. The very term "widow" implies desolation and a void, nor is there any single expression which sets before us so vivid a picture of sadness, and a dreary life. Often, indeed, it is tempered by natural elasticity, and brightened by religious hope ; but where the marriage was a union of minds which grew more intimate with every joy, and more tender with every sorrow, a sense of loneliness drags on to the end of time, and is none the less because it does not enfeeble the conscientious activities of duty. Even men—who are thought to be, and perhaps generally are—less susceptible of enduring emotion than women, are not always above, or rather below, the power of that dreary sensibility which perpetuates bereavement, and underlies the more superficial enjoyments of their visible life. One such—comforted by the love of his children and surrounded with every moderate blessing—said to an old and affectionate friend : "But I am *alone*, Jane!" It was the history of years, and the chronicle still goes on ; but what words can equal those of a lady who wrote me lately describing the last moments of her husband, and the first of her great sorrow? "I sat quietly by his side, and was not aware until just as he was breathing his last that his sleep was the

sleep of death. What a moment that was when I kissed the still face and spoke to dumb lips! The veil seemed to be rent, and *I*, as well as my beloved, *entered a new world.*" Could anything be more pathetic? No stage effect draped in the sentimental mourning of fine words; but a real picture, and the legend is:

Love in her loneliness looking on her dead.

Sympathetic imagination sets them bodily before us,—the man and his wife,—and we involuntarily say, "God help her!"

Thousands paint that picture every year, but the royal academy of the king of terrors has no public exhibition. The widow meditates unseen, and an anguish too sharp for tears struggles against the conviction that he is gone; but at length it comes, and she consents that he who suffered so much should enter into joy before her. She is calm now, and "his body is buried in peace."

Tens of thousands less gifted with expression *feel* the same dread revelation, and resign their dearest joy to Him who gave it and will give it them again. Indeed, if we except those barbarous conjunctions—high or lowly—which profane the name of marriage, something of this feeling is universal among women, and a peculiar "care" claims the weary homage of millions. The poor cotter looks upon an empty chair and wonders how the children are to be fed, now that the bread-winner is gone; but her very care for them balances immoderate grief for the dead, and she is mercifully roused to give her active mind to the necessities of living. This is the hard privilege of poverty. The

wealthy may seek relief in costly distractions, or in distant climes; or, still lingering where love made home happy, they may dedicate a shrine to melancholy where last they sat together, and diffuse a conscious gloom through all the house by locking up, as "a chamber of horrors," the room in which he breathed his last. Small households cannot do this, and wisdom forbids it everywhere. What have Christians to do with the worship of death that they should dedicate a room to him? Ought they not rather to call to mind the angelic words: "He is risen, as He said," and throw open the windows to admit the sun? "Let there be light" there. Let no dry *immortelles* answer the touch with a rustle of dead petals; but let the living flowers which he most loved, still breathe out their fragrance there, and though the household may be rarely admitted, let fond reverie sit there often, and be cheered and elevated by studies of immortality.

We would not discourage the moderate indulgence of that sentiment which looks with peculiar interest upon every object of nature or of art, which husband and wife were never weary of admiring together. They seem now, as it were, points of contact between the two, and sculptured forms, and swelling hills, and grassy slopes, and winding streams, and grand ancestral trees, are something more than material to the gaze of widowhood. The statue of Memnon was not more vocal, nor the oaks of Dodona more oracular; for a spirit lingers gently near them, and the visible is fused in that which is not seen. Utilitarians will deem such musings only fit for "silly women;" but love is the great reality, and its material emblem, gravitation itself, exists only to

knit the world together as a basis for its everlasting attractions.

What, now, is the general feeling which pervades the mind of a widow long and happily married? Is it not that she is *waiting*? Waiting for what? Waiting to be resolved into a formless essence, that she may float after another formless essence long since lost in the Infinite from which it came? Could Hell itself invent a more bitter mockery? No! she leaves such gaseous comfort to "philosophers," unworthy of the ardent heaven she longs for. She is waiting to rejoin her husband, and live with him for ever. That is her hope. That is her life. What were immortality without separate, conscious, loving forms? A name, and nothing more. What were heaven without *him*? A disappointment and a blank; but here we come face to face with that theology which once anathematized the true system of the universe, and not with that theology only; but with every form of existing dogmatic thought. The Church stood upon the evidence of the senses when she denounced Galileo, and declared that the earth stood still, and the sun moved round it: though it was not necessary to call in the aid of an "apostolic succession" to "define" a fallacy; and there ought to have been, among a learned priesthood, mathematicians equal to the task of comprehending the elements of Galileo's method, and saving the Church from derision; but the one was done, and the other left undone, until Infallibility was shamed by the *consensus* of science.

The Scriptures, indeed, are full of expressions which describe the *apparent* relations of the earth and the sun as

though they were *real*, and though we now know that they are not literally true, we go on using them! We speak according to the appearance, but we know the truth. Even the famous passage: "Sun stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon. "And the sun stood still and the moon stayed," is but an emphatic form of expressing an appearance. Once admit the difference between the apparent and the real, and all difficulty is at an end; but a harder task than nature presents lies before us now, and science cannot help us. Our argument all tends to the conclusion that there are marriages in heaven; but one formidable text appears to deny it point-blank. We say *appears*, because the purest and most universal of immortal instincts are all on the other side, and the light of life would be quenched in the very eye of hope, if devoted women could believe it to be absolutely true. The truth is, that if they think of the words at all, it is but as in a dream which disturbs them little. The impression made upon them is superficial and confused, and they wait for the solution of the mystery; but the conclusion is foregone!

Let us look at the words:—

"The same day came to Him the Sadducees, which say that there is no resurrection, and asked him, saying, Master, Moses said, If a man die, having no children, his brother shall marry his wife, and raise up seed unto his brother. Now, there were with us seven brethren: and the first, when he married a wife, deceased, and, having no issue, left his wife unto his brother:



"Likewise the second also, and the third, unto the seventh. And last of all the woman died also.

"Therefore, in the resurrection, whose wife shall she be of the seven? for they all had her.

"Jesus answered and said unto them, Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God.

"For in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God in heaven." \*

The highest conception of a true marriage is that the love and the intuitions of the wife, so harmonize and blend with the intelligence and the affections of the husband, that each is the complement of the other, and they are perfect only when united. That the Jews had no idea of such a marriage is sufficiently proved by the bare existence of the law referred to by the Sadducees. We must quote it in full from Deut. xxv., in order to appreciate it thoroughly:—

"5. If brethren dwell together, and one of them die, and have no child, the wife of the dead shall not marry without unto a stranger: her husband's brother shall go in unto her, and take her to him to wife, and perform the duty of an husband's brother unto her.

"6. And it shall be, that the first-born which she beareth shall succeed in the name of his brother which is dead, that his name be not put out of Israel.

"7. And if the man like not to take his brother's wife, then let his brother's wife go up to the gate unto the elders, and say, My husband's brother refuseth to raise up unto his brother a name in Israel, he will not perform the duty of my husband's brother.

\* Matt. xxii. 23-30.

"8. Then the elders of his city shall call him, and speak unto him: and if he stand to it, and say, I like not to take her;

"9. Then shall his brother's wife come unto him in the presence of the elders, and loose his shoe from off his foot, and spit in his face, and shall answer and say, So shall it be done unto that man that will not build up his brother's house.

"10. And his name shall be called in Israel, The house of him that hath his shoe loosed."

Having read the law, we cannot help saying, How curious and how repulsive all this is! The mortal world we live in, and a name and a bit of land in it, are everything, and human affection nothing; for it does not appear that it would have been "a good plea in bar," against a widow "pursuant" under this law, that the defendant had a wife of his own already; and though he *might* refuse to perform the duty thus cast upon him, he could only "stand to it," at the price of lasting infamy, while, as to the woman herself, it seems that any repugnance on her part was not even supposable! Truly hardness of heart must have been consummate among such a people; for, except among the horrors of slavery, we can imagine no condition more degraded; and yet this was the Jewish idea of marriage, and their law was but the expression of that idea. May we not therefore suggest that our Lord's answer to the Sadducees was shaped to suit *their* idea of marriage, and that an answer literally true would have been unintelligible to them? Sometimes He forbore to explain His words, and gave the reason why, as in the case of the Pharisees who said to Him, "Is it

lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?"\* His reply authoritatively repealed the law of Moses, which permitted a man "to give her a bill of divorcement, and put her away," and showed that but for the hardness of their hearts that law would never have been "suffered." It was therefore not the law of *true* marriage, and He then again promulgated that better law, which prevailed "at the beginning," when "God made them male and female," and after He had blessed them, the man and his wife were "no more twain, but one flesh;" one by a union which only adultery could dissolve. What the Pharisees thought of it is not said; but even to the disciples this was a "hard saying," for they replied, "If the case of the man be so with his wife, it is not good to marry," and our Lord's reply is very instructive: "All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given." He did not explain the nature of that true union which made man and wife indissolubly one, because they could not "receive it;" and we may allowably suppose that for the same reason He did not explain how they would hereafter become "as the angels of God in heaven." He did not explain the condition of the angels, but one thing is certain: the distinction of sex, with all its distinguishing characteristics, bodily and mental, is eternal, or else no *identity* survives the grave; but such marriages as the Sadducees thought of cannot exist in heaven, because the better law prevails unviolated there. If then God has truly joined man and wife together, and they have become more intimately one with the lapse of life on earth, what shall divide them in heaven? It would seem to require a

\* Matt. xix. 3-11.

miracle to put them asunder. What consolation in life can equal this firm conviction? It is needless to urge the bereaved to cling to it because every holy instinct fills it with certainty, and *instinct itself is evidence*. The lower creatures follow theirs with wonderful sagacity, and are safe as if under the guidance of truth, and shall man, who has so little corporal instinct, be void also of instincts suiting his immortal nature? Why even spurious love, "first and passionate love," when impure,—has in it, for a while, a sentiment of eternity, and is only not eternal because it is selfish, and therefore cannot endure even the cares and troubles of this little life; but true love is unselfish, and endures all things, even unto death. Its instinctive perpetuity begins with a triumph over time, and its endurance claims, and shall obtain, the promised "crown of (everlasting) life." Well, then, may the devoted widow say, with tender thoughtfulness, "And now, Lord, what *wait* I for? My hope is in Thee," to give to me according to my love. Prescient of the coming bliss, she has ceased to reason as though it could be doubted. She knows that everywhere in Scripture widowhood is spoken of as a dreary sorrow. How then can heaven be full of it? The kingdom of heaven is likened to a marriage, and shall there be no marriage there? The glorious Church of the future is expressly called, "The bride, the Lamb's wife;" and when the Holy Spirit would describe the beauty and august purities of the New Jerusalem, the Holy City is said to be "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

Having then "so great a cloud of witnesses," although

"Some natural tears may drop and be forgiven,"

no mourning one can doubt that He who loves us all with unspeakable tenderness, will not take away her chiefest joy for ever, she lives in full assurance that He will restore it with a blessing, and fulfil in a holy and never-ending union the triumphant promise :

“Everlasting joy shall be upon their head ; they shall obtain gladness and joy ; and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.”

36 Bloomsbury Street, W.C.

## NEW WORKS AND NEW EDITIONS

PUBLISHED BY

JAMES SPEIRS.

---

*Outlines of the Religion and Philosophy of Swedenborg.* By THEOPHILUS PARSONS, LL.D. Small crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

*Swedenborg Studies.* By RICHARD M'CULLY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s.

*A Compendium of the Theological Works of Emanuel Swedenborg.* 8vo, cloth, 9s.

*The Divine Word Opened: Discourses.* By the Rev. Dr. BAYLEY. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

*Character: its Elements and Development.* By a Bible Student. Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s. ; gilt edges, 4s. 6d.

*Light on Life: Essays.* By ROBERT R. RODGERS. Post 8vo, cloth, 4s.

*Natural Phenomena, and their Spiritual Lessons.* By ANN M. BRAYLEY. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s.

*The Correspondence of the Animals of the Bible.* By the Rev. JOHN WORCESTER. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.

*The Divine Wisdom of the Word of God as seen in the Spiritual Sense of the Histories of Samuel, Saul, David, Solomon, and Daniel.* By the Rev. Dr. BAYLEY. Crown 8vo, 5s.

*The Angels.* By a Bible Student. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. ; with gilt edges, 4s.

*Commentary on the Gospel of St. John.* By the Rev. WILLIAM BRUCE. 8vo, cloth, 7s.

*The Lord's Prayer: Sermons.* By the Rev. JOHN PRES-  
LAND. Foolsap 8vo, cloth, 2s.

*Commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew.* By the Rev. WILLIAM BRUCE. 8vo, cloth, 7s.

*An Appeal on behalf of the Doctrines of the New Church.*  
By the Rev. S. NOBLE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s.

*The Nature of Spirit and of Man as a Spiritual Being.* By  
the Rev. CHAUNCEY GILES. Foolsap 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

*Great Truths on Great Subjects: Six Lectures Delivered at*  
Brighton. By the Rev. Dr. BAYLEY. Foolsap 8vo, cloth, 1s.

*The Rules of Life of Emanuel Swedenborg.* Beautifully  
illuminated and printed on large card, 8d.

*Our Children in Heaven.* By WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE,  
M.D. Foolsap 8vo, cloth, extra gilt, 2s. 6d.

*Emanuel Swedenborg: A Striking Outline Account of the*  
Man and his Works. By a Bible Student. Foolsap 8vo,  
cloth, 1s. 6d.

*Spiritual Reflections for every Day in the Year; with Morn-*  
ing and Evening Prayers. By the Revs. THOMAS and DAVID  
G. GOYDER. 3 vols. crown 8vo, cloth, 4s. each.

*Defence of Revealed Religion: Being Strictures on the Views*  
of Modern Rationalists. By JOSEPH DEANS. Foolsap 8vo,  
cloth, 1s. 6d.

*The Sexes Here and Hereafter.* By WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE,  
M.D. Foolsap 8vo, cloth, 2s.

*Important Doctrines of the True Christian Religion: Lectures*  
by the Rev. S. NOBLE. 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

*Tract-Sermons.* By ADAM HAWORTH. 18mo, cloth, 1s.

*The Story of Joseph: Its Moral and Spiritual Lessons.*  
By the Rev. W. BRUCE. 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

*From Egypt to Canaan: The Progress of Man from the Unregenerate to the Regenerate State.* By the Rev. Dr. BAYLEY.  
Crown 8vo, cloth, extra gilt, 6s.

*Sermons, Expository and Practical.* By the Rev. WILLIAM BRUCE. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

*The Other Life.* By W. H. HOLCOMBE, M.D. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 2s.

*Symbolic Character of the Sacred Scriptures.* By the Rev. ABIEL SILVER. Post 8vo, cloth, 5s.

*Twelve Discourses on the "Essays and Reviews."* By the Rev. Dr. BAYLEY. 12mo, cloth, 3s.

*The Antediluvian History and Narrative of the Flood as set forth in the early portions of Genesis, Critically Examined and Explained.* By the Rev. E. D. RENDELL. 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.; by post, 3s.

*The Infinite and the Finite.* By THEOPHILUS PARSONS. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 4s.

*The Heart, its Tendency to Evil, and the Mode of its Purification.* Illustrated by six plates. By the Rev. D. G. GOYDER. Sixth Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s.

*The Lord's Prayer: Sermons.* By the Rev. O. PRESCOTT HILLER. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 2s.

*The Human Body and its Connection with Man.* Illustrated by the principal Organs. By J. J. GARTH WILKINSON, M.D. Crown 8vo, cloth, 5s.

*Foregleams and Foreshadows of Immortality.* By E. H. SEARS. Post 8vo, cloth, 7s.



## SWEDENBORG'S THEOLOGICAL WORKS.

*All in 8vo, cloth, except when otherwise expressed.*

*Arcana Cœlestia: the Heavenly Mysteries contained in the Holy Scriptures, or Word of the Lord, unfolded in an Exposition of Genesis and Exodus: together with a Relation of Wonderful Things seen in the World of Spirits and in the Heaven of Angels.* 12 vols., £2, 8s. *Any volume separately,* 4s. 1749-56.

*Index to the Arcana Cœlestia, compiled for the Society.*  
2 vols. 8vo, 12s.

*Heaven and Hell; also, the Intermediate State, or World of Spirits.* A Relation of Things heard and seen. With copious Index, and Preface by the late Rev. T. HARTLEY, M.A., Rector of Winwick, Northamptonshire. 3s. 6d. 1758.

*The Last Judgment and the Destruction of Babylon:* showing that all the Predictions in the Revelation are at this day fulfilled. Being a Relation of Things heard and seen. With a Continuation respecting the Last Judgment and the Spiritual World. With Index. 1s. 6d. 1758 and 1763.

*On the White Horse, mentioned in the Revelation,* chap. xix., with particulars respecting the Word and its Spiritual Sense, extracted from the Arcana Cœlestia. With Index. Crown 8vo. Sewed, 6d.; cloth limp, 1s. 1758.

*On the Earths in our Solar System, and on the Earths in the Starry Heavens;* with an Account of their Inhabitants, and also of the Spirits and Angels there; from what has been heard and seen. With Index. 1s. 6d. 1758.

*On the New Jerusalem and its Heavenly Doctrine,* according to what has been heard from Heaven; to which is prefixed information respecting the New Heaven and the New Earth. With Index. 2s. 1758.

*The Four Leading Doctrines of the New Church, signified by the New Jerusalem in the Revelation.* With an Introductory Preface, an Account of the Author, and Index. 3s. 1763.

*Which may also be had separately, as follows :*

*The Doctrine of the New Jerusalem respecting the Lord.*

To which are added Answers to Questions on the Trinity,  
proposed by the late Rev. T. HARTLEY, M.A. Sewed, 1s.

*The Doctrine of the New Jerusalem respecting the Sacred  
Scripture.* Sewed, 1s.

*The Doctrine of Faith of the New Jerusalem.* Sewed,  
4d.

*The Doctrine of Life for the New Jerusalem, from the  
Commandments of the Decalogue.* Sewed, 6d.

*Angelic Wisdom concerning the Divine Love and the Divine  
Wisdom.* With Index. 2s. 1763.

*Angelic Wisdom concerning the Divine Providence.* With  
Index. 3s. 1764.

*The Apocalypse Revealed, in which are disclosed the Arcana  
therein foretold.* With Index. 2s. 6d. 1766.

*Conjugal Love and its Chaste Delights; also, Adulterous  
Love and its Sinful Pleasures.* With Index. 4s. 1768.

*A Brief Exposition of the Doctrine of the New Church,  
signified by the New Jerusalem in the Revelation.* Sewed, 10d.  
1769.

*The Intercourse between the Soul and the Body.* 8vo, Sewed,  
4d. Foolsap 8vo, 2d. 1769.

*The True Christian Religion; or, The Universal Theology of  
the New Church; foretold by the Lord in Daniel vii. 13, 14;  
and in the Revelation xxi. 1, 2. With Indexes of Words, etc.,  
etc., etc., 5s. Cloth, pp. 815, 2s. 6d. 1771.*

---

#### POCKET EDITIONS.

18mo, neatly bound in cloth, gilt edges.

*The New Jerusalem and its Heavenly Doctrine; and the  
Doctrine of Charity.* 9d.

*The Last Judgment, and the Destruction of Babylon.* 9d.

*Angelic Wisdom concerning the Divine Love and the Divine Wisdom.* 1s.

*The Earths in the Universe.* 9d.

*Angelic Wisdom concerning the Divine Providence.* 1s. 6d.

*Heaven and its Wonders; also Hell and the Intermediate State.* 2s.

*The Athanasian Creed and Subjects connected with it.* 1s.;  
or sewed in paper wrapper, 6d.

---

#### POSTHUMOUS WORKS.

8vo.

*Canons: or, The Entire Theology of the New Church; concerning the One and Infinite God; concerning the Lord the Redeemer; and concerning Redemption; concerning the Holy Spirit; concerning the Divine Trinity.* 6d.

*The Coronis; or, Appendix to the True Christian Religion.* 8d.

*The Apocalypse Explained according to the Spiritual Sense,*  
With Index, 6 vols., £1, 4s. Any vol. separately, 4s. each.

*A Summary Exposition of the Internal Sense of the Prophetic Books of the Word of the Old Testament, and also of the Psalms of David.* Sewed, 1s.

*On the Divine Love and the Divine Wisdom.* (Extracted from the *Apocalypse Explained*.) Sewed, 1s.

*On the Athanasian Creed, and Subjects connected with it.*  
(Extracted from the *Apocalypse Explained*.) With Index. Cloth, 2s.

---

### SWEDENBORG'S SCIENTIFIC AND PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS.

*Miscellaneous Observations connected with the Physical Sciences.*  
With an Appendix containing Swedenborg's Papers from the

*Acta Literaria Sveciæ.* Translated from the Latin, with Introductory Remarks. Biographical Notices, and Index of Subjects, by CHARLES E. STRUTT. One vol. 8vo, 2s. 6d. 1722.

*Outlines of a Philosophical Argument on the Infinite, and the Final Cause of Creation ; and on the Intercourse between the Soul and the Body.* Translated from the Latin, with Introductory Remarks and Index, by J. J. GARTH WILKINSON, M.D. One vol. 8vo, 2s. 6d. 1734.

*The Economy of the Animal Kingdom, considered Anatomically, Physically, and Philosophically.* Translated from the Latin by the Rev. AUGUSTUS CLISSOLD, M.A., and Edited, with Introductory Remarks, Indexes, Bibliographical Notices, etc., by J. J. GARTH WILKINSON, M.D. Two vols. 8vo. 12s. 1740.

*The Animal Kingdom, considered Anatomically, Physically, and Philosophically.* Translated from the Latin, with Introductory Remarks, Indexes, Bibliographical Notices, etc., by J. J. GARTH WILKINSON, M.D. 8vo, 20s. 1744-5.

*Posthumous Tracts.* Translated from the Latin by J. J. G. WILKINSON, M.D. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

*A Hieroglyphic Key to Natural and Spiritual Mysteries by way of Representations and Correspondences.* Translated from the Latin by J. J. GARTH WILKINSON, M.D. Sewed, 1s.

*Documents concerning the Life and Character of Emanuel Swedenborg.* Collected, Translated, and Annotated by the Rev. R. L. TAFEL, A.M., Ph.D. 2 vols., large 8vo, cloth, 20s., or with the additional Volume containing the Documents in the Original Languages, 30s.

---

## NEW AND POPULAR TRACTS.

*The Annihilation Theory compared with Holy Scripture.* By the Rev. JOSEPH DEANS. 1d.

*The Church of the New Jerusalem : A New Dispensation of Divine Truth.* By the Rev. CHAUNCEY GILES. 2d.

*Who are these New Church People ?* To which is added a Week of Prayer. By the Rev. Dr. BAYLEY. 2d.

- The Daily Reading of a Portion of the Sacred Scripture.* By JAMES SPEIRS. id.
- Modern Spiritism in the Light of the New Church.* By the Rev. Dr. TAFEL. 2d.
- What our Thoughts are Like.* By SAMUEL TEED. id.
- Cremation considered in Reference to the Resurrection.* By a Truth-Seeker. 3d.
- The Doctrine of "Substitution" Impartially Examined.* By the Rev. JOHN HYDE. id.
- Take care of your Spiritual Bodies.* By ALFRED J. JOHNSON. id.
- Perpetual Existence.* By Rev. JABEZ FOX. id.
- The Resurrection of the Lord.* By the Rev. CHAUNCEY GILES. id.
- The Resurrection of Man.* By the Rev. CHAUNCEY GILES. id.
- How Sins are Remitted, and how they are Retained.* By the Rev. Dr. BAYLEY. id.
- Swedenborg: A Lecture.* By JOHN W. FLETCHER. id.
- The New Jerusalem: A New Church in Outward Form as well as in Inward Doctrine.* By the Rev. CHAUNCEY GILES. id.
- Hagar; or, The Well and the Fountain.* 4d.
- The Safe Compass: Being Sparkles of Glory from the Spiritual Sun.* id.
- The Church of the New Jerusalem a Visible as well as a Universal New Church.* By the Rev. J. F. POTTS, B.A. id.
- The Chaldean Account of the Deluge and the Ark.* By the Rev. Dr. BAYLEY. id.
- The Unity of the Brethren: Being the Natural and Spiritual Sense of Psalm cxxxiii.* By the Rev. D. G. GOYDER. 2d.
- The Lord Jesus founding His Church on a Rock and delivering the Keys to Peter.* By the Rev. Dr. BAYLEY. id.
- Our Children.* By the Rev. Professor TAFEL. id.
- Among the Lakes and Mountains.* By CHARLES A. FARADAY. id.



